WEEK ENDING SEPT. 1, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Mama

ADAMS ~ VIERECK ~ McEVOY ~ WODEHOUSE ~ GREEN

Take one back with you . . . . to school or college

Head of their class in both efficiency and style

GEO. S. PARKER Offers Pressureless Touch, Non-Breakable Barrel, Five Flashing Colors and a *Guarantee Forever Against All Defects

Never before have modern style and efficiency been so combined in a fountain pen.

Here are 35 years' experience, 47 improvements, 32 pen patents represented in this one pen. And all these surpassing features are encased in *non-breakable* barrels finished in *five, modern, flashing colors!*

These barrels are 28% *lighter than rubber,* yet many times as strong.

But that isn't all. Through Pressureless Touch, a Duofold eliminates all effort. The feather-light weight of the *pen itself* starts and keeps it writing. No pressure from the fingers—no strain—no fatigue.

This pen is so good that we *guarantee it forever against all defects. So the Parker Duofold need never cost you more than the original purchase price. And that price is but $7 for maximum ink capacity.

Take a Duofold back with you to school or college to write your notes, themes and letters. Do your work more neatly, faster, more easily than you've ever done it heretofore.

Take a Duofold Pencil to match the Pen—of the same smart color and design. Or a Parker Desk Set.

On each barrel *find and read the imprint,* "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD." That is the only way to *be sure* that you have the genuine.

In a special test in 55 colleges the Parker was voted the favorite pen. You'll agree when you've tried the modern Duofold. Do it now, at a near pen counter.

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Use Parker Duofold Ink and Parker Duofold Leads in any pen or pencil of any make to get its best results.

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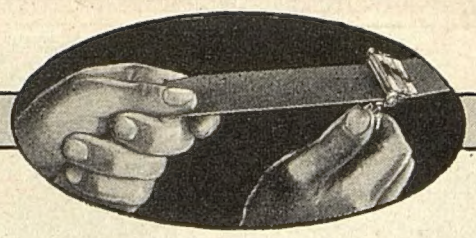
*To prove Parker Duofold is a pen of lifelong perfection, we offer to make good any defect provided complete pen is sent by the owner direct to the factory with 10¢ for return postage and insurance.

STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT



SHAVE

the new Million Dollar Razor is a nation-wide SENSATION

Absolutely proves that stropping is essential *to a perfect shave*

THE new improved Valet AutoStrop Razor was introduced last May. It created a sensation. Small wonder, since it proved a vital fundamental of successful shaving.

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The reason for this is that after the first shave the cutting edge of the finest blade that can be made is a row of minute needle points until it is properly stropped. This smooths out and re-aligns these tiny jagged hooks.

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Try the new Valet AutoStrop Razor. Give it a fair test. You'll soon be fast friends with it.

You'll enjoy the most perfect and fastest shaves you ever knew. And you'll hold up your hand and say "Never Again!" to the use of an unstropped blade.

Beautifully finished models complete with blades and an improved strop in handsome cases at $1.00 to $25.

Also . . . a New and Finer Shaving Cream

35c

Try a tube

New million dollar

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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Citizens Loan & Investment Company, Tenth and McGee Streets, Kansas City, Mo.

Citizens Loan & Savings Company, 621 Francis Street, St. Joseph, Mo.

Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 320 Joplin Street, Joplin, Mo.

Citizens Industrial Loan Company, 117 Broadway, Hannibal, Mo.

GEORGIA

Peoples Loan & Savings Company, 36 Peachtree Arcade, Atlanta, Ga.

Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 114 East Congress Street, Savannah, Ga.

Industrial Loan & Investment Company, 153 Cotton Avenue, Macon, Ga.

The Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 102 Herald Building, Augusta, Ga.

LOUISIANA

New Orleans Finance Co., Inc., 411 Whitney-Central Building, New Orleans, La.

WISCONSIN

Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 205-206 Empire Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

Kenosha Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 518 56th Street, Kenosha, Wis.

Racine Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 212 Fifth Street, Racine, Wis.

Peoples Loan & Finance Company, 118 South Appleton Street, Appleton, Wis.

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Green Bay Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 209 Cherry Street, Green Bay, Wis.

Oshkosh Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 15 Waugoo Street, Oshkosh, Wis.

Sheboygan Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 623 North Eighth Street, Sheboygan, Wis.

Manitowoc Citizens Loan & Investment Company, Eighth and Commercial Streets, Manitowoc, Wis.

Eau Claire Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 112 Grand Avenue, East Eau Claire, Wis.

Oconomowoc Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 111 South Main Street, Oconomowoc, Wis.

Janesville Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 321 West Milwaukee Street, Janesville, Wis.

Beloit Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 324½ State Street, Beloit, Wis.

Wausau Citizens Loan & Investment Company, Ford Building, Wausau, Wis.

LaCrosse Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 324 Main Street, LaCrosse, Wis.

Superior Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 1019 Tower Avenue, Superior, Wis.

Marinette Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 1718 Main Street, Marinette, Wis.

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Citizens System Company of Minneapolis, 708 Marquette Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

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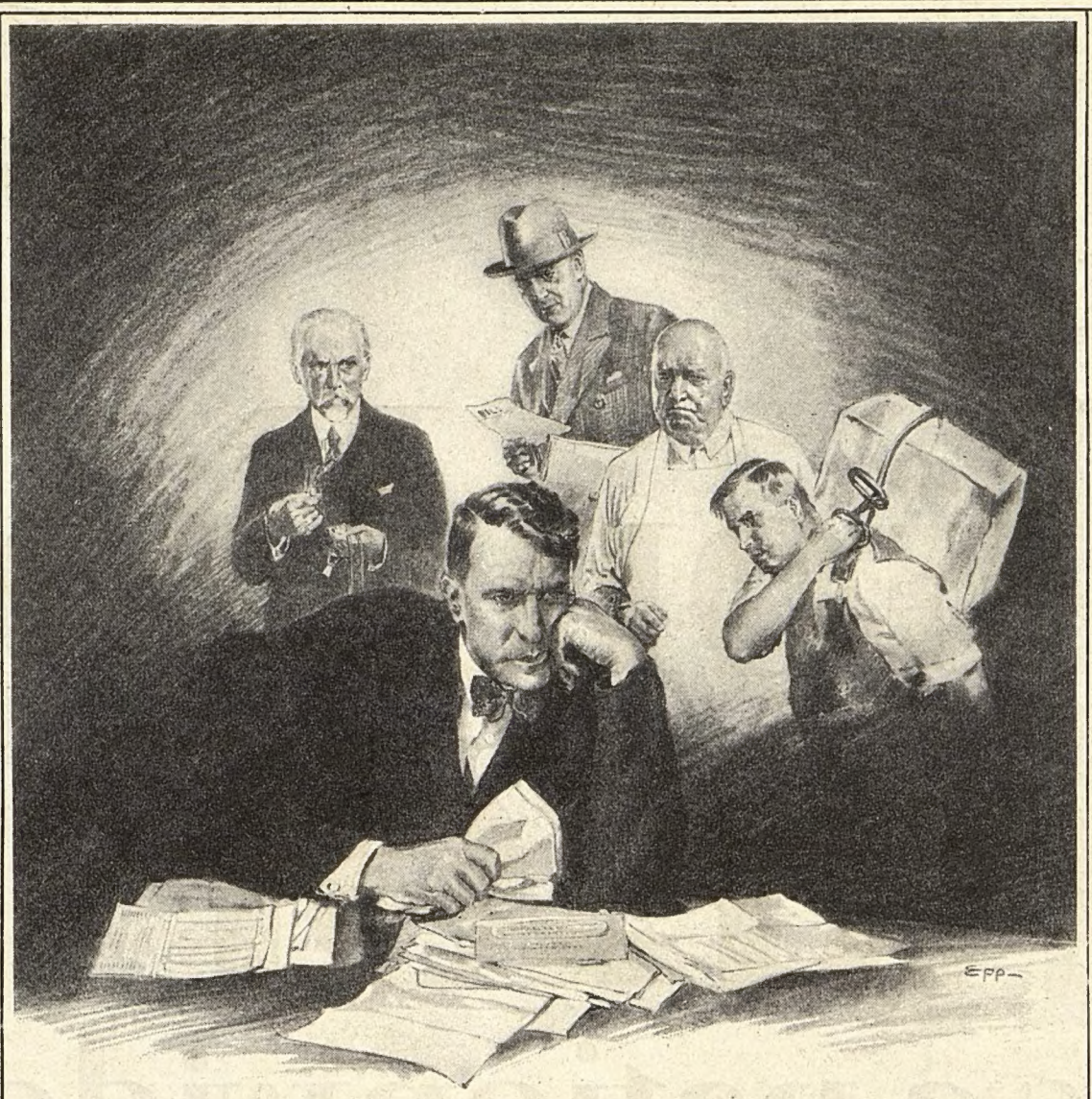
Citizens Industrial Loan Company, 509 Sixth Street, Sioux City, Iowa.

Citizens Plan Company, 708 Grand Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

COLORADO

Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 1721 Champa Street, Denver, Colo.



In Every Man's Life

And in the lives of women, too—there are bound to come times when money is needed—urgently—desperately.

Sometimes it's to pay an accumulation of small but annoying bills—sometimes it's to take care of taxes or unexpected sickness. Often it's to pay for a much needed everyday comfort or necessity or for some improvement to make the home more livable, more enjoyable.

Whatever the need, so long as it is a worthy one, immediate financial assistance is available to thousands of men and women through the Citizens System, a National Institution with over sixty organized chartered companies officered and directed by local men of high standing and integrity.

The Citizens System offers the helping hand of "A Friend in Need." It loans money without collateral at a just, fair rate of interest and provides a whole year's time in which to repay the loan.

Exchange your financial worries for happiness. Visit the Citizens System Company in your city. For information pertaining to the organization of a Citizens System Company in your city—write direct to the Citizens Finance Company in Saint Louis.

THRIFT ECONOMY CITIZENS SYSTEM SERVICE SAFETY

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*Topeka Citizens System Company, Topeka, Kan.

ARKANSAS

Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 223 Louisiana Street, Little Rock, Ark.

MICHIGAN

Kalamazoo Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 317 South Burdick Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Lansing Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 111 West Allegan Street, Lansing, Mich.

Fontiac Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 30 East Pike Street, Pontiac, Mich.

Muskegon Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 840 Jefferson Street, Muskegon, Mich.

Battle Creek Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 31 North Jefferson Avenue, Battle Creek, Mich.

Saginaw Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 129 South Washington, Saginaw, Mich.

Jackson Citizens Finance Company, 113 West Cortland Street, Jackson, Mich.

Flint Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 506 North Saginaw, Flint, Mich.

East Detroit Citizens System Company, 11650 East Jefferson, Detroit, Mich.

Owosso Citizens Loan & Investment Company, 203 East Main Street, Owosso, Mich.

Citizens Budget Company of Monroe, 7 West Front Street, Monroe, Mich.

ILLINOIS

Citizens Finance & Loan Company, Wells Building, Quincy, Ill.

Citizens Industrial Finance Company, 1204 Niedringhaus, Granite City, Ill.

Bloomington Citizens System Company, 108 West Front Street, Bloomington, Ill.

Kewanee Citizens System Company, 108 North Tremont, Kewanee, Ill.

LaSalle Citizens System Company, 139 Gooding Street, LaSalle, Ill.

Kankakee Citizens System Company, Kankakee Hotel Building, Kankakee, Ill.

Streator Citizens System Company, 205 East Main Street, Streator, Ill.

NEW JERSEY

Citizens Budget Company of S. Jersey, 11 South New York Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

*Citizens Budget Co. of Camden, Camden, N. J.

OHIO

Toledo Citizens System Company, 235 North Huron Street, Toledo, Ohio

Citizens Budget Company of Cleveland, Ohio, Inc., 26 Public Square, Hotel Cleve. Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

Citizens Budget Company of Dayton, Ohio, Inc., 116 East Third Street, Dayton, Ohio

Citizens Budget Company of Youngstown, Ohio, Inc., 17 West Commerce Street, Youngstown, Ohio

Findlay Citizens Budget Company, 107 West Crawford, Findlay, Ohio

Akron Citizens System Company, 72 E. Mill Street, Akron, Ohio

Canton Citizens Finance Company, 35 Cleveland Avenue, N. W., Canton, Ohio

Citizens Budget Company of Portsmouth, Ohio, Inc., Portsmouth, Ohio

Citizens Budget Company of Steubenville, Ohio, Inc., 136 North Fourth Street, Steubenville, Ohio

*Citizens System Company of Columbus, Ohio, Inc., Columbus, Ohio

*Citizens System Company of Massilon, Ohio, Inc., Massilon, Ohio

*Citizens System Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio

*In process of organization.

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E.V. HARMAN, PRESIDENT. FRANK B. CAUGHLAN, VICE PRES. & GEN'L MANAGER.

OPERATING THE CITIZENS SYSTEM OF INDUSTRIAL LENDING THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES

SEPT. 1, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 35

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION

In the minds of many, prohibition has become a religious question. In large measure we believe this to be true. Total abstinence is part of the discipline of what are known as the evangelical sects. The great Methodist and Baptist churches teach their communicants, and have convinced them, that total abstinence is a moral duty and a religious duty.

Bishops of the Methodist Church, disagreeing among themselves recently as to whether their church should play politics, cited official pronouncements of their General Conference which refer to the liquor traffic as "this heinous sin."

Now, these churches are dominant in many of the best and most sturdy and substantial parts of the country, and members of them in great numbers have helped to build up this mighty Union. So great is their force of character and belief in themselves that to a very great extent they run this country.

For example, the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals has been in large measure a branch of the government, with its seat at Washington. Members of these churches did much to contribute prohibition to the Constitution of the United States, largely through religious motives, and imposed their views on many who did not share them—Jews, Catholics, and great numbers of people who don't go to any church at all but believe in worshiping God in His Great Outdoors, especially in the golf season.

These people think that the religious beliefs of others should not be imposed on their private conduct. And whether or not the religious beliefs of others are in the Constitution of the United States, this is what they still think.

During the centuries in which the Church of Rome controlled Spain, for example, and compelled the people to be Catholics or take the consequences, Spain had a history which has been frequently held up as a terrible example by Protestants.

It would be well now for the members of these Protestant churches—the Methodists and the Baptists—to consider whether it is really fair to impose their ideas on those who do not agree with them by using the machinery of the United States government, and what the result of such a thing is apt to be.

We think it is more and more generally coming to be admitted that the Volstead law was a mistake and the Eighteenth Amendment a tremendous mistake—the latter because it is practically unchangeable. If the Roman Catholic Church could get control of the government and insert in the Constitution an amendment requiring all people, regardless of creed, to pay tithes to the Roman hierarchy, we know a number of people who would refuse. If the Constitution is amended contrary to the objections of a minority so great that no one knows whether it may not actually be a majority, the Constitution loses respect that is never regained.

What should have been done in this prohibition matter was to establish a system of local option with not so much imposition of the will of some people on the conduct of others. If Kansas wants to be dry and New York City wet, it is better to have it so than to have Kansas attempt, with very poor success, to make New York City or Detroit or Chicago conform to the principles and practices of the Kansas farmer.

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How Hoover Happened, a chronicle of his "mystery years," by
Frederick Palmer

September 1, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 35

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Meet the better half . . . *in the better half*

EVENTUALLY FIFTH AVENUE MODES filter through to the outposts . . . eventually backwoods women forsake calico for chiffon . . . eventually the spinster circle deserts crochet for bridge . . . eventually rural shears become adept at the new-fangled bob . . . eventually . . .

BUT THERE ARE 322 CITIES in the United States of 25,000 population or more where *eventually* means *now.* Women in these urban centers are style-conscious and metropolitan-minded. There the better half constitutes the market for the smart, for the new.

IS IT CHIC? The very latest? Does it savor of the modern? Then it will catch the fancy of these 322 counterparts of fashion center. There vogues enter and exit by the season; summer creations have sung their swan song by fall. There the show windows of the avenue girdle a veritable female stamping ground of retail trade.

OF THE 3,092 COUNTIES in the United States only 249 include these hub cities. These 249 major counties could rove around in the lone state of Texas, nestle within the borders of France. Their land area is dwarfed by comparison. But in population they represent not merely half of the country's population but—in a buying sense—by far *the better half.*

IN THIS COMPACT EMPIRE of trade the flag of the nation's business is never at half-mast. There merchants thrive on the trade activity of half the population, but above three-fourths of the total wealth, compressed into a combined land area only one-fourteenth the size of the remaining counties.

LIBERTY CONCENTRATES more of its circulation by percentage within these profit zones than any other general magazine national in scope. The six leading women's media average a concentration of slightly less than sixty per cent. LIBERTY has been able to direct into these preferred areas through 99 per cent newsdealer sales (placed where LIBERTY wants them, not where subscription draws them) more than seventy-seven per cent of its circulation.

MANY ADVERTISERS whose products do not flourish in a pastoral setting cultivate these 249 metropolitan markets exclusively—with LIBERTY their logical base medium. Even when more latitude is warranted sales statistics shout: "Cultivate the primary market first!" LIBERTY—the first to buy—the last to relinquish.

ADVERTISERS IN LIBERTY with products appealing exclusively to women meet the better half *in the better half.*

Over
1,500,000
Average Net Paid
Circulation
Guaranteed

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

No increase in advertising rates during 1929.

FEDERAL

DOUBLE BLUE PENNANT

Federal Features Save You Money

HIGH CROWN TREAD of tough, thick, deep-cut traction blocks—full oversize air chamber—extra plies of the more resilient "Equal Tension Cord"—give you greater riding comfort, utmost safety and skid protection, easier steering—and the *extra* miles that save you money...Federal Agents are men selected because of their standing in the community, their knowledge of tires, and their ability to render you complete tire service.

FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY
Sales Division · Chicopee Falls, Mass.

HIGH CROWN TREAD EQUAL TENSION CORD

Famous Food Authorities Say: Know Your Baby Ruth

"The craving of children for sweets should be satisfied with pure candy," from *Nutrition and Dietetics* by Winfield S. Hall, Professor Emeritus in Physiology, Northwestern University.

Scientific analysis proves that Baby Ruth's wholesome ingredients most healthfully satisfy the sweets-craving of all ages. Eat Baby Ruth as often as you like. It's good for you. And give it to the children. It supplies needed tissue-building proteins and supplies extra play energy.

Of course, you buy Baby Ruth for its delicious taste as millions do every day. But isn't it good to know that it is the most wholesome candy you can buy? Look for the sanitary red-and-white package. Treat yourself today. 5c does it.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO
OTTO Y. SCHNERING, President

HOME-TESTED AND APPROVED PRISCILLA PROVING PLANT SERIES NO. 5881

Delineator Home Institute Endorses Baby Ruth

CHILD LIFE Seal of APPROVAL SAMPLE TESTED and PROVEN

Baby Ruth has been unqualifiedly endorsed for purity by all these distinguished pure food authorities. *It is the only candy they have all endorsed.*

WHAT IS BABY RUTH MADE OF—

Sweet meaty peanuts crisp-toasted over open fires to bring out all their golden goodness, pure chocolate, delightfully chewy caramel, creamy fudge, and everything nice . . . . .

THAT'S WHAT BABY RUTH IS MADE OF

BABY RUTH IS SOLD BY OVER A MILLION CANDY DEALERS

Tremendous sales assure its freshness everywhere

"Alright, Let's Try"

The Love Story of a Girl Who Was Game

By
FRANK R. ADAMS

Pictures by
ADDISON BURBANK

"How about that blonde I saw you with at the Forty-four Club last night?" I pointed out.

(Reading time: 27 minutes 41 seconds.)

I KNOW that I shall outgrow my understanding of my father. We will each retire to our separate shells. It is only young women and middle aged men who are reckless of consequences. Except in rare cases, neither has any steady influence and both are facing a climax in life which they fear will mark the end of their fun.

In another ten years I shall probably be so married and so prim that, even in retrospect, I shall have no sympathy with his recent exhibition of damn nonsense; and he, of course, will have gotten his fireside carpet slippers well broken in.

Just now we're a couple of ex-bandits, not absolutely permanently cured, but stepping gingerly on the road to reform, with only an occasional glance backward.

This story, if it is one, properly begins one morning when I let myself into the house, bringing the milk bottles from the doorstep and stepping carefully in order not to wake the dog who is always so glad to see me come home at any time at all that he usually knocks over a couple of pieces of furniture during the reunion. Father, fully dressed, was sitting in the library, with a deck of cards laid out in the seven piles of a half finished game of Canfield. He motioned me to a chair on the other side of the fireplace.

"I've been waiting for you," he began.

"Not very long," I told him, making a hasty deduction from one cigarette butt in the ashtray and only a little gone from the bottle of whisky on the table at his side. Father's whisky bottle was a sort of hourglass. You could tell about how long he had been in any one place by the amount left.

It's always well, even in a verbal row, to get in the first jab, so I started the ball by:

"Where have you been all night, Stewart?"

Father looked at me warily. Then his eye traveled to the bottle and he understood my Sherlockian method.

"Never mind about me. No one does," he added bitterly.

"How about that blonde I saw you with at the Forty-four Club last night?" I pointed out. "She seemed to mind."

"No sidetracks, Jo. I'm going to conduct this cross-examination."

"Wait until I get a glass, then." I took one from the cellaret.

"You don't need another drink."

"Another? How do you know I've had one?"

"One?" He laughed, almost merrily. "It's nearly five o'clock and you've been out with Hi McHenry. That's one way I know. And—"

"Another way you might guess is because I'm your daughter, Stewart."

It always annoys him a little when I call him by his last name that way, just as if I were one of his men friends of contemporary age.

"Hiram McHenry is not a suitable companion for a young woman—not after nine o'clock, daylight saving time."

"You mean I can play golf with him, go swimming or riding, but that dances, road houses, moonlight drives, and other forms of necking are out."

"HI," father continued, "is what is currently known among men as a good sport, but his ideas of chivalry are the same as those the Romans used with the Sabine co-eds."

"Anyway, I'll have a cigarette," I said, helping myself. "One can't play an emotional scene without any props whatsoever. Now, just what is it you've got against Hi McHenry, Stewart?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

["ALRIGHT, LET'S TRY"
Continued from page nine]

"I haven't anything against him. I like him. But I've watched him from across a poker table, and a man who plays the kind of game he does would be too much for any woman."

"Hm," I wondered. "How come you understand this young squirt so well, Stewart? Were you, by any chance, exactly the same sort of young man yourself?"

"Perhaps. Men like that don't make good husbands."

"They might for a really modern woman."

"Which kind of woman is that, Oracle?"

"One who can be her husband's best man friend as well as his mate."

"Um. There's nothing modern about that. You're describing a frontiersman's wife. You don't grow that breed in hothouses."

I knew what he meant. Mother had been a very beautiful girl, with a lovely figure and adorable tiny feet. Nearly every other allure had been snatched from her by time, but her ankles and feet were still slender and patrician. She devoted most of her attention to them, even buying shoes that were so small for her that she could barely stilt around the house.

This did not make her much of a companion for father, who is restlessly active. Whisky and walking are the fires in which he burns up his abundant surplus energy. He is one of the best trial lawyers in the State and, like a champion pugilist, he does not have enough contests to tire him at all. Trials don't exhaust him, anyway—they only get him going at the rate of speed at which he naturally runs best.

Anyway, father's energy carries him far afield from the place where mother is tethered by her tiny, adorable feet.

"You are one of these modern women, yourself, I suppose?" father guessed quizzically.

"I'm training for it. I'd like to be."

"I'll admit you're not much like your mother," he conceded. "If you were, I suppose you'd be married by now. I'm afraid, Jo," he sighed, "that you're the kind of girl men tell their troubles to, but I don't believe you will ever get them into serious trouble yourself. You're too bony, Jo. I believe you'd do better if you covered up your legs. Men like 'em thin but not lanky. Your legs look as if they were nailed on to the outside of your torso at the hips, like a couple of slats."

I smiled, but didn't tell him that a girl's kick isn't concealed in her legs any more. They may help, but they don't hinder much unless they're lumpy above the oxfords. Men did like me in the way which the late Victorians used to refer to shudderingly as "physically." I knew that he himself had that appeal for women, in spite of the fact that he is an Adonis in reverse, but I couldn't expect him to recognize that I carried a club myself. A woman can guess, but a man, especially a lawyer, has to be convinced.

FATHER is a craggy man—jutting jaw, gaunt cheeks, high forehead, long nose, gray shaggy eyebrows and hair, long arms and legs not any meatier than my own; but he has charm and power. If you don't believe it, try to find the record of a jury case he has lost in the last ten years. Some of them were pretty hopeless, too. Stewart takes that kind frequently for almost nothing, just to sharpen his teeth on. He tried a term in the prosecuting attorney's office once for the same reason.

He lit a cigarette himself and poured a drink. I got up and measured out an even one for myself.

"Jo!" he admonished.

"I won't drink it if you don't, Stewart."

"But I'm older."

"And I'm younger. I can stand it better than you can."

"Nobody can really stand it, Jo. It rots something inside of you. If it isn't your stomach and heart it's your morals—anyway, some of the principal clockwork you run by."

He did not touch the glass—at least not for a moment.

"The whole trouble with you young females is that you think you can do anything a man can and get away with it. You can't. A woman has more to lose than a man. And when women lose, the race loses and civilization marches to the rear. Don't you know that a man always tries to get a girl to take a few drinks so that she'll be easier for him? Alcohol knocks down the barbed wire fence around virtue like an armored tank going through a custard pie."

Dad reached out his hand for the whisky. I lifted my glass too. He stopped.

"Even Stephen," I reminded him.

His wrist was shaking a little. He really needed that drink, but he set it down and fixed his mind on the original subject of our discourse.

"About Hi McHenry, Jo. I can't explain just exactly why, but I think he's a dangerous companion for you. I'd like to have you give him up."

I considered. "All right, Stewart, I will, if you will give up Maxine Grey."

Dad dropped his cigarette and groped for it on the floor.

"What are you talking about?" he asked while he was bent over so that I could not see his face.

"Maxine Grey," I repeated. "Did you think I didn't know who the girl was that you were dancing with at the Forty-four Club? She's only four or five years older than I am and we went to the same school. I've never met her, but I've seen her hundreds of times on the campus and I know a lot about her.

"You took her away from Hi McHenry, didn't you? Is that one of the reasons you don't trust him with the more fragile member of your own family—afraid he'll break my butterfly wings just for retaliation?"

I hadn't had any idea of winning this fight when it started, but apparently I was getting in some body blows. Seldom has father oscillated so much on his pedestal.

"Did Hi say I came between him and—?"

"No, he didn't say anything of the sort. He has never mentioned her name in connection with yours, not even when we saw you together the time I spoke of. That's why I think it's true. I've never before caught Hi when he didn't have any wise cracks in his system. Did you give her some fatherly advice about the danger of going about with Hi and then find yourself furnishing the element of danger in his place?"

"JO!" A gleam of impatient anger flashed in father's eye as he interrupted me, a gleam that faded almost as quickly as it came. "You're only a kid. You don't know what you're doing. I see I shall be forced to talk to Hi McHenry himself in the hope that he'll have more sense."

"If you do," I told him, "I'll call on Maxine Grey and plead with her to cease making a sugar daddy out of my stern parent."

"Damn you," he said, and then grinned. "If you should—humph, I wish you luck." He drank his glass of whisky at a gulp.

"The same to you—and see how you like it." I imitated him.

"Jo, don't do that." But I had already swallowed the whisky.

"Not so good," I told him. "Why don't you ask Hi for the telephone number of his bootlegger? Hi seems—"

"Aren't you two ever coming to bed?"

It was mother in the doorway, looking especially ineffectual in a too youthful negligee and with her absurd feet in feather topped mules. Her voice was peevish.

"Yes, dear," father said, unfolding his jackknife legs and getting up to his full height, a considerable eminence. "Unless, of course, you'll sit down and join us."

"Drinking and smoking?" She uttered even the words with the utmost distate.

WHEN we returned to the table, there was Maxine. In the background somewhere was a man I did not know—not father, anyway.

"Well, we might turn on the radio," dad suggested. "Some of the night clubs may still be holding forth."

"Jazz!" She stigmatized syncopation as akin to crime in the way she said it. "You know how I loathe it."

"All right." Father was unexpectedly good natured.

Mother, if she had been clever, should have known, as I did, that he did not argue with her because she had ceased to amuse him; that he no longer even attempted to meet her on any of her intolerant planes. Instead, he treated her like a peevish child whom it is easier to humor than to try any longer to make understand.

So he meekly followed her off upstairs to bed.

I went, too, in a few minutes, after I had put his whisky away.

IT made me laugh a little—the picture of mother treating a mastiff like dad as if he were a Pomeranian. It was tragic, though, too—she was missing all the good of him by looking so closely at his faults. From my point of view, as almost a stranger in the family, it seemed to me that she had so much to be proud of, that if she had put him on a pedestal— But maybe I don't know anything about married life.

It seems to me that if the average wife would kid with her husband a little there wouldn't be so many lonesome males wandering around waiting to be branded by the first visiting firelady who knows how to go through the motions of a smile.

Maxine Grey came to call on mother the next day.

"That woman!" said mother, when the card was presented to her.

"Tell her that I do not care to receive her."

Evidently mother had heard something.

"It would be better if you saw her," I suggested.

But she preferred to hide her head in the sand.

"At any rate, you can't send a message like that to her—not by a servant."

So I went down. I rather wanted to see her, anyway.

Maxine Grey was delightfully cool, both in manner and dress. A little beige—stockings and arm tints; a little blue—skimpy frock, hat, shoes, and purse; that was all. Smart, very, and as sophisticated as Katherine Cornell playing *Iris March*. Have I conveyed the idea that she seemed a little like a swanky English girl? Perhaps I forgot to say that she was rather tall, but more femininely rounded than myself.

Naturally, I distrusted her—all women would; but I had to concede that she had everything that we know men like. That she was not exactly beautiful was not essential. A man would admire her tragic eyes and wide mouth anyway. There was a don't give a damn air about her that would win the male gamblers every time.

"My mother is ill," I told her.

"I'm sorry. But that makes it easier."

"What makes what easier?" I questioned.

Maxine laughed. "The fact that she refuses to receive me makes me understand the sort of woman she is. You, of course, are Miss Josephine," she continued. "I think I've seen you somewhere."

"Not, I should think, if my father saw me first. He didn't though."

SHE laughed again pleasantly. "No, I thought not. But I recognized you because of the man you were with. A dangerous companion for a young girl, I should imagine."

"You should know," I pointed out.

"Yes," she admitted. "A more dangerous man than your father. But both of them are fine, really. They are, in fact, the two finest men I have ever known. I am torn with indecision as to which one of them to choose."

"To choose?" I echoed blankly. "How can you choose? My father is married, and Hi McHenry is not exactly your slave any more."

"Were those his words? We have quarreled, but he will come back—if I let him."

"Then you'd better take him back," I offered, partly in challenge. Hi was mine just then. "Besides, you would gain nothing by having an affair with my father." I had to protect dad, you see.

"Nothing? Your father is one of the most worth while men I know. I like him very much."

"But mother wouldn't divorce him, even if she knew. She'd fight for him."

"Possibly—but not fairly nor with any weapons that would win. She has proved that by refusing to receive me when I was all prepared to give him back to her if I found that she was worthy or could even amuse him. That, I see, is not possible. Therefore—"

"A clandestine affair!" I scorned.

"Happiness, I believe, is where you find it, and its knock, like that of opportunity, must not be ignored."

"You're frank enough in announcing your selfish plans," I said, bridling.

"Selfish? Your father deserves a little happiness. He is capable of it."

She left me sort of gasping at the audacity of her, but secretly charmed even at that. You had to admire a woman who dared to be straightforward when the traditions of our sex counseled feline indirection. Perhaps Maxine Grey was really no more predatory than the rest of us. It was merely that she did not hide behind a mask of coyness. I could see that her honesty would be a delight to father, who could see through a lie quicker than any man I have ever known.

Up to that time I hadn't been positive as to how much I was interested

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

["ALRIGHT, LET'S TRY"
Continued from page eleven]

in Hi. But now I had to hold him, if only for the sake of my pride.

Hi was a splendidly reckless person, much like father in some ways. His professional field was that of surgery, and for a young man—he was thirty-two—he had already made a considerable reputation.

Homely as sin and dark as a passing thundercloud, he yet had a quality of gayety that was just around the corner from sadness, which made you want to play with him and mother him at the same time.

Sometimes he had said that he loved me and had, further, acted out the idea. But what man doesn't, nowadays? I cared enough for him so that I was afraid to find out if the things he sometimes said were true by daylight.

He called for me two nights after the day Maxine had been at the house. Father received him and came up to my room to notify me that he was there. Also for something else.

"You're not going out with him?" It was a question, not a forbidding statement. Yet I sensed the opposition.

I grinned at him. "Are you giving up Maxine?"

"Has that anything to do with it?"

"Not necessarily—but are you?"

He did not answer, but left the room. He seemed preoccupied, worried a little, and his opposition savored of a formal ultimatum—and merely that.

Hi was in a particularly hilarious mood. I recognized it as one of nervous tension. He had just come from a more than ordinarily serious operation, he explained, and needed relaxation. He wanted to go some place where it would be contrastingly gay and proposed a black and tan café uptown of which I felt moderately sure my father would not approve. So I did not leave word as to our destination.

At the ferry slip we had a bit of hard luck: the barrier went down just as we pulled up.

Hi's bag of surgical implements was on the seat of his roadster and he had to stow them away in the compartment at the rear in order to make room for me.

"I hope you will never have to use all your shining little razor blades and pliers on me," I told him shiveringly.

"I hope so, too," he answered lightly. "I doubt if my hand would be steady enough if my patient were someone I loved."

I hesitated for a moment and then plunged. "Did you by any chance mean me?" I asked.

He lighted a cigarette with one hand before he replied. In the flare of the match I studied the features of the man I cared most for. His eyes and that whimsical mouth could make me forget that his career, according to unrecorded gossip, had been one of dazzling banditry among women. There was something about him—perhaps other women could no more help offering themselves to him than I could.

"Yes, of course, I meant you."

"Among others."

"I said I meant you."

Hi leaned over before he started the motor and kissed me. I don't know yet whether that was the way he kissed women or children. Anyway, it thrilled and kept me reminiscently and hopefully silent as he threaded his way through traffic to the Bal Baran.

Our first dance together left me merely a part of him. Hi had a possessive, permeating way about him when he held you in his arms that melted any resistance you might ever have had.

When we returned to our table, there was Maxine. In the background somewhere was a man I did not know—not father, anyway.

As he saw her I felt Hi's arm tremble under my hand. Something in him responded to the very sight of her. It angered me. He was not that way about me.

I KNEW then—had known it all along, I guess—that I only touched Hi on the surface, while part of Maxine was under his skin, always, even when they were apart. And, judging from her eyes, which did not smile with her lips, she felt the same way about him. What was it, I wondered, that had come between them, and what centrifugal force had thrown him into my arms and her into my father's?

She was speaking in commonplace enough fashion. "I scarcely expected to find you here or anywhere else together." To me she said, "It is a pleasure which Mr. Stewart assured me would not be mine again."

Father had told her that? What right had he to assume that I would give Hi up? He had not said that he would not see Maxine any more.

"'Happiness,'" I quoted, "'I believe, is where you find it.' We are very happy together and always will be."

"You two children are contemplating a continued happiness?" she asked lightly, her eyes on Hi this time.

The line of his jaw whitened. It was not quite fair for two women to rake him with a cross fire that way.

"We are," Hi returned, moistening his lips, "if Miss Stewart says so."

"You have been waiting for her decision?"

He nodded.

She looked at him strangely for a moment, then her lips parted in a smile. Finally she laughed. "I wish you happiness." She turned to her escort. "Take me to a telephone, please."

"Why the telephone, I wonder?" Hi asked, when she had gone.

I wondered, too. It seemed to matter more even to me than the fact that I might, under the circumstances, consider myself somewhat engaged to the man I loved. I didn't feel that anything about me mattered. I realized acutely that I was merely a sort of shadow that had fallen between these two, an image which they had set up to quarrel over.

That particular café of questionable repute was very popular just then. Little tables were placed close. My own chair was jammed in so that my back was between two men at the next table.

"Did you notice that jane who just left?" one man asked of the other.

"Yeah. A darb, wasn't she?"

"Well, that's Stewart's girl. He's been going about with her for a month now."

"The dirty son of a —"

"Hush."

"Where is he now?" I sensed that the profane speaker was looking around the room.

"He must have broke a leg or something. He ain't with her tonight."

"If he was he'd be damned sorry."

"Shut up. He ain't in the prosecuting attorney's office any more."

"That don't make any difference. He was when I got mine."

If my affairs had not so thoroughly demanded my attention just then, I would have speculated more at length on the significance of those remarks. Hi, across the cover from me, had not heard what had been said.

Inside of half an hour father arrived at the café. I doubt if he ever saw me. All he did was to take Maxine away from the man she was perfunctorily with and take her to the door.

Then suddenly I knew what it was all about. Maxine knew of my sporting agreement with my father to give up Hi if he would in return relinquish her own society. She thought that I had broken my side of the agreement and was prepared to carry the situation to its logical conclusion.

I told Hi my worst fears. "They're running away."

"Running away? What for?"

"Forever. Can't you understand? They're eloping—maybe to Europe. That's why Maxine asked us such pointed questions. She wanted to find out about us—about our plans."

"But why should our plans make any difference?"

THE big fool. If he didn't know that she would never have considered any other man in all the world so long as he, himself, was free, it wasn't my place to tell him. Because I loved him that much myself. There was no other man for me either—not while he was still alive.

But I didn't want to have him as a prisoner.

I stamped my foot at him impatiently. "They're going away, don't you understand? They're going away, my father and Maxine. And you love her."

"Oh, my God, yes!"

"And you'd let her go—just because of some silly quarrel?"

"But you and I—you and I—"

"Yes, you and I. I want to remember. So say those words again. 'You and I.'"

"You and I, Jo dear—"

"That's all. That's all there is to it. 'You and I.' Just a puff of wind that carries three words away. We won't torture us any more. I'd rather remember you than have your body with me while your dreams followed after her. Come on, Hi, come on while I can still see through my tears."

At the door was Maxine's car. They were getting into it. On the curb was Maxine's driver. She had apparently dismissed him and was going to handle the wheel herself. It was a big, crouchy sort of panther, very low for an inclosed body.

I started toward the car, but Hi checked me. "Wait. We'll have to see where they are going first. They may just be going home."

He knew that wasn't so, just as well as I did.

"But we can't catch them," I objected.

"I think perhaps we can. I haven't got so much power in my bus as she has in hers, but I'm a better driver."

"But she doesn't give a damn."

"Neither do I."

We were after them as soon as we could extricate Hi's coupé from the place where it was parked. Fortunately, traffic signals against them held Maxine's car at the second corner. They turned at Forty-second Street and made for the Weehawken ferry. At the ferry slip we had a bit of hard luck: the barrier went down just as we pulled up. But Maxine's car was well up forward and I don't think they saw us.

"Atlantic City, I suppose," said Hi, guessing at their destination.

"Or Philadelphia," I suggested.

He passed me a cigarette while we were waiting for the next boat. "Anyway, the road is the same part of the way and we'll pick them up again inside of an hour."

"And then what?" I asked practically.

"What do you suggest?" he demanded. "You were the one who started us on this expedition."

"I think I can manage father."

"Perhaps. But who will manage Maxine? Any interference now will so outrage her dignity that no one can guess what she might do."

There was something in what he said. I could imagine that Maxine's pride would not stand much clumsy meddling on the part of two people who she had just decided were her greatest enemies.

Another automobile came speeding up alongside of us and almost crashed into the gate before the brakes stopped them. It was an open car and we could hear the occupants swearing at the departing ferry.

"Missed 'em by thirty seconds," said a voice that I thought I recognized.

"Maybe we can pick 'em up on the other side. The bus is a new Duesenberg and there ain't many of 'em out yet. I can spot it anywhere."

"They're talking about Maxine's car," whispered Hi, who had overheard also.

"Yes," I returned, and then I told Hi about the conversation in the café.

"Trouble," he commented when I had finished. "Now we've got to find them and get there first."

The alternate ferry came in. We were first on board, with the touring car right behind. But they passed us the other side of Weehawken.

"Geared up," Hi growled. "Must be a bootlegger's get-away car."

We were doing sixty ourselves.

Somewhere just out of Rahway we were halted by a detour sign with a red lantern on it.

Hi got out and moved it to one side.

"I was through here yesterday. There's only about half a mile torn up and we can get over it at this time of night, when the road crew isn't working," he told me briefly. "It's our only chance, as it cuts off about ten miles."

We went through it like a bat out of hell, not slackening very much even for the place where they were repairing the pavement. A concrete mixer stood squarely across the road in one place, but we went around partly on the shoulder and partly in the ditch. Except for the momentum of our speed we might have got stuck there or overturned. As it was, we got through all right and in a few minutes we were past the signs where traffic was deflected back on the main highway again.

"We must have gained," Hi decided without slackening speed. "They may be just ahead or just behind. We'll know in a minute."

IT was late enough so that we had the road almost to ourselves. What traffic there was we passed as if it were standing still.

Then a single light overhauled us. A State highway patrol on a motorcycle ran alongside and motioned to us to stop.

"What's the idea?" demanded the policeman. "Got a load of alky on board you're trying to deliver before it evaporates?"

"I'm a doctor," Hi told him, "and—"

Swosh! A swift, silent panther went by, ripping heavy treaded tires from the pavement.

"What the hell!" from the patrol.

"Maxine!" exclaimed Hi.

His exclamation was drowned in the roar of an open exhaust as a second car clattered past.

"What is this—a race track?" gasped the officer.

"Have you got a gun?" Hi asked him.

"Yes."

"Then come on. You can arrest me afterward. There's hell to pay just ahead."

He did not wait for the officer's consent, but slipped into gear.

"Jump out, Jo," he counseled, "before we get going too fast."

But I don't think he really expected that I would. Anyway, I was still there when the speedometer was registering seventy miles an hour.

And the two tail lights ahead were slowly getting dimmer with distance. Suddenly they were alongside of each other. Then one raised up in the air, stopped, and went out. It was all fantastic, incredible—like something on a screen. If there was any sound it was drowned by the noise of our own motor.

"Crowded them off into the ditch," Hi explained, never slackening. "Hang on, Jo. You may get hurt."

"All right," I assured him.

For some reason which he did not explain Hi reached over and turned our lights out. Ahead the other red light grew more distinct. They had slowed down or stopped, it seemed. Then from alongside of it on the right came little flashes of light.

"Gunfire," Hi muttered. "Making a sure job of it."

Just as we came nearly abreast of the car in the ditch Hi switched on the headlights. In the sudden glare were two men walking back on the right side of the forward car. In their hands were revolvers. They stood irresolute and then started back toward their car.

But Hi, instead of passing on the left as might be expected, swerved to the right and ran part way off the road, but with his left wheels on the pavement, close to the halted car.

We struck the two men almost simultaneously.

"Sorry, kid," said Hi. "I had to stop 'em some way. It may be too late as it is."

Hi stopped and turned around as soon as possible.

When we got back to Maxine's car the motorcycle officer was already there.

Hi jumped out. "Two men, probably dead, in the road just ahead. Gangsters. Watch 'em. If they're alive take their guns away."

FATHER was getting out of the overturned car. His arm hung swinging at his side, but he was apparently otherwise unhurt.

"Maxine?" demanded Hi briefly.

"I don't know. I was afraid to move her."

She was lying on the inverted top of the inclosure. It was a steel frame and had not buckled even when the car rolled over on it.

The officer returned. "Both dead," he reported.

"All right. Help me with this girl then."

Together they fished Maxine out of the smashed door. Her face was bloodless and I thought she was dead.

But Hi, with his hand on her pulse, thought not. "Whisky, Stewart," he commanded.

Dad passed over a flask.

"Thought you'd have some," Hi commented without intentional sarcasm.

Hé forced a little between Maxine's lips.

They had her on the clean grass by the roadside. In the light of the motorcycle headlight Hi examined her swiftly.

"Concussion, probably, and a bullet wound under the heart," he decided briefly. "Jo, get my instruments." He tossed me the keys to the car. "The big one unlocks the deck. And you, officer, keep everybody from passing until I get through so there won't be any dust."

"I'll have to arrest you," the officer began perplexedly, "for the killing of—"

"All right," Hi assented, brushing him to one side. "Thanks, Jo. Stand by and help. Take a drink of this so you won't faint, because you can't right now." He took a big swallow himself. "I can't either," he explained.

And neither of us did during the next half hour.

Probably no delicate operation was ever conducted under such fantastic circumstances. Under the shadowy glare of that single headlight Hi deftly probed for and found the bullet, stopped the internal hemorrhage, and administered an antitetanus serum.

Once, while he was working, Maxine opened her eyes.

Hi saw it. "I've got to go on, Max dear, without an anæsthetic. Can you stand it?"

Her lovely lips parted in a whispered "Yes," and then she smiled. A smile that meant everything, that excluded all of us but the man who loved her and who worked like a magician over her pallid bare flesh.

And some way, even though I knew that she might die any minute, I gladly would have traded places with her.

By the time Hi had finished, an ambulance had arrived. Maxine was taken away in it and Hi was escorted to jail by the highway patrol. I drove father back home in Hi's car. He had his broken arm set by our family physician. "Fell down the damned front steps," he explained briefly.

Father defended Hi at the trial for killing the two gunmen. Maxine asked him to do it. He would have, anyway.

We both went to their wedding, a justice of the peace affair, one afternoon six months later. Mother did not join us—I guess she didn't even know anything about it.

No bride has ever been more wistfully lovely; no groom more—but why go on? It hurts too much.

That night I came in from somewhere, the movies I guess, anyway it was hopelessly early, and found father sitting in the library with his bottle beside him, half empty, and his lanky knees under the card table.

"Hello, Jo," he said.

"Hello, Stewart."

"Mother gone to bed?"

"Yes. Her feet were paining her a good deal."

A moment later. "There's a couple of decks of cards, Jo, in the drawer. I'll show you a *good* solitaire."

I drew up a chair. He poured out two drinks the same size and gave me one. "Let's try going off the stuff tomorrow?" he said half interrogatively.

"Alright," I assented listlessly. "Let's try."

THE END

JOFFRE—Master or Puppet?

An Interview with the Victor of the Marne

By

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

From a wartime photo in *L'Illustration*

"Papa" Joffre inspecting some of the "sons" who helped to keep the Kaiser from dining in Paris.

(Reading time: 14 minutes 20 seconds.)

WAS Joffre a military master mind or a puppet of politics?

Ten years have passed since the Armistice. Fourteen years have passed since the Battle of the Marne made Joffre the Savior of France. Next week brings the anniversary of this great French victory.

Of late there has been a tendency on the part of military experts to insist that Joffre was never more than a figurehead who was indebted for his exalted position to a "palace revolution" in the French General Staff.

Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, one of the spokesmen of this new school of military thought, asserts that Joffre was not a "general." Hart admits, however, that "Joffre's stolid calm and obstinate determination had an influence which offset many of his grave blunders. If his brain was as solid as his appearance, lacking in flexibility and imagination, his external effect on the minds of others enabled him to become the rock on which France held and Germany foundered."

When even Joffre's most severe critic is compelled to concede that the Marshal's personality saved France in her hour of trial, it is difficult to follow the reasoning which attempts to make the rock of France seem the blockhead of France.

Foch himself, in an interview with me, pointed out that Joffre was the one man who could retreat in that crucial hour without losing the confidence of the people.

It is conceivable that a man of a different temperament would have brilliantly lost the Battle of the Marne. Joffre won it stolidly. His imperturbability was his genius.

Both his opponents and his successor, Foch, speak of Joffre in terms of high praise.

From a wartime portrait in *L'Illustration*

Joffre—Marshal of France.

The discussion that has been raging about Joffre for years accentuated my desire to meet the man whom Hanotaux, the French historian, calls "the godfather of the United States army in France."

The years have melted away Joffre's all too solid flesh. I noted stolidity neither in his appearance nor in his mental reactions. He seemed a kindly, wide-awake old gentleman who responded with alacrity to my questions.

I DETERMINED to apply a test to his mentality. What was his attitude toward the war? Did he believe that the World War had added one iota to human happiness? Was he a martinet or a man? I discovered that Joffre is not only a soldier, but also, in his way, a philosopher.

"What," I asked Marshal Joffre, "is the supreme lesson the war has taught you?"

The Marshal gazed at me quizzically.

"It has taught me," he replied with a smile, "the value of peace!"

"And what is the best way to insure peace?"

"To be strong."

"What good did the World War do?"

"It is difficult to tell," Marshal Joffre answered, "without seeming to glorify war as such. I prefer peace to war. I think the World War was a calamity. Nevertheless, there are some benefits to which one can point. For one thing, it made the peoples better acquainted. In the next place, it rectified frontiers, it re-

dressed balances, it righted ancient wrongs."

"Unhappily, war, while righting some wrongs, creates others equally monstrous," I said. "Will it be," I questioned doubtfully, "the last war for generations to come?"

Again Joffre revealed himself as both a philosopher and a student of history.

"There is," he said, "a tendency at work in history on the subject of wars. They become general once in a century or so. That is, every century seems to bring on its general war. By a general war I mean one which involves all the civilized powers. A war involving two powerful belligerents tends to involve neutrals. Thus, one by one, the powers are dragged into a struggle that becomes general almost of necessity.

"This tendency to recurring general wars could be neutralized only by the introduction of an entirely new factor into history. I see no such factor on the horizon."

THE headquarters of Marshal Joffre are elaborate. The architecture of the building perpetuates the splendors of French royalty. Nevertheless, in appearance and in demeanor Joffre is even simpler than Foch. He is, like Foch, a septuagenarian.

Glancing at him in the plain civilian suit in which he received me, one would hardly suspect Joffre of being one of the few supreme military figures of the war. He seems a really nice old man. He smiles with the sunny smile of a child. No wonder the soldiers called him "Papa" Joffre! Like a true soldier, he harbors no resentments. He speaks in terms of respect of his former foes. A pupil once asked him why his answer to a certain question was rated so low. "Because," Joffre explained,

Lieutenant General Ludendorff, Chief of the General Staff (at left), and General Field Marshal von Hindenburg (now President of the German Republic).

"you have proceeded upon the assumption that the enemy is stupid. It is never safe to judge the enemy by ourselves."

On a recent visit to Berlin I had the honor of an audience with President Hindenburg. In the course of the conversation, Hindenburg spoke with admiration of Marshal Joffre. I could not resist the temptation to elicit Marshal Joffre's opinion of the German leaders.

"What," I remarked, "is your opinion of Hindenburg and Ludendorff?"

"Both men," Joffre replied, "were mostly on the Eastern Front, facing our Russian allies, while I was in command of the French. I have read both Ludendorff's and Hindenburg's memoirs with uncommon interest. I was especially impressed with Hindenburg. He writes little and never says too much."

Papa Joffre and Papa Hindenburg appreciate each other!

Ludendorff, on the other hand, is attracted by Foch, the master strategist, who succeeded in checkmating him. This attraction, too, is mutual. Both great leaders expressed their admiration for each other to me.

Ludendorff seems to irritate Joffre. To my question, "What is your estimate of General Ludendorff?" Marshal Joffre caustically replied, "General Ludendorff seems to have so lofty an estimate of his own capacity and of his own valor that my opinion, if I elaborated it, could not make it loftier."

"Did you consider Crown Prince Wilhelm and Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria foes worthy of your steel?"

"Both men," Joffre remarked, "commanded armies or army groups, but I do not know if they or their chiefs of staff were actually in command. Without such knowledge it is impossible to form an estimate of their military equipment."

"And what," I queried, "do you think of Emperor William?"

"I am not aware," the Marshal gruffly observed, "that he played a soldier's part in the World War."

U. S. Official photo

Part of Verdun—a stronghold never taken by the Germans—and its fortifications.

"What," I asked, "do you think of General Moltke, your opponent who lost the Battle of the Marne by his failure to abide by the plan originally conceived by Count Schlieffen, and by his disobedience to the orders of the Emperor not to retreat?"

"General Moltke," he replied, "was an able soldier, but he was better able to meet problems on paper than on the battlefield. When faced with the gigantic task imposed upon him by events, his nervous resistance gave out. He lost the battle because he lost his nerve."

Defeat as such seems no crime to Marshal Joffre. A soldier may be great in defeat. He admires Hindenburg more in defeat than in victory.

"I am not disposed," he confessed once, "to think too highly of the general who has never been defeated. There is in defeat a lesson of fortitude and perseverance that some commanders learn too late."

The qualities shown by Joffre when Belgium had almost disappeared from the map and when it seemed only a matter of hours before the Kaiser would dine in Paris, proved that Joffre had indeed mastered that lesson.

All France was plunged in gloom. The government had fled from Paris to Bordeaux. Joffre, never losing his iron nerve for a minute, calmly adhered to the routine of life. He did not permit the thunder of German guns, drawing ever nearer, to spoil his luncheon. When one of his staff officers, his brow clouded, his face pale, his hair disheveled, expressed his amazement that the Marshal preserved his composure in the face of disaster, Joffre replied, "Son, have you no faith in France?"—and calmly finished his meal.

MANY persons who remember Joffre's laurels on the Marne ignore his achievements as a military engineer. Joffre has lectured to generations of French soldiers on engineering problems. The specialty of Joffre was fortifications, especially their construction and tenure in the face of assault. There were many strategists who doubted the wisdom of fortifications.

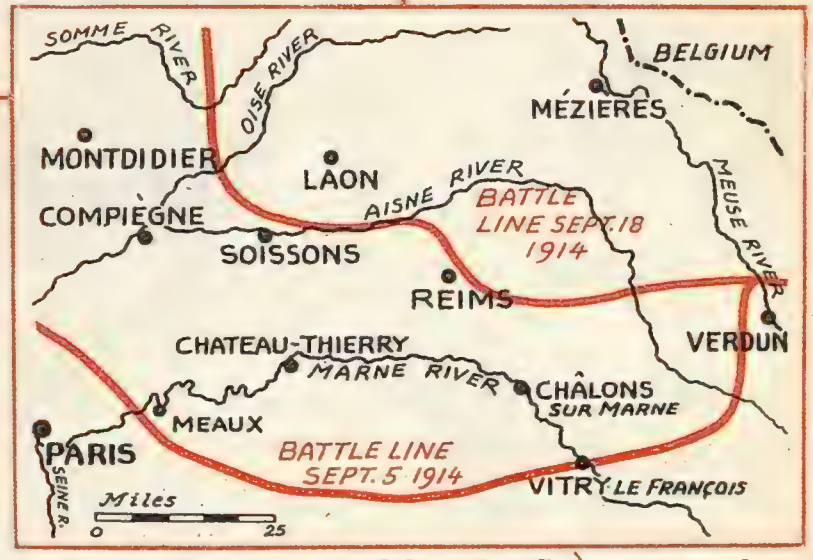
"Is it not true," he was asked by a second lieutenant in his classes, "that fortifications demand the services of commanders who ought to use their experience in the field?"

"There are commanders," Joffre replied, "who are less dangerous to their country when they are shut up behind fortifications."

Joffre had at times to overpower the opposition to his lectures with an air of authority that seemed to his pupils the manner of a martinet. He was not vindicated until the Germans failed to take Verdun. The fortifications in that region were in a literal sense the fruits of the teachings of Joffre.

One of his lectures in those old days on the importance of bombproof shelters seems curiously prophetic in view of the events connected with the German drive for Verdun. In this lecture Joffre ascribed the heavy mortality on the Union side during the siege of Vicksburg to the fact that the Union fortifications had to be improvised hastily. Joffre spoke with enthusiasm of the genius of the high command in the American Civil War. He was distinctly unpopular because of his insistence upon fortifications at a time when events seemed to have discredited them.

Joffre's contact with Americans, with the democratic spirit of the West, has impressed him favorably with American institutions.



Map showing ground lost by Germans at the first Battle of the Marne.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[JOFFRE—MASTER OR PUPPET?
Continued from page fifteen]

When he speaks of America, his face lights up.

"What," I queried, "is your opinion of the American soldier?"

"A soldier," the Marshal replied, "has naturally the qualities that belong to his race. The American soldier seemed to me to have as his essential characteristic a remarkable initiative. We must remember that the American armies arrived upon the battlefields when the war had already lasted some four years. To the battles the American soldier brought a youthful impulse and a sprightly humor that gave a tremendous moral re-enforcement to our own troops."

"Was it not," I continued, "an imposition to force young Americans to cross the sea to fight in an Old World war?"

The question did not seem to surprise Marshal Joffre.

"It would have been impossible," he said, "it would have been a hardship, under eighteenth century conditions. But the World War was fought under twentieth century conditions. In this period we have wireless telegraphy, the airship, the submarine, and ever so many devices to revolutionize the conditions that faced Washington and Napoleon.

"It is easier to go from New York to Paris than from Maine to California, or at least it is as easy. Hence the Americans did not face such a problem as Washington faced in going from Saratoga to Yorktown.

"I think the ease with which immense distances can now be traversed will greatly influence the course of war in the future."

"Why," I asked, hurling a question at the Marshal that has troubled me as it has troubled many Americans, "were our troops, who rushed to the aid of France, compelled to pay rent for the very trenches they occupied?"

THE Marshal looked at me aghast.

"The statement has been made, and has been believed by many, including myself," I went on to say. "If we are doing France an injustice, we would like to be enlightened as to where our error lies."

"The question," Marshal Joffre replied, stirred from his imperturbability, "deserves reply only because it is put to me by a serious student of international relations.

"Really, one might ask instead just how so miserable a tale came to be spread broadcast in America. It must certainly be part of a campaign which has for its object the digging of an abyss between the French and the Americans. These two peoples have every reason to act together through their mutual interests, and they have also the common traditions established by two great wars that they fought side by side.

"This campaign of belittlement against France is based upon a misinterpretation of French law and jurisprudence in all that relates to military requisitions.

"No French army and no allies of France paid any 'rent' charges to the owners of soil that was dug for trenches.

"It is true that French armies and French allies were bound by the law of July 3, 1877, and the statutes in accordance with it, to respect individual property rights. Individuals were compensated either because they were deprived of the use of their buildings or of their equipment or because they had to give their services to the military.

"Requisitions for military purposes are by French law an exercise of eminent domain. There must be due compensation. The owner of such property should neither gain nor lose by its sequestration. He should be justly dealt with. The amount of his indemnity is fixed by a tribunal of civilians and soldiers.

"The American army was on the same basis as that of the French army. It obeyed the same laws relating to requisitions. It had to pay the owners of buildings that it occupied.

"The French government took over the liability of the American government to the individual owners when it purchased the American war supplies. It is this transaction which probably created the erroneous impression that the French government received rent for the trenches.

"There is thus no foundation for the reports that have been circulated to foster ill feeling between the two peoples."

"Is it not true," I questioned, "that the French peasant dislikes us?"

"The French peasant who was a soldier during the war," Marshal Joffre observed, somewhat surprised by my question, "felt the greatest affection for the American troops who came across the seas to fight by the side of the French. The French soldier admired the courage of the Americans and their good humor. The many American soldiers who sleep their last sleep in French soil serve to sustain and to perpetuate this feeling of affection among us. I cannot understand how the report of the desecration of French or rather of American monuments could have arisen. It is a calumny."

"Did the World War serve to bring the French and the Americans together or did it serve only to accentuate their differences?"

"The war brought the French and the Americans nearer together. Blood shed in common can never be forgotten. The Frenchman, especially the peasant, who travels very little, has learned to know the American. He never knew him before the war. The generation that went through the war will hand on to coming generations the friendship that was cemented in the perils of the field. The immediate moment seems to have loosened the ties of this friendship somewhat, but these temporary misunderstandings will soon disappear and the real sentiments of these brethren in arms will ultimately manifest themselves strongly and gloriously."

Joffre was visibly pleased when I told him that our doughboys were accustomed to speak of him as "Papa" Joffre.

"I am proud of my nickname," he said. "I never think much of a general whose soldiers have no pet name for him. The qualities of a general are revealed in the name he is known by in the army. The greatest commanders regarded their soldiers as their sons. The interest of a leader in his forces should be paternal. The best thing we know about Napoleon is not his victories at Jena and Austerlitz but his concern for his wounded."

MARSHAL JOFFRE was educated at the Polytechnic School, which he entered at the age of seventeen. He had no aristocratic associations, no social affiliations. He owes his success to his own merit. Marshal Joffre is the idol of the left parties, while Foch is the spokesman of the moderates in France.

Easy in his manner, informal in his etiquette, he is somewhat of a contrast to the French in general, for they set great store by manner. Joffre is at times as bluff as an Englishman. He has the honesty so much admired by the English, an honesty reflecting the simple home in which he was reared.

Joffre's father was a cooper by trade who had a humble shop in the town of Rivesaltes on the banks of the Agly. Marshal Joffre was brought up in a back street, in unpretentious quarters adjoining his father's shop. His fare as a lad was frugal. By the time he entered his teens his father could afford to send him to college, but the strain upon the family purse was severe, as the father imposed on himself the same sacrifices for the education of his other children.

These early experiences and his origin are written upon the face of Joffre. He is a Spartan in his personal habits. As a boy he was awkward; as a young man, mute.

"I often regret," he said to me, "that I am not witty, until I remember what enemies some men have made for themselves by their wit."

Joffre's quiet qualities explain the divergence of opinions now expressed by military experts. According to some of them, he served his purpose only "because in a time of emergency outward impressions are more important than reality." In the opinion of others, the Miracle of the Marne has forever linked his name with the immortals.

Joffre will be ranked among the greatest captains by some historians, yet in other eyes he will always remain the cautious and skillful rather than daring and brilliant commander. It was probably Joffre the man rather than Joffre the Marshal who was the rock against which the German tide dashed itself in vain. Kitchener was quoted during his lifetime as having said that Joffre had all the attributes of greatness, including a perfect indifference to it.

When I bade adieu to the Marshal, he shook hands with me and uttered the one English word he knows: "Good-by." His smile was so engaging, his intonation so gracious, that I, too, cannot but think of him as "Papa" Joffre.

THE END

What Turned the Invaders Back at the Marne?

French valor or a German blunder? Was Joffre a master strategist or the luckiest general in history?

Emil Ludwig

biographer and historian, has written for LIBERTY a remarkable article on the military psychology that saved Paris in 1914, as seen through German eyes. It will appear in our next issue, under the title—

Fourteen Years Ago This Week: The First Battle of the Marne

U. S. Official photo

Some of the first American soldiers in France being instructed by French veterans.

Celery Soup—a delightful summer selection!

Served hot with cold meals, this soup is a splendid tonic and invigorator

Crisp, snow-white celery, with all its deliciously refreshing flavor and vegetable healthfulness! Blended with nourishing, golden butter and seasoned with the utmost delicacy! Campbell's Celery Soup is such a delightful choice to vary your menus, in the summer and all the year. And it's so beneficial, especially for children.

Whether you prefer to prepare it as a Cream of Celery or as Celery Soup, according to the easy directions on the label, you find it one of the most delightful of soups. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on every label. 12 cents a can.

Eating Campbell's every day
Makes me dance at work or play.
So I sparkle as I go
On the light fantastic toe!

Campbell's Soups

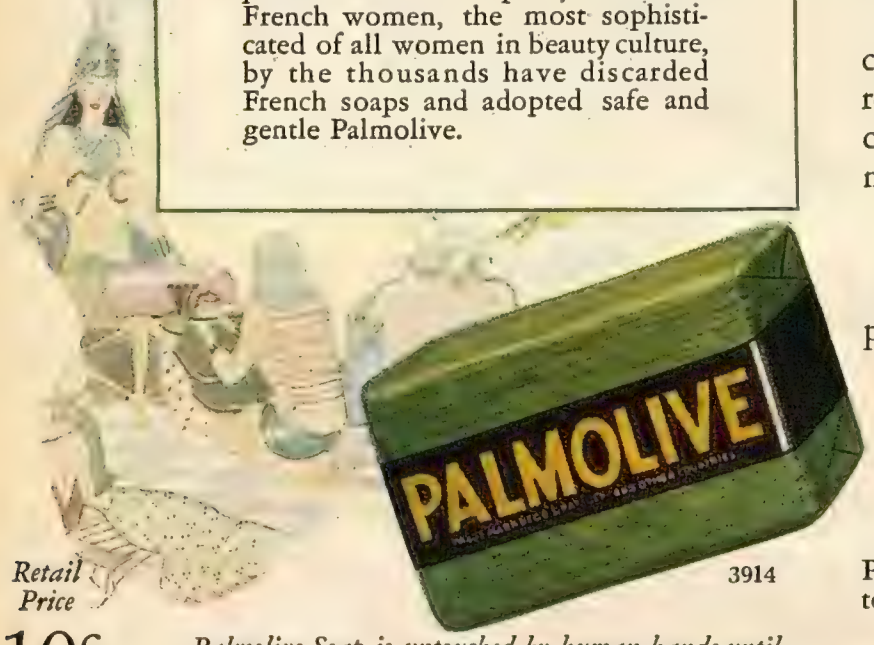
LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

Beauty Wins—Beauty Keeps

The secret of keeping beauty lies in keeping that schoolgirl complexion, as millions know who follow this simple daily rule:

In Paris, too,
It's now Palmolive

Today in France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps, having supplanted French soaps by the score. French women, the most sophisticated of all women in beauty culture, by the thousands have discarded French soaps and adopted safe and gentle Palmolive.



Retail Price 10c 3914

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

BEAUTY is not mere regularity of features, or a shade of hair. It is an ensemble in which a good complexion plays a vital part.

Many otherwise unattractive girls have "lovely eyes," or "a good nose." And many girls are called beautiful whose greatest claim to beauty is a lovely skin.

To be *really* pretty one must keep her natural charm. For even though you use powder and rouge, *naturalness* is your aim. And no beauty can seem natural that has not the base of a naturally lovely skin.

Wash with lather of beauty oils

The soothing, cleansing oils of olive and palm, as embodied in the famous beauty soap, Palmolive, are recommended, if natural beauty is what you seek.

These gentle cleansers soothingly penetrate the pores, remove accumulations which, if left, would form into blackheads, or, becoming infected, would cause unsightly blemishes.

Do this for one week, then note results

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin with your two hands. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. Dry by patting with a soft towel—never rub the gentle skin fabric.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night.

And Palmolive costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today, then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., central time; over station WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

When Shadows BAWL

What Will the "Talkie" Do to Us?

By

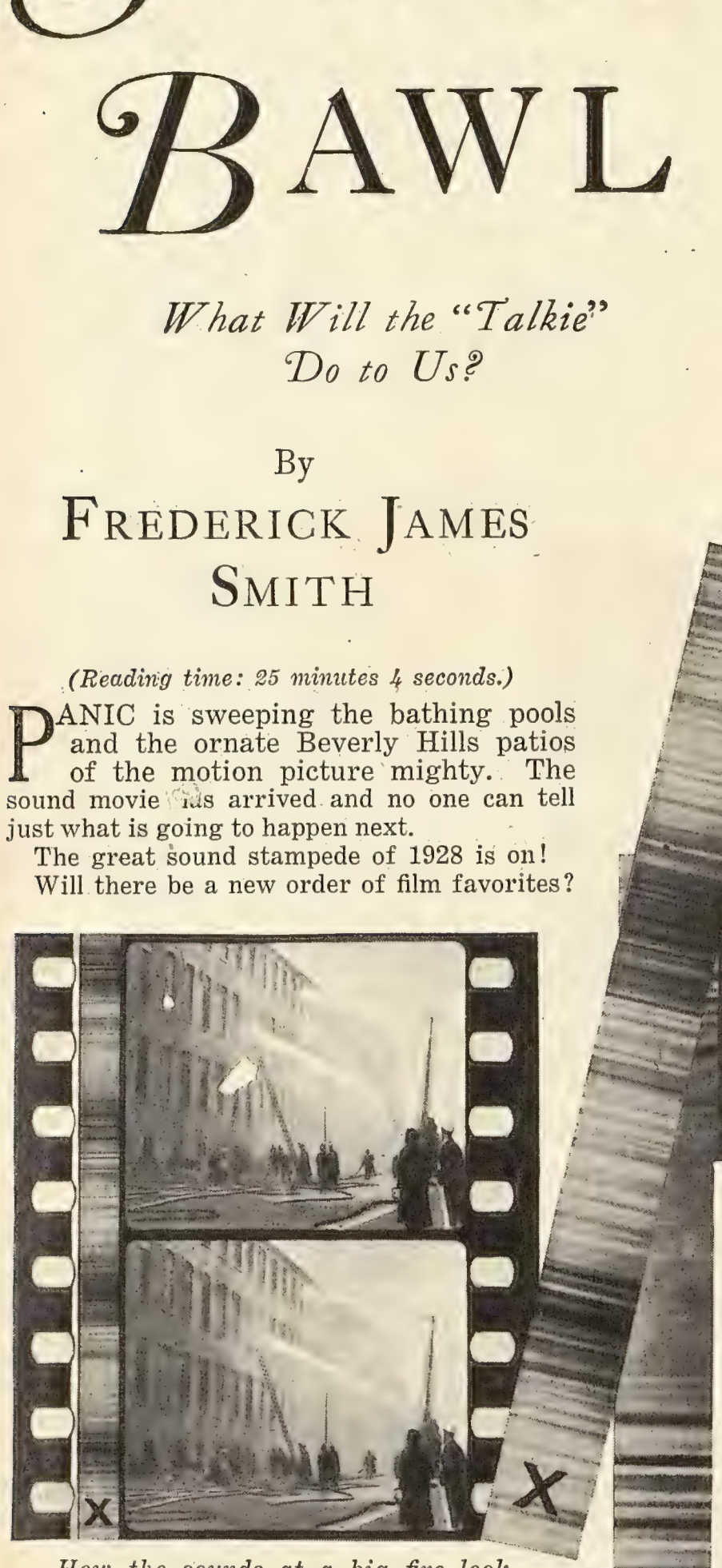
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 25 minutes 4 seconds.)

PANIC is sweeping the bathing pools and the ornate Beverly Hills patios of the motion picture mighty. The sound movie has arrived and no one can tell just what is going to happen next.

The great sound stampede of 1928 is on!

Will there be a new order of film favorites?



How the sounds at a big fire look when recorded on a film by the new process. The sound reproducing strip (X) is repeated in the enlargement (also marked X) at the right.

Will the so-called silent drama fade into oblivion? Are talking pictures just a novelty? Nobody is venturing a guess on these questions right now.

These things have happened:

All of the bigger companies are building noiseproof stages in their studios, equipped for the making of sound movies.

Exactly 400 theaters in America had installed equipment to present sound movies on

Madge Bellamy acting and talking before the Movietone in Mother Knows Best, a Fox film. Voice and action are recorded simultaneously.

Cheers for President Coolidge and Colonel Lindbergh are recorded on the strip marked XX. The lower enlargement at the left (also marked XX) is the same strip.

August 1. About 1,000 theaters are expected to be equipped by the first of next year.

Many of the celluloid famous are taking up voice culture in a serious way. In signing new contracts all movie producers are giving the edge to players experienced in the talking drama, once called the legitimate stage.

Just what has brought all this about? The sound movie is only two years old. The first Vitaphone presentation—the Warner Brothers' production of Don Juan starring John Barrymore—was offered in New York on August 6, 1926. A number of Vitaphone films have since appeared.

It was the success of one of these, Al Jolson's The Jazz Singer, that brought down the present scramble of film producers. The Hollywood makers of canned drama rush after a hit like sheep. The Jazz Singer sent them scurrying to make their own noise plays.

The first Movietone presentation occurred in New York in May, 1927, when a sound news reel was shown with Seventh Heaven. Vitaphone tried inserting sections of repartee and song in The Jazz Singer, Tenderloin, Old San Francisco, When a Man Loves, and The Lion and the Mouse. The other day I saw the first all dialogue picture. It was a one reel comedy, The Family Picnic, produced by Movietone.

Tenderloin, for instance, had a disastrous première. The opening night audience went into gales of laughter over the badly written dialogue. The chuckle arousing sections were cut from the production the next day.

THE sound movie is still in its experimental stage. There are some sounds that baffle the experts and will go on baffling them for some time to come. Big explosions have wrecked sound recording cameras, and target practice by Uncle Sam's mammoth coast artillery has raised hob with the apparatus.

The screen world seems pretty definitely certain that the sound movie has arrived. It costs between $5,000 and $15,000 to install reproducing outfits, but a thousand theaters will have them by the holidays. Figure that out.

Since the sound film eliminates orchestras and the expensive trimmings of the big movie

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TWO IN ONE

BY the merest chance we received on the same day recently two articles on the new "sound films." One was from LIBERTY'S regular movie critic, Frederick James Smith, and the other from J. P. McEvoy, who has been in Hollywood attending the filming of his LIBERTY story, Show Girl. The articles are so pat and supplement each other so aptly that we are doing the unusual thing and printing them both together. Mr. McEvoy's article follows Mr. Smith's.

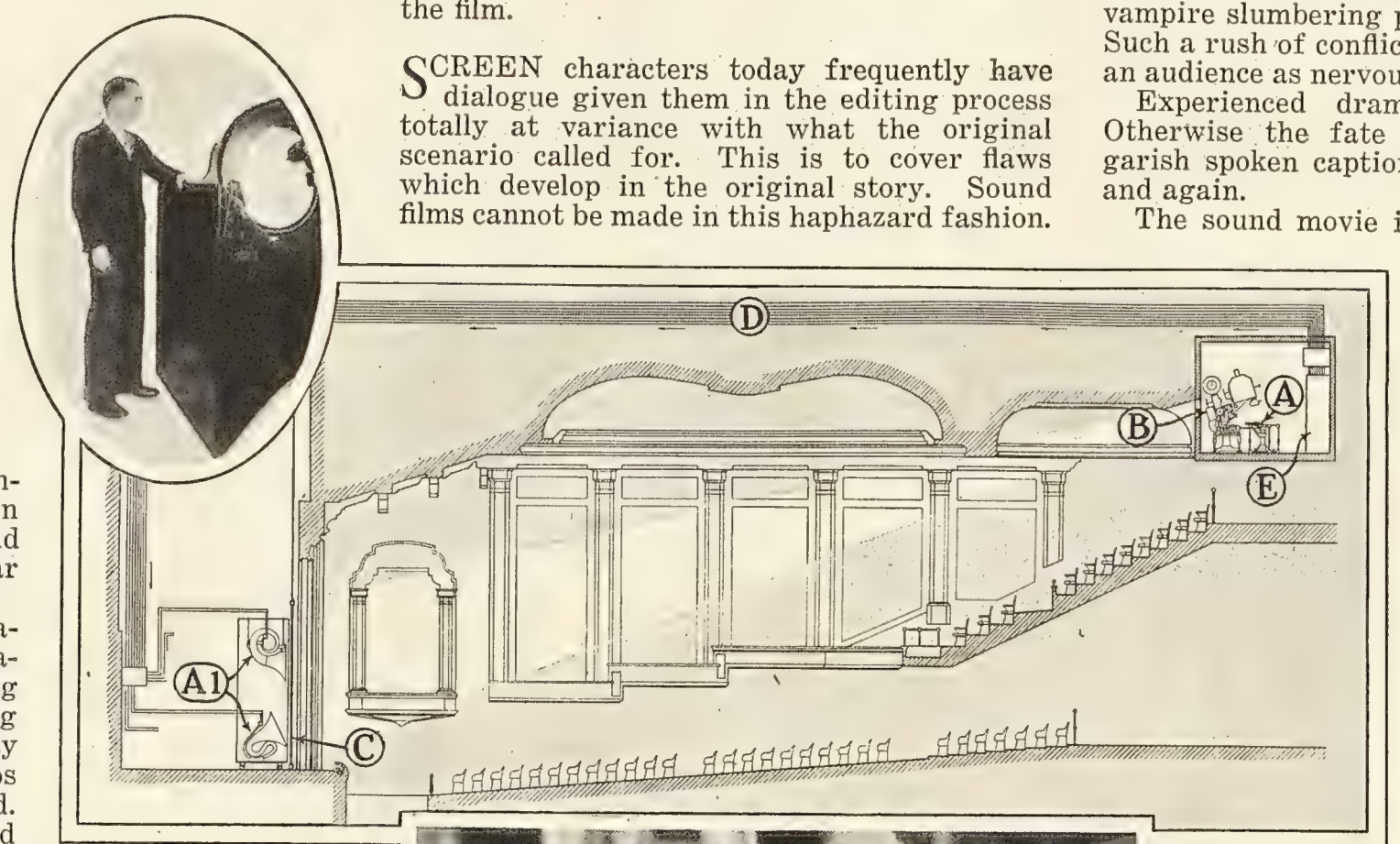
[WHEN SHADOWS BAWL
Continued from page nineteen]

cathedrals, it will save money for the big houses. On the other hand, since it requires extra operators, it will add to the expense of the small houses, which were minus *de luxe* trimmings anyway. However, theater owners can buy their installations on the installment plan, even as you and I may buy a radio set.

Motion picture studios are being reconstructed at immense cost. The general manager of one of the biggest producing companies estimated that the total cost of this reconstruction work will run between $20,000,000 and $30,000,000 this year alone.

The Paramount-Famous-Lasky Corporation is revamping its big Long Island plant, long deserted. The empty Cosmopolitan Studios are being re-equipped. There is a trend toward New York in film production, probably because the movie producers believe that it will be easier to get experienced talking players there.

In their frantic new quest for voices, the producers seem to be overlooking the experienced players who have been in Hollywood for years. Consider Doug Fairbanks, the Barrymores, John Gilbert, Richard Dix, Wallace Beery, George Bancroft, H. B. Warner, Richard Barthelmess, Milton Sills, Conrad Nagel, Evelyn Brent, Madge Bellamy, and hundreds of others. All experienced behind the footlights as well as in the devious ways of celluloid.



A diagram showing the general installation layout for talking motion pictures. A, the disk sound reproducing attachment; A 1, the horns behind the screen from which sounds emerge; B, the film sound reproducing attachment; C, the screen; D, the circuits which carry the sounds to the horns; E, the amplifier. At the upper left, the sound projector, including a receiver and a horn, as it appears behind the screen.

For the others you now read in the Hollywood journals such announcements as this:

THE TALKING PICTURE IS HERE!

If you have had no practical stage experience

YOU MUST BE TAUGHT

Intonation, Transition of Speech, Poise, How to Laugh, Make Your Audience Cry, Repose, English, and Every Essential as Used on the Legitimate Stage. Dancing. Foreign Artists Need Our Method. Private Lessons or in Class.

TWENTY or thirty millions may seem an elaborate appropriation for studio reconstruction. However, sound films require studios as perfectly built as radio broadcasting chambers. The walls must be absolutely soundproof. To insure complete isolation there must be a double wall of gypsum blocks. These walls are usually slightly more than one foot in thickness, including an interior air space of six inches. The inside walls are hung with heavy draperies of a sound absorbing nature.

The air in these rooms must be changed every three minutes, purified by a washing process, heated in winter, and refrigerated in summer, so that a constant temperature is always maintained.

Sound pictures are destined to add tremendously to studio costs in ways aside from the original output. Every scene must be right, down to the last word of dialogue, before the camera and sound apparatus can be started. There can be no last minute cutting and titling to change the story or cover a bad lapse in the film.

SCREEN characters today frequently have dialogue given them in the editing process totally at variance with what the original scenario called for. This is to cover flaws which develop in the original story. Sound films cannot be made in this haphazard fashion.

Al Jolson and Eugenie Besserer in a scene from one of the Vitaphone sequences, The Jazz Singer.

It is hard to say where the mad talkie rage will end. It is inevitable that the movie moguls will sign up players purely because of their persuasive voices. A lot of money will be tossed away before the producers learn that all voices will not jell successfully in celluloid any more than all faces will photograph successfully.

Here it is interesting to note how few of the non-film notables, screened by Movietone or Vitaphone, have gotten across. Robert Benchley, the critic, scored with his gorgeous little parlor entertainment. George Bernard Shaw made a hit because he knows how to get them any old way. The rest, from Mussolini to Marion Talley, have just floundered around, although it must be admitted that the Duce has a strong screen personality.

Here it is interesting to speculate on the talkie. Are the producers killing the goose that laid the golden egg? I always have had the theory that the universal success of the film lay in the fact that the movie fan provided his own dialogue mentally, silently, and according to his own lights. You got out of it just what your imagination marshaled up for you. Will the sound movie kill pictures by cutting off this universal avenue of fancy?

If the talkie becomes an overwhelming success, you can count upon a new line of directors and scenarists. New ways will have to be found to tell stories. Imagine switching abruptly from the blast of a jazz orchestra to a flash of a whispered conversation, then to the rush of a train, and back to the silken vampire slumbering peacefully in her boudoir. Such a rush of conflicting sound ought to leave an audience as nervous as a doe at a water hole.

Experienced dramatists will be needed. Otherwise the fate of Tenderloin, with its garish spoken captions, will be repeated time and again.

The sound movie is likely to do one thing. It will go a long way toward eliminating musicians in the movie houses. Canned musical scores, along with sound news reels and specialties, will supplant orchestras and vaudeville.

Labor leaders already have sensed this impending elimination of musicians. The American Federation of Musicians is raising a war chest of $10,000,000 to fight the encroachment of mechanical music. The 75,000 members are to be taxed 2 per cent of their weekly wages until this sum is in the treasury.

It would not be a bad idea, when you make up your mind for or against sound films, for you to write your favorite maker of movies. Even that letter, I fear, will not change the movie house of 1930 from presenting a program like this:

An overture, made by musicians in New York and arriving in a can.

A news reel with accompanying sounds.

Several specialties in sound film by experienced entertainers.

Then the feature, probably with some sort of sound interruptions. Possibly all sound, in the case of films adapted from musical comedies. And certainly with an accompanying musical score produced by the film makers.

You may still have your organ played by a human. There may be short one and two reel comedies, these with lively sound and wise cracks.

The sound movie is not a new thing to the screen world. Back in 1913 Thomas Edison announced the perfection of his Kinetophone. Demonstrations were held in the Edison laboratories at West Orange, New Jersey, late in December, 1912. The Edison method of presenting sound correlated with the projection of the picture disclosed scenes from Il Trovatore and The Chimes of Normandy.

IN May, 1913, the *Dramatic Mirror*, of which I was motion picture editor, carried an Edison announcement: "The Edison Talking Picture will rejuvenate the photoplay theater. It has come to stay." Elaborate plans for regular releases were announced—and the process faded. It was not successful. Later there were the De Forest and other methods.

From the first there have been efforts to combine sound and picture successfully. Today the movie companies are lined up in this fashion:

Warner Brothers have the Vitaphone, in which they were sound film pioneers. William Fox first came forward with the Movietone and now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount-Famous-Lasky, and United Artists have signed to film in Movietone. FBO and Pathé have the RCA Photophone. First National started

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

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PRESENT

THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE

BEAUTIFUL -- POWERFUL -- INCREDIBLY QUIET

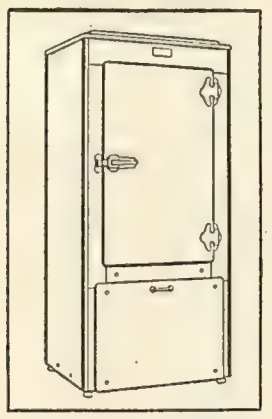
In the past twelve years, more Frigidaires have been manufactured, sold, and installed than all other electric refrigerators combined.

Surplus power... rapid ice freezing... beauty and convenience of design . . . greater value at low prices . . . proven dependability . . . these have established an overwhelming preference.

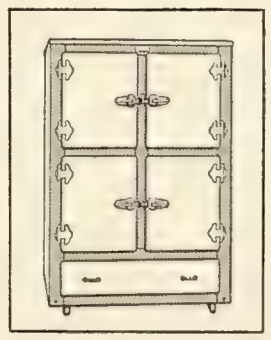
And now, as the logical outgrowth of twelve years of dependable service, twelve years of constant refinement and improvement, Frigidaire engineers present the New Frigidaire, *with these outstanding advantages:* **1.** Quiet . . . for a lifetime. **2.** Powered to freeze ice quickly... always. **3.** Practical beauty . . . concealed mechanism. **4.** Conveniences designed by domestic science experts. **5.** Complete simplicity and mechanical refinement. **6.** Low first cost . . . low operating cost.

Incredibly quiet operation . . . greater cabinet beauty and convenience developed through a careful study of modern kitchen decoration and practice . . . greater refrigerating power built into a new and radically improved compressor . . . this is the New Frigidaire. Here is a powerful, dependable, automatic refrigerator which is truly quiet and truly beautiful. A *new* automatic refrigerator perfected by mechanical, electrical, and chemical engineers, working with practically unlimited facilities for research and experiment.

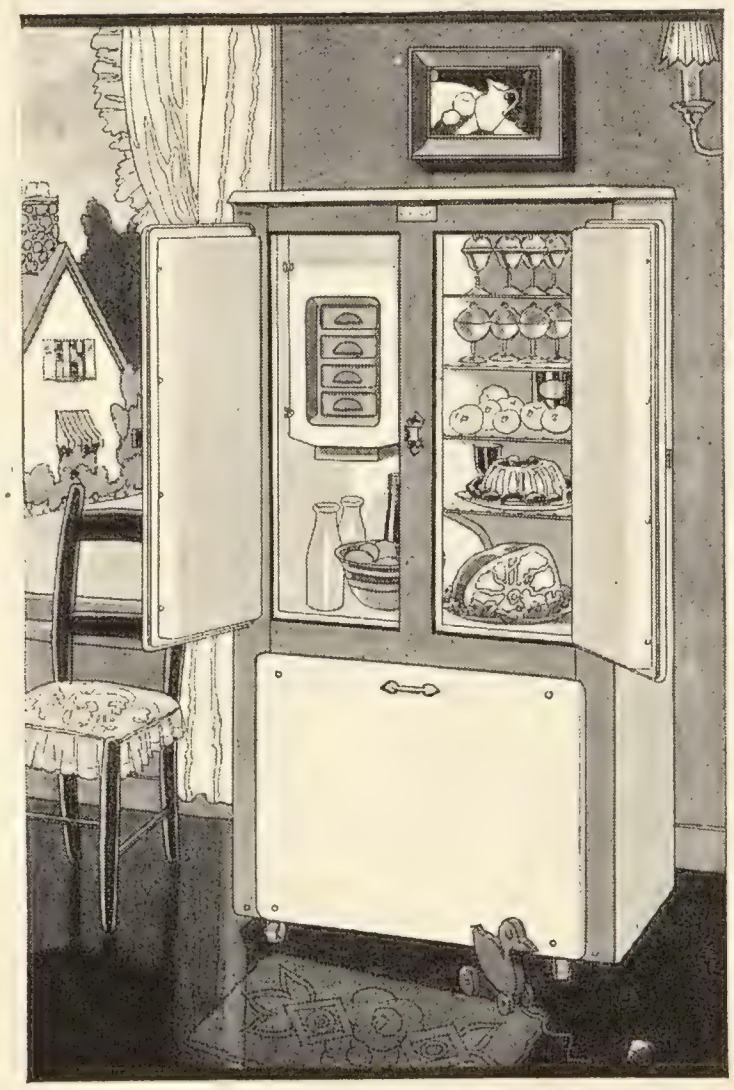
The New Frigidaire is now on display at Frigidaire show rooms in every part of the country. See these features for yourself . . . today. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton.



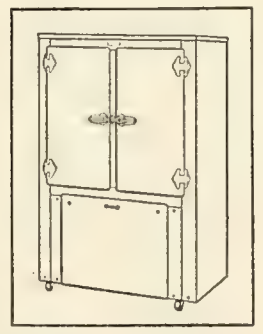
This New Frigidaire, the V-5, is remarkably low in cost. Simple, compact, it can be plugged into any light socket.



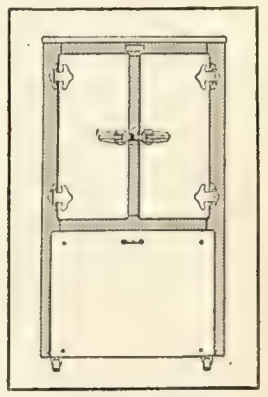
This beautiful New Frigidaire Tu-Tone model, the AP-18, has 27 square feet of shelf space and makes 20 lbs. of ice between meals.



The New Frigidaire, incredibly quiet and powerful, has a wide variety of new models of every size, capacity and price. This beautiful Tu-Tone model, the AP-9, is finished in white and Glacier-gray porcelain enamel.



The incredibly quiet mechanism of the New Frigidaire is completely concealed. This beautiful D-12 model is in white Duco.



The New Frigidaire is not only low in first cost, but the operating cost of its quiet, powerful mechanism is extremely small. This model, the AP-7-2, makes 63 full size ice cubes between meals.

[WHEN SHADOWS BAWL
Continued from page twenty]

a Firnatone film and shifted to Movietone. And there are other processes, such as the Powers Cinephone, on the immediate horizon.

All these present modes of reproducing sound with pictures can be divided into two classes—by disk and by the film itself. Vitaphone is a disk process and so is Firnatone. The Movietone, the RCA Photophone, and the Powers Cinephone reproduce sound on the film itself.

The Vitaphone method was first described by me in LIBERTY shortly after its appearance. In this process microphones are placed about the soundproof stage, out of range of the motion picture cameras but close to the performers. The cameras themselves are operated in soundproof booths, so that the microphones will not pick up their l um.

Sounds strike the diaphragm of the microphones, cause them to vibrate, and these vibrations are translated into a fluctuating electric current. This current reaches a control unit through wires. There it passes through an amplifier system to a recording device, where the fluctuations of the current are transformed back into mechanical vibrations. These are recorded on a disk of soft wax.

The motors which operate the cameras and the disk turntables run at a uniform speed, exactly synchronizing the two.

IN the Vitaphone reproduction process the usual motion picture projector is utilized. However, a turntable is added for the disk record. Both are operated by the same motor.

Wires carry the vibrations from the disk to loudspeakers placed behind the screen.

The newer Movietone method is different. In this both the motion picture and its sound accompaniment are recorded on the film. Here the sounds are caught by microphones having the property of changing sound vibrations into electrical vibrations. These electrical vibrations are amplified and in turn vary the intensity of a recording light.

This recording light is contained in a glass tube inserted in the back of the motor driven motion picture camera in such a way that the variations in light fall directly upon a narrow edge of the negative film. This occurs at the exact moment the motion picture itself is being recorded.

Bear in mind that standard motion picture film is employed for Movietone. The heart of the system lies in the recording or AEO light, so called because of an alkaline earth oxide deposit on the filament. This is high in actinic values. When the electrical vibrations are amplified, they vary the intensity of this light.

This process is reversed in the presentation of a Movietone film. An ordinary motion picture projector, to which a sound reproducing unit has been attached, is used. This unit has a light which is focused by a lens system through a narrow slit on to the sound strip of film. The sound record of the film passes and interrupts the constant light shining through it. The variations strike a photo-electric cell, are transformed back to electrical vibrations, amplified, and then carried by wire to horns back of the screen.

The Movietone process grew out of experiments conducted by the Case Research Laboratories in Auburn, New York. Here Theodore W. Case evolved his method of photographing sound waves on motion picture film. Aside from its own particular patents, as the AEO tube, certain telephonic apparatus is necessary to the Movietone process. The devices of the Western Electric Company are used wherever telephonic apparatus is employed. These devices were first acquired by Vitaphone under an exclusive license from the Western Electric Company and are used by Movietone under an agreement between the Fox-Case Corporation and the Vitaphone Corporation.

All of the sound film presentation apparatus installed in theaters up to the present moment is either Movietone or Vitaphone. Many theaters have taken both systems, the usual method being to have two of the theater's battery of projectors equipped with both processes.

The RCA Photophone has appeared and shortly will be in theaters about the country. Here again sound is recorded on the film itself. The RCA Photophone claims certain departures.

Where the Movietone has shortened the width of the negative picture in order to make room for the sound strip, the RCA Photophone claims to have preserved the normal size of the picture. The Photophone Company produces positive prints with the synchronized sound track by a special optical reduction printer which saves the entire picture record and still leaves room on the film for the sound track.

Instead of horns behind the screen for the reproduction of accompanying sounds, the Photophone uses the electrodynamic type of cone, similar to the RCA loudspeakers 104 and 105. The Photophone employs the telephonic apparatus of General Electric and Westinghouse.

The sound movie has evolved out of the radio. Into its creation have gone patents of the radio, of the telephone, of public speaking amplification, and so on.

This is indeed a mechanical age. The good old days when you could whisper to Her in the shadows of the corner movie house are gone. Television, bringing the activities of Commander Byrd, Babe Ruth, Gene Tunney, Lindbergh, and the Prince of Wales to your front parlor, is just around the corner.

The movie producers are trying to dodge the thought of television right now. They have enough worries. If the sound movie flops, there will be perilous days in Hollywood.

TELEVISION is not so far away. Only the other day there was a practical demonstration of television by the Bell Telephone Company laboratories in New York.

In the Bell television demonstration a tennis player was filmed on the roof of the building, the image was transported three floors down and shown to a good sized audience.

Down in Washington, C. Francis Jenkins, a pioneer inventor, is doing a lot with television.

It will not be long before you will be able to follow an explorer to the pole, watch the big football games, and see the championship fights from an easy chair beside your television outfit. What that will do to pictures—noisy or silent—is causing nightmares all over Hollywood.

One fine thing the sound movie will do, in bringing forth talking comedies—we will know soon the exact sound of those terms so dear to the comic strip: Wham! Bam! and Zowie!

June Collyer and George O'Brien facing the microphone for a Movietone test at the Fox studios in Hollywood.

WHAT THEY THINK ABOUT IT IN HOLLYWOOD

By J. P. McEVOY

FIRST, introducing Charlie Chaplin:

"I believe the introduction of sound effect into motion pictures, if done intelligently, is here. Dialogue, no. The art of pantomime is complete. It doesn't need words. A beautiful girl silhouetted in the moonlight can be anybody's sweetheart, any town, any city, any part of the city, any country; but the minute she turns around, opens her mouth, and says, 'Gee, ain't this moonlight swell?' the illusion is gone.

"Motion pictures need dialogue as much as Beethoven's symphonies need lyrics. The best art is simple art. Perfection is along the route of simplification.

"If we are going to put speech into motion pictures we are complicating something it has taken us years to simplify. In the last few years we made some great pictures in this country. Our directors are learning to make fine motion pictures. I am afraid they are going to get the speakie complex and they are going to strain their ears instead of continuing to use their eyes. It may set us back ten years."

"How about dialogue for comedy?"

"It might be good. Just now even the dramatic speech is funny. I can see where the talking comedy might be and could be very successful."

"How about for your own use?"

"Never. I think I can always say what I am trying to say with a gesture. In fact, I can say more with a gesture than I can with words because the audience finishes the gesture for me. Where I can only look sorry they will supply for me all the words that were ever said when they were sorry, all the words they ever heard that made them sorry, all the sad things in their lives, and all the sad things they ever read, and I can have them crying not because of anything I do so much as because they see me sorry and begin to feel sorry for themselves. For sorry, you can substitute the word happy or frightened or worried—or what you wish."

"Are you going to use sound effects?"

"Yes, wherever I think they will help."

Sidney Grauman, who was dining with us, interrupted.

"I gave Charlie a suggestion for his next picture which he says he is going to use. He is not going to talk in the picture, but at the end of the picture he may come out on the screen and make a little curtain speech, thanking the audience for their applause."

Chaplin interrupted, "If any."

Grauman (seriously): "You know there are millions of people who wonder what Charlie looks and talks like in real life—and millions can never know except in this way. If there

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

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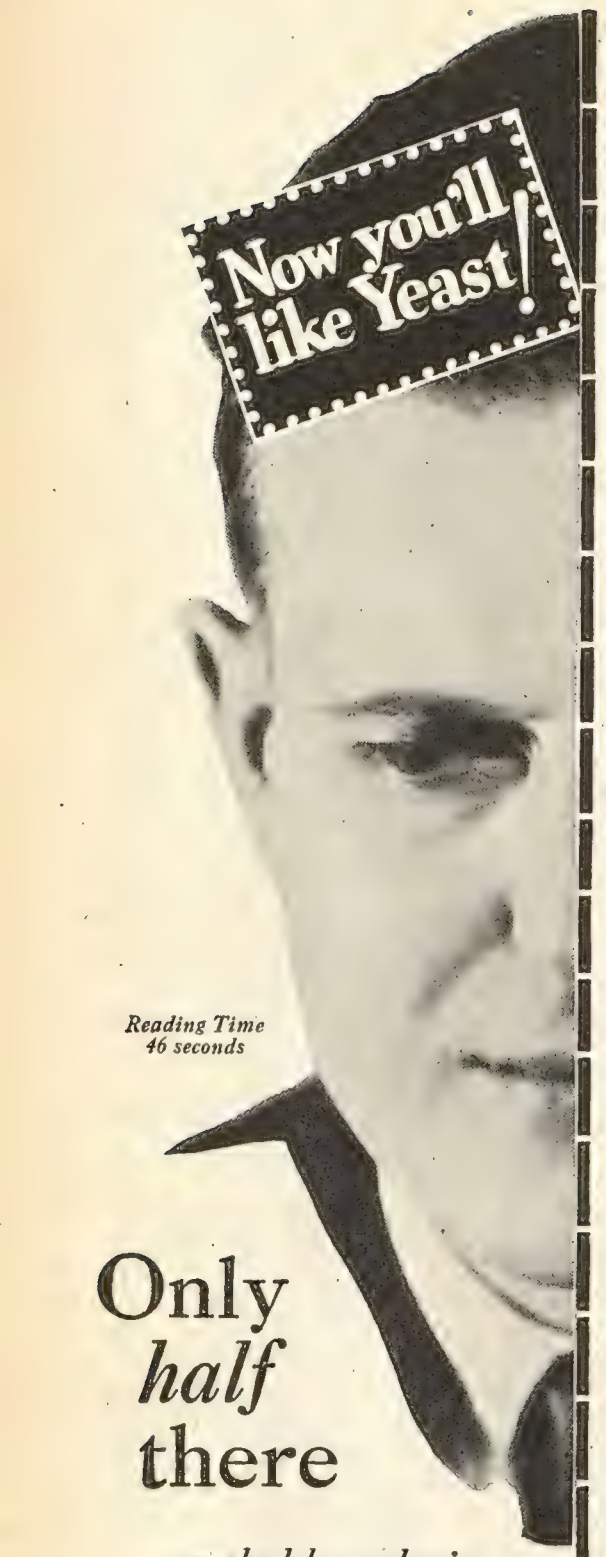

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At drug stores everywhere

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

[WHAT THEY THINK ABOUT IT IN HOLLYWOOD]

Continued from page twenty-two

were a thousand Chaplins he couldn't get around to all the places where people would like to meet him."

Chaplin is slightly taller than he appears to be in pictures. He is slight and walks with a crisp swing. His hair is quite gray, his eyes are dark brown, and the corners crinkle when he laughs. He speaks rather quickly and with a decided English accent, and I could not help but imagine the surprise of millions who have seen him as a tramp with his baggy pants and flat shoes when they hear his voice, which is cultured, and his accent, which is precise and very English—what?

Sidney Grauman is an exhibitor, a theater owner, and conceded in theatrical circles one of the shrewdest showmen in the world. He has built and operated motion picture theaters since they were nickelodeons and now his Chinese and Egyptian theaters in Hollywood are the show places of the West.

I asked Mr. Grauman, who has heard the reactions of thousands of motion picture audiences, what he thought the talking picture might do. This is what he said:

"A few years ago if you walked down the street in a small town the kids would say, 'Are you going to the movie, mister? Take me into the movie.' And the kids would be tickled to death and would think it was great. That was a few years ago.

"Today you walk down the same street in the same town and you stop in front of the Million Dollar Theater—for every town has a Million Dollar Theater—and you say to the kids, 'How would you like to go into the movie?' And they look at you with distrust and say, 'M-wah, it's lousy. There ain't no narrative interest in it; the photography is bad, and the action lags in the fifth reel.'

"I AM exaggerating a little, but not very much. Your motion picture audience today consists of street car conductors, shop girls, stenographers, waitresses, bell boys, floorwalkers. Collectively they are all those things, but individually each and every one is a movie critic; not only a critic but an authority, and I am not fooling."

"They are? Why is that?"

"Well, they have seen all the movies and know all the plots. We can't fool them. When Jack Gilbert comes on the screen you could bring him out of a gutter with whiskers a foot long on him in the first reel, but they know in the end it will all come out right, so they just sit back and relax and wait—and you better keep them interested while they are waiting. And they know Clara Bow is going to get her man. And no matter how often the dam bursts, they have learned it never drowns anyone of any importance.

"So the talking picture is a needed novelty in the theater. It may work out to be more than a novelty. We shall see. It may be like roller skating, or the bicycle. Personally, I think the full length talking picture will either drive folks into the legitimate theater or underground. If the town is full of talkies and there is one in every theater, on every street, people are not going to sit through two hours of chatter, chatter. There will be no place to go and rest.

"I know, anyway, I have to get on the band wagon. I am putting in an installation and every exhibitor will have to put one in. How long we will keep it depends partly on the producer and principally on Mary Smith. If she likes it you are going to hear a lot of talking pictures; and if she doesn't, you won't."

Irving G. Thalberg is the presiding genius and driving force behind Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who made among other sensational successes The Big Parade and Ben-Hur. Although the youngest executive of such power in the industry—still under thirty—he is conceded to be one of the canniest and most farsighted.

"In the beginning, at least," says Thalberg, "we are not going to put a great deal of dialogue in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures. We are going to use sound effects. I do believe the introduction of the spoken word will be a great aid in putting an emotional scene over to an audience. Today, if we want to show in pictures a boy and a girl in a love scene and try to express in pantomime all the things they are not only saying to each other but what they would like to say, it takes hundreds of feet of film where a few words of dialogue would do it.

"It will be easier to make an improbable scene seem probable. You have heard dozens of scenes played on the stage that were illogical, improbable, and almost impossible to believe, and yet the magic of a few words, well written, well directed, and well spoken, made you want to believe it.

"One of the reasons why stage plays fail in motion pictures is that when they are stripped of dialogue the situations in the play are revealed to the camera in their true character. You cannot fool the camera, and if a situation is false on the stage it is a thousand times more so after the camera has looked at it.

Edmund Lowe explaining to Mary Astor the mysteries of the Movietone recording device on the lot in Hollywood.

"It is idle to prophesy what the ultimate results of speech in motion pictures will be. First, there will be a lot of talking pictures and most of them will be terrible. Then we will get a wire from New York saying, 'DON'T MAKE ANY MORE TALKING PICTURES. YOU ARE DRIVING THEM OUT OF THE HOUSE.' And then someone will make a good talking picture and then we will get a wire from New York saying, 'FOR GOD'S SAKE MAKE SOME TALKING PICTURES.'

"WE are going about it slowly. We are going to get the best engineers, the best technical men, on sound and sound production. We are going to get the best writers we can. And then we are going to hold our breath. If the public likes them they can have some more, and if they don't like them we will forget all about talking pictures."

Ralph Block, principal associate producer with Pathé-De Mille and one of the best informed men on all angles of film production, was brief but pointed in his remarks:

"It looks as though the movie producers are going to allow the talkies to set them back to the first childhood of the movies, when stories were screened exactly as though they were played on the stage. In other words, the characters are going to stand around and talk rather than move, which

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

ONCE again, Nash has left the rest of the motor car industry far, far behind, in motor car value.

Look, for example, at the new Standard Six models of the new "400" Series—every one priced under $1000 f. o. b. factory.

The modern style of their new Salon Bodies singles them out and sets them apart in beauty from all other motor cars at their price.

They are larger, longer, much more comfortable—built on a new double-drop frame and a longer 112¼ inch wheelbase.

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There was a time when people were excused for having dandruff—but it is no longer tolerated—so many have learned that it can be relieved.

Sergeant's for the Hair relieves dandruff easily. No mussy ointments or elaborate treatment. Simply wet your hair with Sergeant's—and comb your hair with it.

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For fifty years, Sergeant's Mange Medicine has proven an effective treatment for dandruff, and other hair and scalp complaints. After many years of research, Sergeant's chemists have refined this product so that it retains all the therapeutic qualities of mange medicine, but none of the disadvantages. It comes to you with the sincere recommendation of this 50 year old company.

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"Comb your hair with it"

Sergeant's

For the Hair

[WHAT THEY THINK ABOUT IT IN HOLLYWOOD]
Continued from page twenty-four

is the best thing the movies do. I believe the introduction of stage directors with stage experience is not going to work out—at least certainly not at the beginning—because stage tempo and movie tempo are so different.

"One important phase of taking up the talkie which we are apt to overlook at the beginning is that the microphone is really another camera. The sound is going to be run off on a film to be projected by film and will be subject to all the liabilities as well as the assets of space and time, light and shade, as translated into a film and retranslated to an audience through this medium.

"HOWEVER, I do believe that after the period of experimentation, some man who understands sound will do for the talking picture what the Germans did for the movie when they introduced the traveling camera; what our own directors did when they introduced the lap dissolve which fades one picture into another without necessitating cumbersome titles.

"Then the printed title will be doomed and a new kind of writing will be required which will be neither stage dialogue nor the present condensed headline style of title. And the motion picture of that not too distant time will have all the visual appeal of the movie of today plus all the emotional appeal of the voice as we hear it now on the stage and in life."

Eric von Stroheim, who made Greed:

"Either we will have to get a new breed of actors for the motion pictures, actors who can act as well as make faces—or they will have to train themselves to talk, and most of them can't—or we will have to have two casts, an acting cast and a speaking cast, and take them separately and synchronize them. What probably will happen, however, is that the actor will come back into his own—the actor who has been trained to act—and a lot of these high priced screen darlings will be looking for jobs and so will a lot of Japanese butlers in Hollywood and Chinese chauffeurs and Filipino cooks."

Samuel Goldwyn, producer:

"Good music is more than half of the picture. Soon I can have an orchestra of 125 pieces accompanying my picture in not only the largest cities, but the smallest. You know how the musical accompaniment to pictures is handled today—even in the big theaters. First, they have a great symphony orchestra playing the overture and the prologue, and then the star organist plays for special song slides, and then the second assistant organist plays for the picture.

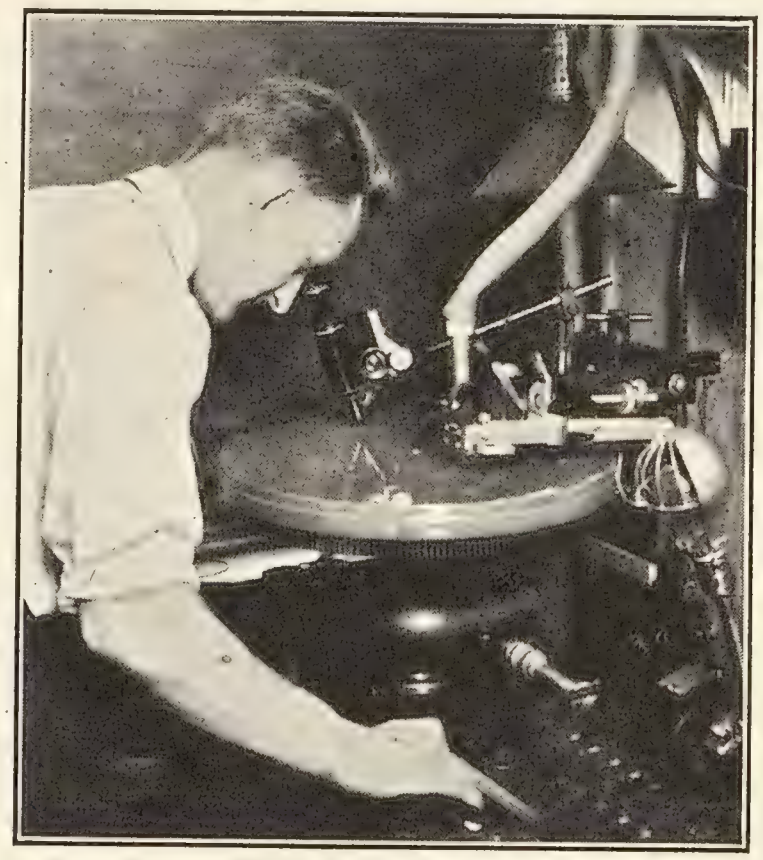
"We are going to have more and more special music composed for pictures. I propose myself to bring out to Hollywood the very best composers I can induce to come."

James Cruze, who made The Covered Wagon and Old Ironsides:

"There will be a period of brutal experimentation during which producers will discover they can't make good talking pictures unless they get writers who can write dialogue and actors who can speak it. The scenario writer who now sets down a scene saying, 'He comes into the room, she turns on him with hate and anger but finally forgives all,' and calls this writing will find his long vacation at an end. He will have to write dialogue for the actors that will convey all this to the audience as well or better than it is done on the stage. The actors can't just say as they do now, 'So-and-so and So-and-so and I'll meet you down at the beach and, by the way, when do my shirts come back from the laundry?'"

Robert Milton, noted stage director, now retained by Paramount to supervise all their talking pictures:

"It will take some time to perfect the technique that will be neither stage direction nor motion picture direction—when we can dissolve sound into silence and silence into pantomime and pantomime into sound just as we now dissolve one view into another, an interior into an exterior, a city into the country, realism into fantasy, and back again. This will come and then the motion picture will have just enough dialogue in just the right places to supplement by realistic sound effects all the magic of the camera. That will be superb, delightful, and satisfying entertainment."



A Bell Telephone laboratories' expert inspecting one of the wax disks upon which sound vibrations are recorded under the Vitaphone method.

As you can readily imagine, the motion picture actors and actresses in Hollywood do not like this upheaval. Most of them are in a panic. They have no voices and they know it. Schools of voice culture are springing up all over the place. The only motion picture actor we have met so far who doesn't seem to worry about his voice and the talkies is Rin-Tin-Tin.

Jack Warner of Warner Brothers says Rin-Tin-Tin is making his first talkie now. With Al Jolson making The Singing Fool, successor to The Jazz Singer, and Fanny Brice making her first combined motion and talking picture, My Man, the Warners have also made an all talking picture in six reels called Lights of New York.

Warner says talking pictures will revolutionize the industry, and points to records all over the country made by theaters using Vitaphone. Rival producers say it's only a novelty, but just the same they are all building soundproof stages and feverishly producing talkies.

When you ask these producers: "How about foreign markets? What are you going to do with your English speaking pictures in China and France and India?" they change the subject or else speak vaguely about making two separate pictures on each subject—a straight movie for houses in this country not yet "wired" and for the export trade, which is figured roughly at 40 per cent of the total sales of a picture.

D. W. GRIFFITH, the old master of them all—Birth of a Nation, Broken Blossoms, Way Down East, and a dozen others—confesses strangely enough to a preference for the stage. "I welcome the talking picture because it will bring to the silent screen the magic of the human voice and all the intimate as well as majestic sounds of nature, from the song of the nightingale to the roar of Niagara."

The producers and exhibitors agree that the talking movie is here. The clamor for it is not from them but from you, the public. And they add, "So long as you seem to like it we hope you will give us a chance to perfect it."

When you hopped on movies twenty years ago they were sure you weren't going to stay, but you fooled them. Today they are in the same stage experimentally with the talkies that they were with the movies twenty years ago.

And now for a short while we are all going to think it is the land where everything growls and squeals—where under the entire warp and woof of our social fabric a fantastic undertone persists—a noise something like a busy signal but more like a radio broadcast of a Swedish hired girl eating celery.

And then? If the movies can be improved as they have in the last twenty years, why not the talkies?

And now to sum up, what does Will H. Hays, the Czar of the Motion Picture Industry, say?

"The future of the talking picture is as far flung as all of our tomorrows."

No fooling!

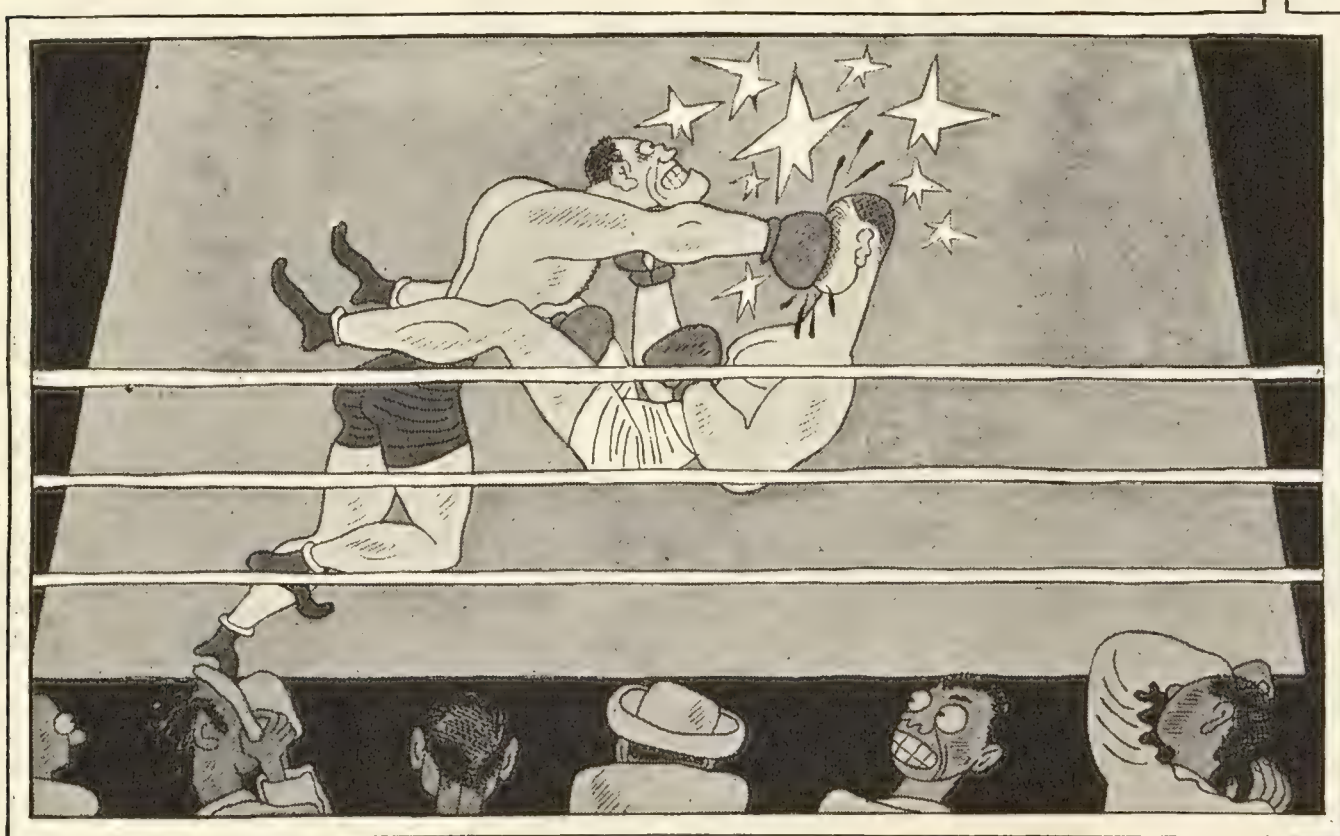
That gives you a sort of a rough idea.

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

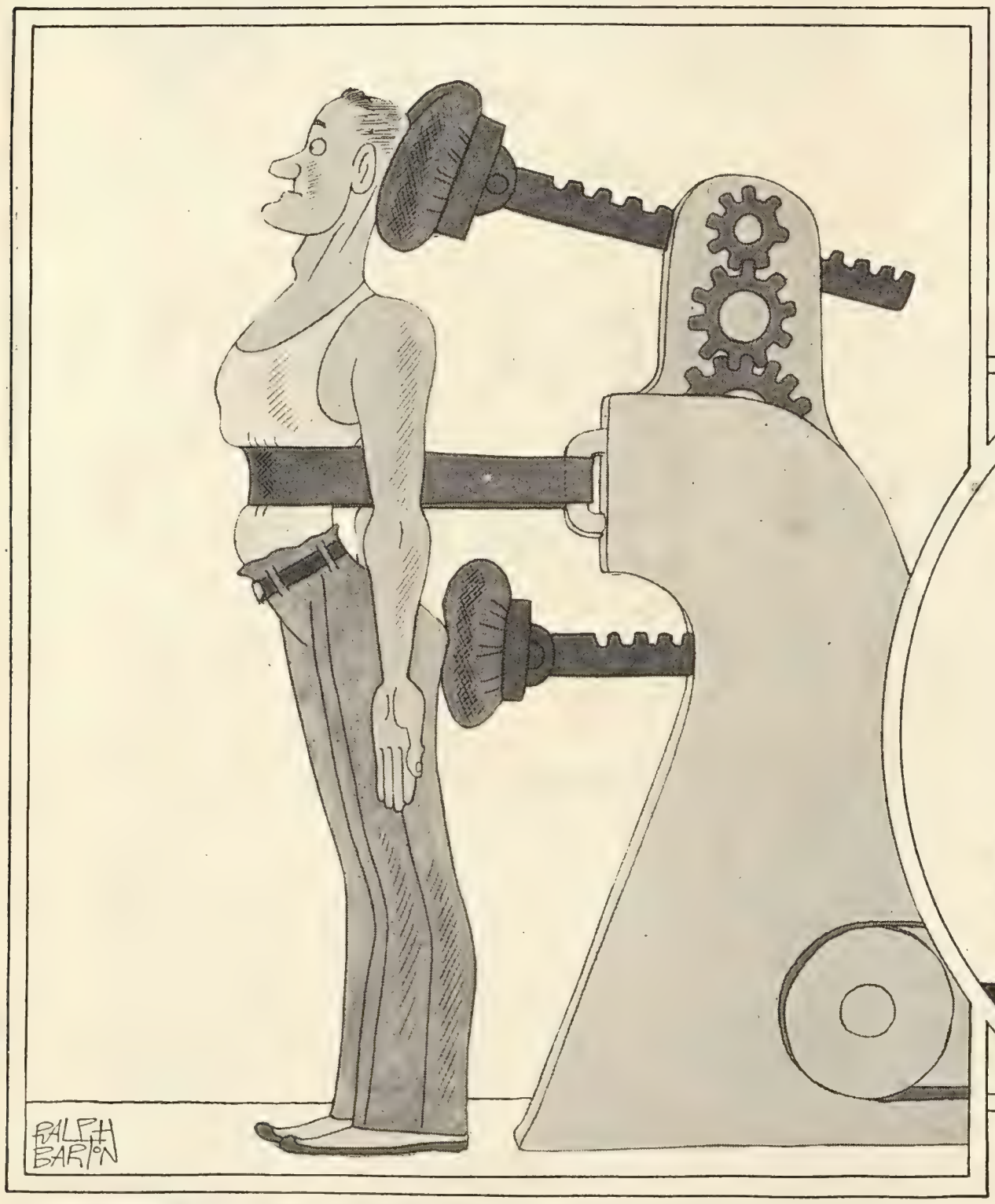
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

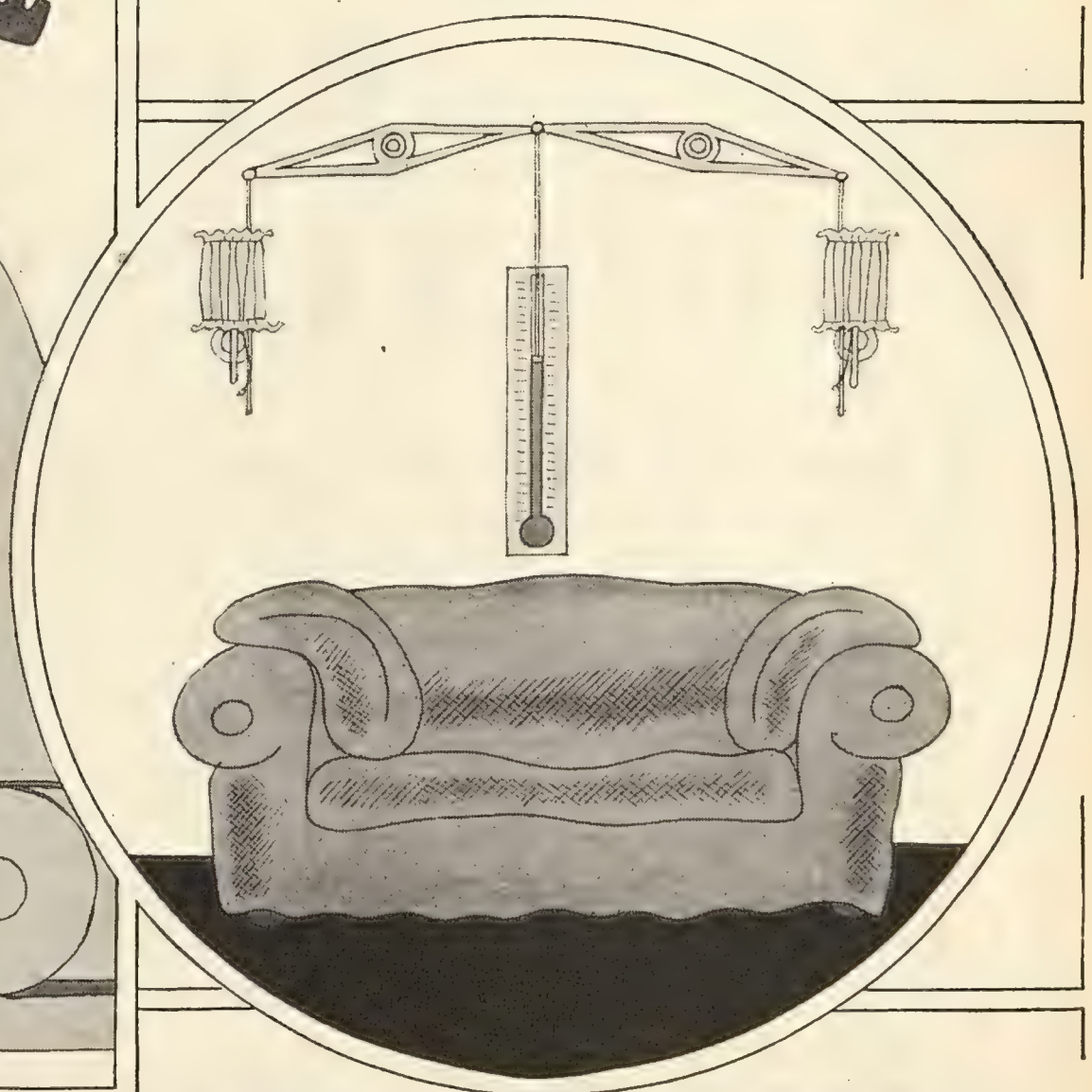


THE FURTHER SPREAD OF CULTURE. The barbarous and inhuman sport of cock fighting, which hitherto has played so large a part in the life of Porto Ricans, has now happily been abolished by law in the island and supplanted by more civilized sports.

WITH SO MANY CANDIDATES ABOUT, a modern mother, having a wholesome horror of microbes, invents a device to prevent her baby being kissed until the danger is past in November.



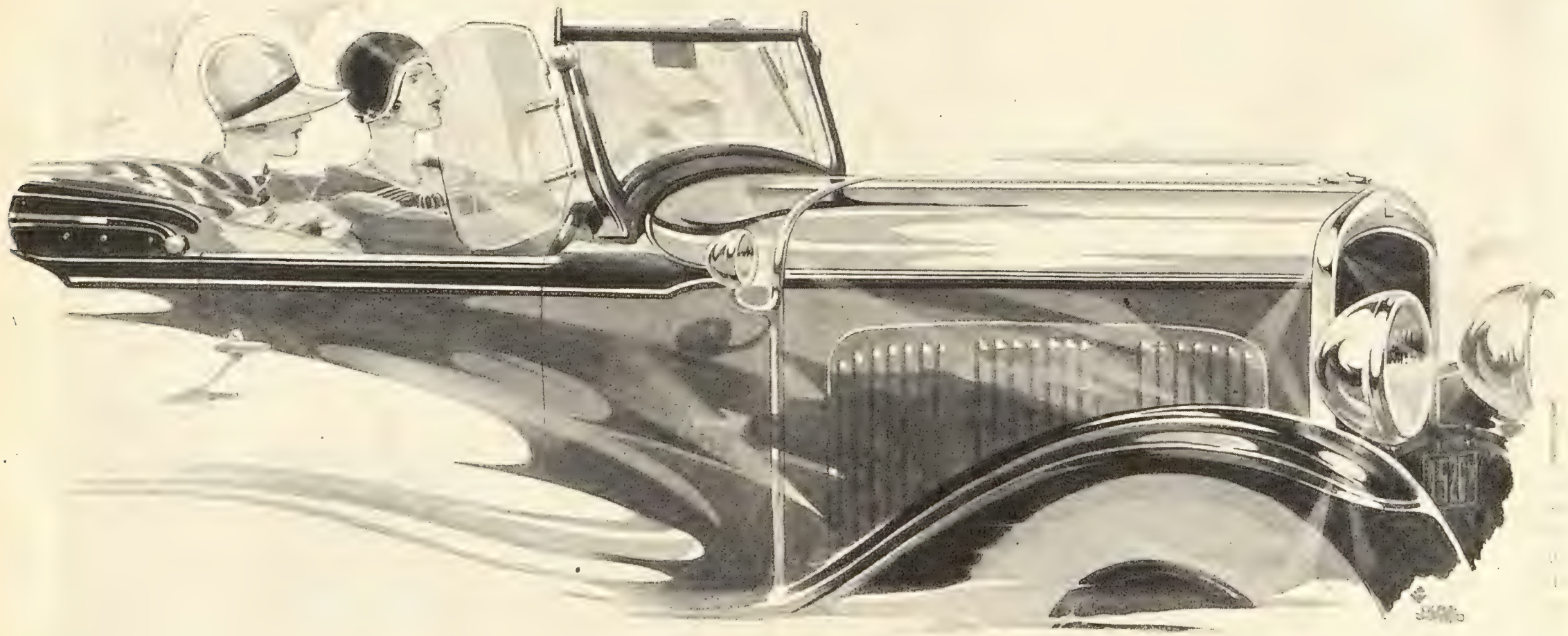
HOW THE GRADUATES OF WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS are unbent and rendered fit for active service after four years of dress parades in the celebrated academies.



THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. (A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.)

PATENT PETTING SOFA and thermometer. The mercury, rising in the thermometer as the party gets hotter, pushes up the levers which push down the socket chains, automatically extinguishing the lights. (Idea by B. S., Baltimore, Md.)

DE SOTO SIX



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the leadership in quality and value which is everywhere synonymous with the name Chrysler. In addition, the De Soto Six brings new style and beauty to the field of low-priced sixes, and a kind of performance that its field has never before known.

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION (*Division of Chrysler Corporation*), *Detroit, Michigan*

No Caste

A Story of India

By

DOROTHY BLACK

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

(Reading time: 20 minutes 16 seconds.)

LALLA was so wrinkled and brown and old, that it seemed one breath of wind must blow him into a thousand pieces and send him drifting away, like thistledown, across the tank at the bottom of the garden. The big odoriferous, muddy tank where paddy birds stood elegantly on one leg, slender and lily white—the tank out of which Lalla drew muddy water with which he watered such flowers as he had the luck to grow, and where, in the rainy season, the frogs made such a chattering a man could hardly hear himself speak.

Lalla was an outcaste, the result of a disastrous mixture of various untouchable tribes. The butler, the cook, the durwan, and the ayah disliked to have as much as the shadow of Lalla fall across them, and the cook was forced to throw away the whole of his day's cooking of rice if Lalla passed by when he was heating the pot. And Lalla could not wash in the washing place, nor could he draw his drinking water from the tap at the back of the bungalow, because this would have defiled it. He had to go some way down the road to a water hole, which he shared with a Burmese village and some goats.

Lalla was at this time a mali, or gardener. He had always had a wistful love of flowers. So he purchased a set of certificates, or chits, in the bazaar, where all things are possible. They testified that Lalla was a mali of knowledge and experience, and were signed by ladies and gentlemen in government service who had long since gone home.

Lalla was simply dressed in a loin cloth the color of the soil on which he worked. Upon his head he wore a white cotton cap. Lalla's hours of work were from sunrise to sunset; besides which he had various odd duties, such as posting letters, and fetching ice, and sitting up with a stick to keep away thieves when the master returned late at night from dinner parties in Rangoon town.

Lalla had no grudge against life. It was the Will that things were this way, and who was he that he should rebel? He was very happy in his work as a mali, for he loved flowers.

Every cold weather his master—Keith Jarvis, manager of the United Rice Company—gave him a big bundle of English flower seeds, and Lalla prepared boxes, and planted the seeds there, and watched them come up. Strange, delicate flowers sometimes came from them—flowers that India never knew. And now the master had brought also from England a new wife. Little and pink and white she was, and Lalla loved her from afar, for he thought she was like a flower, too.

Lalla loved her from afar, for he thought she was like a flower. And one day, when he had a sore finger, she bound it up with a clean white rag.

She would lean her white arms on the veranda rail and watch Lalla at work. Sometimes she laughed at him, for he was certainly a funny old man. Sometimes her heart grew soft with pity for him and all his strange race. The outcastes. The untouchables.

And one day, when he had a sore finger, she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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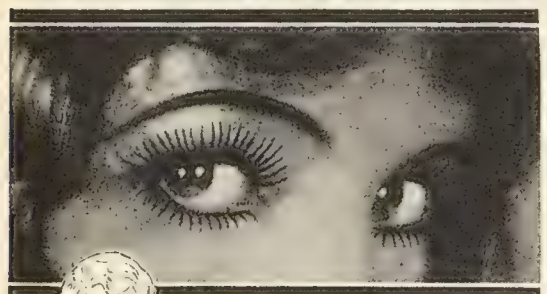

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[NO CASTE Continued from page twenty-nine]

bound it up with a clean white rag and some strange smelling mixture from a bottle. For to her the touch of him, and his shadow, meant nothing. Nor did she throw away the bottle he had held in his hand for her while she bound up his cut. She took it back into the house with her, and all was as it had been before.

Because of that, Lalla loved her exceedingly, and he pictured life going on and on, himself living there, growing English flowers for this white lady. His child, in time, taking service with her child. That would be very good. Then life would be a real and a pleasant thing, and not, as he sometimes saw it, all a dream that would soon be over and done with, and as if it had never been.

IT was toward the end of the cold weather. The garden was at its best, with here a few phlox and there a few cornflowers flowering uncertainly. Kitty Jarvis leaned on the veranda rail, thinking, "Some day a little boy will play there—Keith's and mine."

And that made her heart soft toward all children, and she said aloud:

"That old man ought to have more pay, Keith. I hear he has a little girl."

Keith Jarvis laughed and kissed her.

"You're quite sentimental about the old fellow, Kit. He's jolly well off, according to his lights. He gets the pay customary to his kind. And you needn't worry about his little girl. They don't regard their children as we do ours. When you've been in this country as long as I have, you'll realize they aren't made like we are."

"You're too hard on them," she said.

He laughed at that, and slipped an arm round her. He called to Lalla, just to please her, and Lalla turned to them a face as brown and wrinkled as an apple that has been left on the tree and caught by the frost. Lalla's voice came, thin and far away, like the voice of one long dead but momentarily restored.

"How is it with your child?" asked Keith. And Lalla's face broke up with smiles, and he touched his forehead with two fingers and said it was well with the child.

"He does care about her," said Kitty Jarvis.

"Just as long as it pays him to," laughed her husband. "You don't understand these folk like I do. These no caste people are just like animals, and if you are kind to them they simply take advantage of it. Believe me, my dear girl, I know what I am talking about."

She had to believe he knew what he was talking about. He had lived in Burma for twenty years.

Now the sun went down, and swift twilight closed in. Flying foxes, upside down, dropped in bunches off the tamarisk trees and winged across the darkening sky. He slipped his arm round her and drew her out into the cool of the garden.

The bungalow stood in a square of land, with Lalla's flower beds arranged where they could be seen from the veranda. In a similar series of beds at the back of the house, Lalla wrung a few cabbages and lettuces from unwilling nature.

Behind this little effort at cultivation was a long, one storied building, divided into three portions. Upon the right dwelt the motorcar. Upon the left dwelt the cow. The center part had at one time been the abode of that noble animal, the horse. But in the rains it proved too damp and low lying, and the horse, acquiring rheumatism, was sent away to another and drier compound. Lalla was given the empty space, to live in with his family.

Lalla's family consisted of a large, fat woman of no caste at all, who kept up a poor pretense of being purdah by holding a wisp of her dirty sari over one corner of her nose when she went abroad. Lalla had married her by mistake, in a drunken moment at the Feast of the Full Moon of Tabaung.

Most unexpectedly she presented him with a child. At his age this was a matter for pride in any case, and for this he forgave her much—her brawling and her insatiable thirst for toddy.

The child, to be sure, was a girl. But at eighty or more a man must be grateful for what Allah sends in this way. Lalla felt more emotion than all the rest of life had brought him when he saw his little daughter for the first time lying on an old traveling rug his master had given him, in the stable that had been considered too damp and unwholesome for that noble animal, the horse.

She had been born at the end of a rainy season, and Lalla had just had the new bundle of seed packets sent over to him from the bungalow—the flower seeds his master sent for every year across the black water from England, each with a brightly colored picture upon it.

Once Kitty Jarvis saw him making a little wreath.

These were the only pictures Lalla had ever seen, and he considered them things of beauty. He nailed them yearly to the walls of his house, when they were empty of their contents, and there they remained until they faded white with the merciless sun, so that you could no longer tell which they were of all the pretty flowers: phillock-us, khan-fla, helli-hek; or punji, dark and velvety punji, the best of them all. Only once had Lalla succeeded in getting one of them to flower, and then his emotion had been much the same as when he saw his little daughter for the first time. So he called her Punji, an English name.

Other children he had had in his youth, many of them, and they had died by the wayside, or grown up and gone away, and were scattered over the face of India, forgetting him as he had forgotten them. Indeed, he could neither remember the number of them, nor their names. But this child of his old age was more to him than all the children of his youth, and he was glad of her.

Once Kitty Jarvis saw him making a little wreath of the fallen blossoms of hollyhocks and sticking it in Punji's hair.

"It's all nonsense to say they don't care about their children," she said. "He's devoted to her."

Keith Jarvis laughed.

He understood the country so well.

NOW Punji was four. She was walking about with two tiny gold bracelets on her arms and two tiny gold rings in her ears. Lalla never got drunk any more, and he cut down the woman's toddy supply, and every month he bought a little gold or a little silver; for after this manner did his people accumulate wealth.

Vague longings stirred in him to give Punji a better chance than he had ever had—a better education. And he had a vague plan to send her, when she was older, to the Christian school, where they would make her into a Christian and teach her to sew. And after that she would cease to belong to the untouchables, or outcastes; for the white people care about none of these things. And one day she could be a children's ayah, and get good pay, and have golden rings on her toes.

A little thing was Punji, neat and dark eyed. Queer ways she had, and a liking for cleanliness and order not common in the womenfolk of dhobi. And Lalla bought her jackets and silken saris, and he kept her hair clean in the manner the ayah told him English children's hair was tended.

It was the rainy season, and the cold and the wet gave Punji a cold in her head. So Lalla went salaaming up on to the veranda.

Kitty Jarvis and her husband were seated at tea. She smiled at Lalla kindly, but her husband spoke roughly and said:

"What do you want?"

"Sahib, I want an advance of pay, that I may buy my little girl a coat and some shoes, to keep out the wet."

"Advance? Didn't I give orders this year that there were to be no more advances in this compound? *Jao!*"

"What does he want, Keith?"

He told her.

"Let him have it," she said. "His little girl is such a nice creature, so clean and well kept."

"He doesn't want money to spend on her, you may be sure. That's the usual yarn they spin. He wants to go off and have a binge in town. I know them."

But he listened, as Lalla went on talking in that thin, high voice of his, that was like the voice of one who has been dead for some time and is momentarily restored. He listened, and in the end he let Lalla have fifteen rupees advance, just to please Kitty, who wasn't well. But he didn't believe one word of what Lalla was saying; he had heard that yarn before.

He only hoped the old man would not choose to get drunk at the most inconvenient time and make a noise behind the bungalow, beating tomtoms just when they wanted quiet and peace.

Lalla went to the back of the house with his advance of pay. He was happy. Tomorrow he would go to the bazaar and buy Punji a coat and shoes. Perhaps a red one, such as the missie babas wore when they went abroad in the rains in Dalhousie Park.

On the back veranda he could see the ayah moving to and fro. She was putting the finishing touches to a small white bed that had blue ribbon bows on it. Though so ancient and small and outcaste, Lalla took the greatest interest in all that went on in the bungalow. He was very domesticated at heart.

He went back to his house, and knotted his advanced pay in one corner of the garment which was the same color as the soil on which he worked. He fell asleep beside his little daughter. The large, fat mother had drunk one bottle of toddy, and she sat senselessly beating a drum with her thumb and forefinger until she fell into a drunken slumber.

Lalla dreamed he was buying a little coat of a bright cherry red, and two small shoes to match it. Also a hat, and a piece of bright red ribbon to tie up Punji's hair. In dreams money goes so much farther than in the big bazaar.

NOW, all out of season, there came a terrific thunderstorm when no thunderstorm should have been. The sky was lit with lightnings that were like the wrath of Allah, and the wind blew like the voice of one calling in anger across half the world. Down came the telephone wires into the tank, and the palm trees and the tamarisk trees swayed like wrestlers in the wind.

And presently through the storm came Keith Jarvis, no longer large and impressive and commanding, a master among men, but clad in pink and white silk pajamas wet with rain, and human and rather frightened, to rouse the butler, the sweeper, and the waterman with all haste. There were great comings and goings, and lights sprang up in the house. And presently came one calling for Lalla.

"Run quickly into cantonments, Buddah, and fetch the doctor sahib, for the mem-sahib is sick, and will before the sunrise certainly catch one child. Now are the telephone wires broken, so that no message can go. Therefore run with all speed."

Lalla adjusted his little cap and his mud colored rag. He tucked the old traveling rug around Punji, and hoped she would not wake before he came back, for then she might be afraid and there would be no one in the night to comfort her. He must run fast, very fast, and be back soon.

It was a long way to the doctor's house, across the small golf course, and round the back of the pagoda. It was difficult running in the dark, with the rain beating in a man's face and the great winds trying all the time to push him back.

HE had to stop twice to get his breath. He made for the open on the golf course, staggering as he went. And presently the thing he feared came about. From under the trees there appeared a young Burman with a stick in his hand, and a bold, gay face that cared nothing for the rain, and he seized Lalla by the shoulder.

Lalla struggled, knowing him and his kind.

"No, no. Listen to me. I have nothing—for what am I but an old mali hurrying through the night to get the doctor for his mem-sahib, who is sick?"

"Whether you have nothing or no we shall presently see," said the young man, and he set to work searching Lalla's scant attire in a very businesslike and finished fashion, regardless of the rain and of the voice of the thunder that was like Allah angry.

"If you speak the truth and have indeed nothing, then can you go on your way. But if you have lied to me, then is it my duty to beat you with this stick, to discourage lying and all such evil practices among the outcaste population of this city. Ha! what have we here?"

Now his hand came upon the hard corner of Lalla's single garment, where were knotted the fifteen rupees advance money for Punji's coat. In all the comings and goings of that night, Lalla had forgotten all about it.

He began to explain, trembling. But the young man only laughed; he had heard that tale before.

"Lies in the old are unseemly and very vile," he said, "and a young man should punish same to his utmost ability."

So he raised his stick and hit Lalla on top of the head, making a long, open cut there. Lalla fell down on the fourteenth green, and lay still, his face to the sky. The

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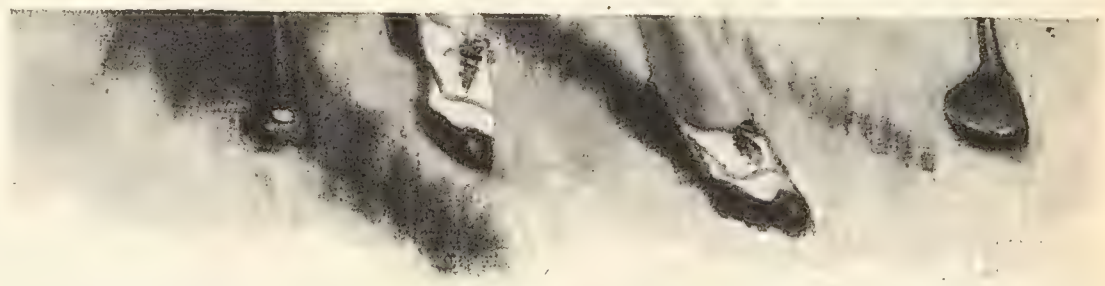
Both say "Yes!"



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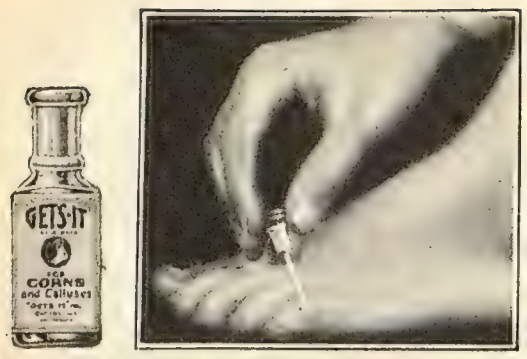

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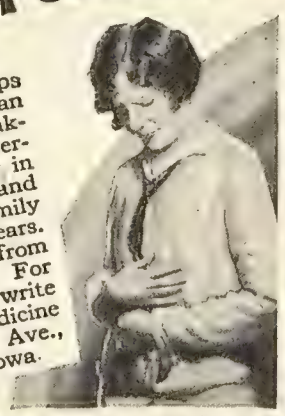

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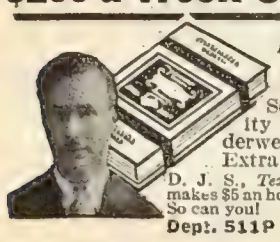

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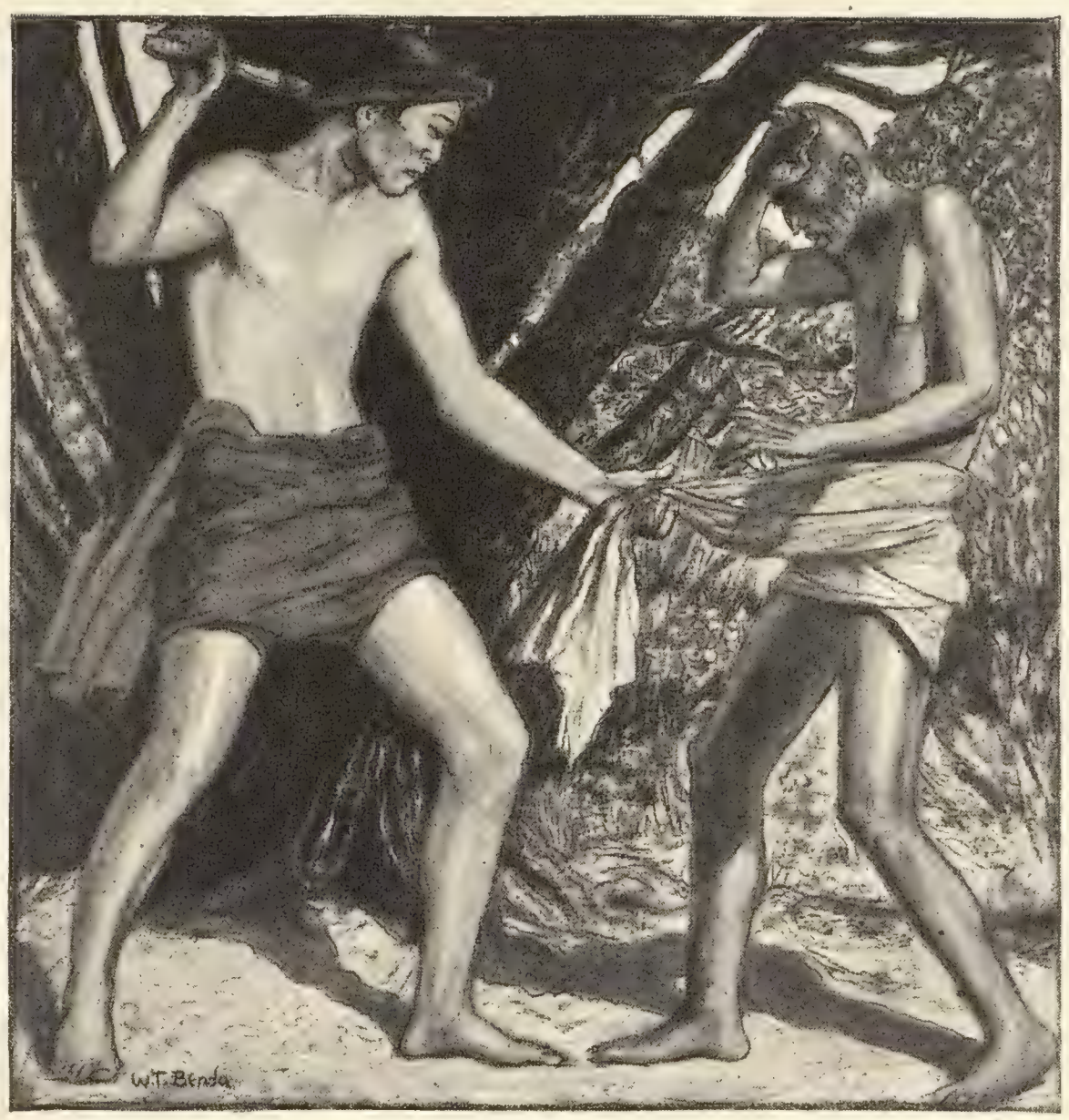
[NO CASTE
Continued from page thirty-one]

blood oozed slowly out of the cut in his head, and ran down his wizen cheeks, and the cold rain washed it away as quickly as it gathered there.

Lalla staggered home about 8 o'clock, too dazed to remember anything but that the sun was up and he had not been there when Punji awoke and called for her morning's milk. Unsteadily he made his way over the garden. Keith Jarvis, smoking a cigarette on the veranda, saw him.

"Drunken old beast!" he murmured, his face darkening with anger. "Anyone might have known what it would mean, giving him an advance. I'll see him later on and give him hell."

But Lalla knew nothing of this. He went to his house, calling Punji. She was not there. She had awakened in the night, and been frightened because of the thunder. She had called for him, and when he was not there she had got up and run out into the night. After that she had never come back any more. This much he got from the old mother, who sat sulkily cooking the day's rice in front of the house.



"Lies in the old are unseemly," he said, "and a young man should punish same to his utmost ability."

THROUGH the compound went Lalla, calling for her—through the cannas and the new young grass, calling for her and getting no answer. His heart was turned to stone with fear even before he saw the patterned end of her little sari floating in the tank. Floating some way out. He had to wade in to above his waist to reach her. The tank had risen in the rain. Its banks were steep and slippery and treacherous and awash.

He took her home and laid her on the old traveling rug. All day long he sat beside her, crying and moaning. At 4 P. M. the butler came out and beat him for disturbing the mem-sahib, who wanted to sleep. At 5 the master sent for him to come on to the veranda.

Lalla was dirty and disheveled, and there was dried blood upon his face. Keith Jarvis looked at him with distaste.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself, Lalla?"

Lalla touched his forehead and made an effort to give an account of what had happened to him. Keith Jarvis brushed all that aside; he had heard that story before.

"Come, come. I know all about it. You got drunk on the advance the mem-sahib gave you, and when we wanted you, you were too far gone to be of any use to us."

"Sahib, I am now never drinking anything."

"Then show me either the coat and shoes you have bought, or the money I gave you yesterday."

Lalla wept.

"Sahib, a thief has knocked me on the head and taken the money from me."

"Oh, Lord!" said Keith Jarvis. "I have no time to listen to your lies. You deserve to get the sack. If you weren't such a useless, hopeless, dirty old man, I would give it you, too. As it is, you shall be fined five rupees off next month's pay. *Jao!*"

Lalla went back in the twilight to his house, where Punji lay so still on the traveling rug. He did not know what to do. Punji had to be buried. He ought to take some of the gold off her and sell it for money in the bazaar, to pay for a good funeral, with drums and music and golden marigold flowers. But when he went to remove her small bracelets, he could not do it. He would have to get money some other way. Useless to go to the master, but if he saw the mem-sahib, and could tell her, he knew that she would listen to him and believe him and be sorry for him.

It seemed his only hope, so he crept up the bathroom stairs. Suddenly Kitty Jarvis saw him standing beside her bed, speaking to her in impassioned Hindustani. He was crying, the poor old man, and touching his forehead. But, alas! she could not speak his language or understand him, and there was nothing for it but to call the butler.

The butler perceived him with a start of horror, for was he not an outcaste and untouchable by all caste men?

"Dog," said the butler, "what do you up here?"

"Please translate what he is saying," said Kitty Jarvis. "Something seems to have happened to him."

"No, madam. Only this man getting very drunk and master being very angry with him," said the butler. "Last night master want to send him for the doctor. This man so drunk cannot run, madam."

"But what is he saying now? I want to know what he says."

"Now is he come to madam, asking for more money."

Kitty Jarvis lay back wearily and shut her eyes.

"Tell him I can't do anything for him," she said. "Tell him to go away."

Was it true, what Keith had told her—that the more you got to know these people the less you trusted them, the less you liked them?

"Tell the mem-sahib," said Lalla, "that my little one, who was the flower of my old age, is dead. I ask only for money to bury her with marigold flowers and music. Many months will I work for no pay at all. Tell the mem-sahib to speak to the sahib for me, that he may help me to bury the one I love with honor."

"Money, money, he asks. Always money," said the butler.

"Tell him to go," said Kitty Jarvis.

LALLA went out into the night, crying into his little white cotton cap. If he could have spoken to the mem-sahib himself! The butler, he knew, translated just as much as suited him and no more.

He now thought of only one thing. He had to find money somehow. A man can only remain honest for as long as it is the Will. If it was plainly the Will that a man must steal, then a man must steal.

He was desperately frightened as he got through the open window that led into the master's office at the back of the house at midnight. He knew where stood the little tin box out of which the wages were paid, and it was only a

moment's work to force it open and take its contents. Leaving it on the table, he departed as noiselessly as he had come. It was easy. All too easy. Lalla almost wondered why no one had ever done it before.

As he got back to his house and lay down, sick with terror and with trembling knees, beside the still form of Punji, the cock crowed, and the durwan awoke and walked round the house, coughing, with his lamp and his stick.

So narrowly did Lalla escape.

He went to the bazaar early, and made arrangements for a handsome funeral the next day. And he washed Punji and tended her hair for the last time, and put a bunch of all the English flowers out of the garden in her hands. Then he remained seated beside her, his head on his knees; nor would he touch the food the woman brought him.

At the house there were comings and goings. The police were making inquiries about the robbery. They took the little tin box away with them, and about sundown all the servants were summoned on to the veranda, and there had their fingerprint impressions taken. Lalla and the sweeper, being untouchable, had to be done the last of all.

Lalla took no interest in the proceedings. It seemed to him that, as he had got back out of the window undetected, he was therefore safe. He thought no more of it until a policeman appeared at the door of his house that night. The handcuffs were snapped on to his wrists before he realized what was happening.

"Your fingerprints are the same as those found upon the cash box," the durwan explained to him. "You have indeed committed a foolishness. If you had consulted me, I could have told you this was one of the methods of white men, who know everything. I too was caught up in Belgaum two years ago by this same strange witchcraft of theirs."

So they took Lalla away to the lockup. In vain he wept and beat his breast and prayed for one day's grace to bury his daughter, his little child, the flower of his old age. They turned a deaf ear to him. They all had heard that story before.

He got three months' hard labor.

THERE was a strange butler working on the veranda, and pieces of furniture unknown to Lalla stood about, when he returned to the bungalow, a little frailer, a little more wizen and wrinkled and brown. It was the cold weather again, and in the square flower beds that Lalla had made in other days a strange mali was having more luck with phlox than ever Lalla had had.

He looked away from them quickly. He could not bear to look at English flowers. They must always remind him of Punji.

Would his master tell him where they had buried Punji? Would he not, at long last, hear the true story of the whole sorry business? Perhaps this strange butler would translate what was told to him, and thus the story might be made clear to the mem-sahib.

The new butler came to the veranda rail and looked down upon Lalla.

"Your master has gone home to England. He will remain there. A new master lives here now, and there is no job for you."

"But my clothing. My certificates. My box. The woman who was my wife. Where shall I find them? Also news of my child who died?"

The butler shrugged his shoulders.

"Is it any business of mine to look to these matters? Have I not enough trouble here in the bungalow, cleaning and polishing all day long, without attending also to the business in the servants' godowns?"

LALLA turned away sadly. He went to the door of the house that had once been his. But all its contents were gone, and there were strange articles in their place. Gone were the seed packets bearing the faces of many an English flower—helli-hek, khan-fla, phillock-us, and punji, the best of them all. Gone were his box and all his possessions, and the old traveling rug on which he had laid Punji. Gone was the woman he had married by mistake at the Feast of the Full Moon of Tabaung. And no one could tell him anything about any of them, or whither they had gone.

Lalla tied the rag a little tighter round his middle and straightened his white cotton cap. There was nothing left. Things were as he had always feared in his heart they would be, and life was nothing but a dream that passes and is gone, leaving nothing behind it.

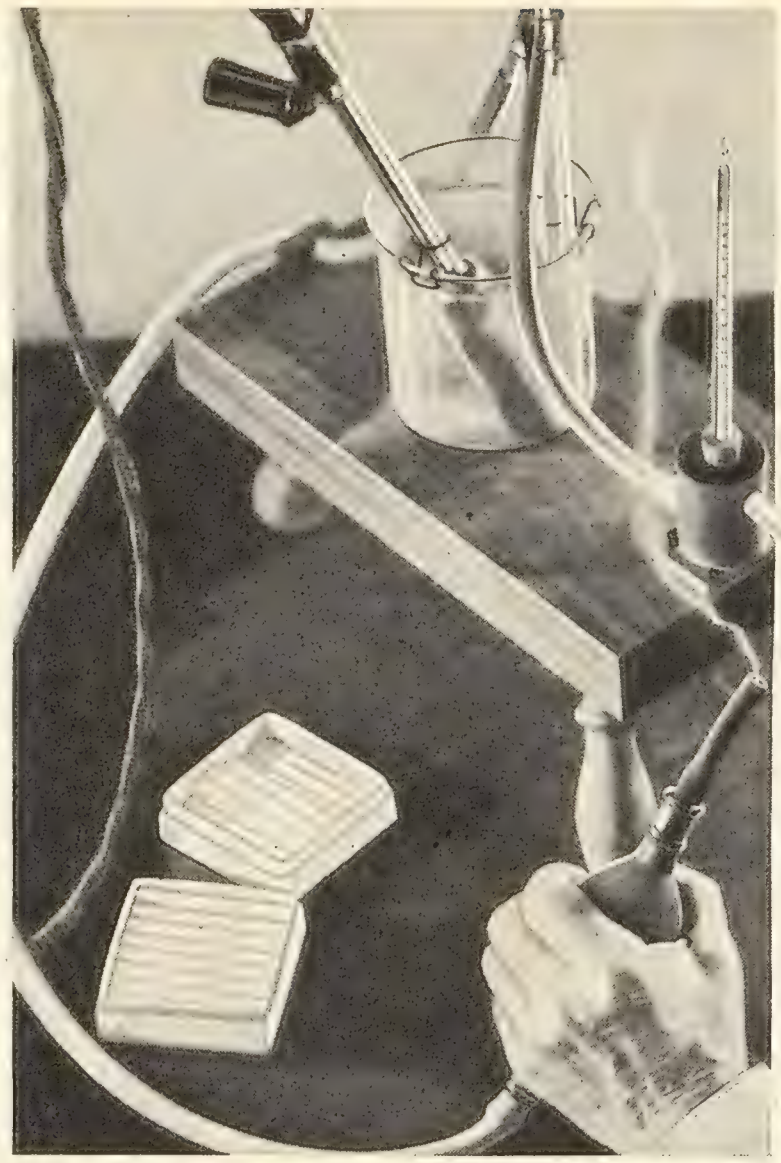
But a man must work to eat. He went down to the bazaar, where all things are possible, and hired a new set of chits, or certificates, with promise to pay for same as soon as they secured him a job.

But now he was no longer a mali. He never wanted to see English flowers any more. His new set of chits recommended him warmly as a durwan, or night watchman. They were signed by ladies and gentlemen high up in government service, who had long since left the country and gone away.

Lalla went and sat in the place where those come who look for new servants. He sat with his head on his knees, and presently he fell asleep. He dreamed he was gardening again, planting seedlings in wooden boxes. And now Punji was nothing but one of the flowers he had tried to grow. Gone was she, with many another khan-fla and helli-hek, and in the place where she had been there was nothing left.

For life is only a dream that passes and leaves nothing behind it, and there is no peace but sleep.

THE END



The Tobaccometer at work . . Attending chemist squeezes bulb. Draws smoke from lighted cigarette through apparatus . . . past business end of sensitive thermometer. Thermometer registers smoke's temperature.

Even *enjoyment* demands reason!

CERTAINLY tobacco enjoyment is heightened by reason. Why, for example, are new thousands daily turning to Spud!

The tobaccometer knows why. It says Spud is 16.3% (Cent.) cooler than other cigarettes!

Modern little thingumajig, this tobaccometer... invention of a scientist who first doubted.

It has tested all cigarettedom . . . high-brow and low-brow, Egyptian and Virginia, thirty-five and fifteen cent classes. It has given each an unbiased, scientific rating for coolness. Spud is always many degrees lowest in temperature . . . *actually and noticeably* . . . a cooler smoke.

So here you are, cigarettists, be you connoisseurs or novices, here's reason for you! Take it as reason for your first Spud. Take it as reason for your thousandth . . . your ten thousandth.

Spud's first puff prophesies it all... a refreshing little whiff of coolness... tapering off through the rest of Spud's fragrant length to real fulfillment in unhampered tobacco enjoyment. The last Spud of the day tastes as good as the first. At better stands, 20 for 20c. $1.00 tin of 100.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., Louisville, Ky.

SPUD

MENTHOL COOLED

Cigarettes....20 for 20¢

...and now her Daughter

uses the same Dental Cream

Mrs. I. E. Brooks as a girl . . . when she started using Colgate's

BACK in 1908, exactly twenty years ago, Mrs. I. E. Brooks bought her first tube of Colgate's.

Today Mrs. Brooks is considered a beautiful woman . . . and her flashing white teeth deserve much of the credit. For what has more charm than a lovely smile?

Is it any wonder, then, that Mrs. Brooks buys Colgate's for her little daughter? Certainly she is anxious to give those sturdy little teeth the same proven protection her own have had for years.

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands of men and women like Mrs. Brooks. Because they began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, their teeth are exceptionally sound and beautiful today.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily and quickly do yourself. They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

In such a vital matter as the care of your teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of people like yourself?

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice that you were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently? So, for lovely teeth, just ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, let us send you a sample to try.

Colgate & Co., Dept. 203 I, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a Free sample of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

Mama

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

DAZZLING sun on the lake's blue mirror. Froth of lazily breaking waves. Honeymooners receiving a dollar a minute thrill in the hydroplane. Din of speed boats. Athletic beach sheiks playing leapfrog. Admiring beach queens developing their "come hither" looks: Saturday afternoon at Neptune's Bathing Park!

Lil and Sandy were giving a beach party—that is, they'd invited a crowd to come along and bring their own picnic supper!

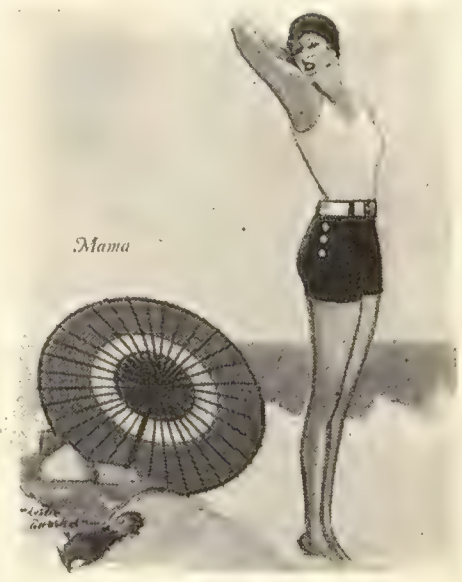
As the hostess, and dressed in a red coolie coat decorated with elephants, Lil was as excited as a lady pirate grabbing her first treasure.

"Oh, goody, goody!" she cried, peeking into a wabbly egg box of sandwiches. "Limburger and bologna—your favorites, Sandy."

"I hope they're still good," Flo Bailey, one of the guests, said. "I bought the cheese two days ago. The bananas, too. Are they all black?"

"No, just brown," Lil told her. "And, oh my goodness, what big pickles! Hold one up so the baby can see it!" Flo obeyed, and the baby stuck his tongue out.

"That means he wants some lime juice," Sandy explained, opening the bulging picnic kit. "Gee, don't I wish it was next summer! Then we could try the kid out on a surf board. He'll stick on like a Hawaiian." Sandy took off the baby's shoes so his feet would get a bit sunburned.



This week's cover picture.

"We're strengthening his legs," Lil told the crowd, "by letting him lift himself by his toes. We put a cane across the soles of his feet and he wraps his tootsies around it like a monkey in the zoo!" She gave the baby a you're the dearest thing in the world look. "A little trapeze king."

"Monkey in the zoo?" Sandy asked. "Why, he's supposed to resemble *me!* I'll have to start walking on my hands."

"Let's scout for wood," Sam Bailey, one of the men, suggested. "We ought to start boiling water for the corn. I'll gather kindlings—you bring the big logs!" And he went through back breaking gleaners' motions *à la* Millet.

Why 200 pound Sam should pick up tiny twigs while he lugged prows, gunwales, and planks from wrecked scows, Sandy didn't quite know. But he proudly realized that his cave man muscles must stick out as he paraded on the sand carrying wood in front of the girls.

"Sandy's very strong," he heard Lil say on one of his trips past her. "If he hadn't gotten married I think he'd have made the Olympics permanently. And then he would have made his fortune in vaudeville. Nowadays when most men's weak sinews are just strong enough to enable their climbing up on an office high stool, the public would pay good coin to see Sandy's muscles." She nibbled the end hump from a pickle and gazed off over the lake, visioning flashing electric signs announcing SANDY THE OLYMPIC SAMSON!

While two of her guests husked the corn and another squealingly chased adventurous sand bugs out of the gooseberry jam, Lil was daydreaming wistfully.

Her first beach party in two years! Last summer, her honeymoon. To be sure, she and Sandy had gone to the shore—but a beach party isn't a beach party with just a husband! And now here she was at Neptune's with a peppy crowd, good flirting chances—but she was a married woman with a baby, cooing admonitions from under the varnish smelling parasol which had set her back five dollars. She loved Sandy just as much as ever, adored darning his socks, he still praised her egg boiling and steak broiling, and people stopped her on the street to rave about the baby, but—well, just how much summer pleasure had a husband and a baby handed her?

"I'll hire a nurse with Sandy's next raise and untie my roving foot," she told herself. "I want to see Hollywood—I think I have a good movie voice—and Atlantic City!"

"Look at my fire!" her husband suddenly yelled, wiping a burnt wood blotch from one shin. He felt as proud as the first man who built a friction fire after the glacial epoch.

Cries of Come on in swimming! Beatcha in! Don't get sand in your sore toe! How freezing! Mercy, if I dive I'll get my new wave wet! Musical *erck-erck-erck* of gulls awaiting olive pit, crust, and banana peel picnic leftovers!

Lil stood up, tossed her wrap over the bottle of pop, and took an alluring shore pose. Strangers on the beach thought she was just another straight limbed flapper. But the baby, with his under-the-parasol gurgle, knew better!

(Next week's cover adventure: The Jack-in-a-Box)

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

I posed for a picture with my arm around Daisy's neck.

Gasoline Gypsies

In Northern New York—Continuing the Cross-Country Diary of Two Girls from Town

By GRACE ROBINSON

(Reading time: 27 minutes 10 seconds.)

HAVING recently learned how to drive a car, Miss Robinson has started with her sister to negotiate the journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific. She is keeping a detailed diary of each day's progress—the experiences and adventures which befall two autoing nomads in their own country. They successfully reached Catskill, New York, in the first installment; here they penetrate the upper lake region of their home State and prepare to head into strange lands to the westward.

CAMPS, CANS, AND CANOES

Saturday, June 30.

WE slept later than we intended this morning. It was 11 o'clock before we had finished baths and breakfast. This exasperated Ester, who, to my great chagrin, has developed a mad tourist complex of constant motion. From the moment she opened her eyes, she was in a fit of desire to be *going* somewhere.

I, on the other hand, indolent by nature, was satisfied to take my time.

"How long it took you to bathe!" she whimpered. "We'll never reach the coast at this rate. Now you must cold cream your face, I suppose. And powder! Ye gods, do you ever get *anything* done?"

And at breakfast—"Are you going to drink all the milk in the place? Perhaps you had better have them milk the cow again! . . . Do you *always* chew so slowly? . . . Wow! I'm going outdoors."

There was a further delay, entailed by the change to knickers. In New York I had decided not to go utterly tourist all at once. In fact, I did not fancy myself in the gray and tan linen knickers which I had purchased, nor in the thick, wild looking cotton stockings that went with them. So we had both started out in dresses—I in my bright blue one, Ester in a white flannel skirt with a loudish yellow sleeveless jacket.

The pouring rain into which we had emerged at intervals had had a saddening effect on these costumes. We decided the time had come for a real gypsy uniform. We would be neat looking tourists, though. We positively would never go khaki.

The knickers and shirts, of course, were in the trunks strapped on back of the car. By the united efforts of Ester and our fat host, these were unleashed and lugged upstairs. My knickers were too big around the knee. I buttoned them on the inner button, the tab ends floating in the breeze. They were voluminous in the seat. Ester assured me they would flatten in time. My pale tan boyish shirt, chosen to match the knickers to a nicety, was much too wide across the shoulders. "That's O. K.," said Ester. "Shirts *should* be big. Besides, they shrink."

She, accustomed to this garb, rolled her stockings below the knees and her knickers above, leaving an expanse of muscular leg. I shrank from such exposure. Shrank because of vanity—not modesty.

She, being husky, filled out her knickers nicely. I went downstairs feeling like an emaciated wasp in mine.

Mr. Kranis wanted to show me his cow, Daisy, which had provided the delicious milk and the pot cheese of the night before. She was lying down when I approached her, but on being introduced she immediately stood up. She was red and white, the most contented looking bovine I ever saw in my life.

"Chentle as a kitten," Mr. Kranis assured me.

I had inward misgivings, however, when I posed for a picture with my arm around Daisy's neck.

IN the midst of a flower plot in the front yard there was a small statue of a white horse—a work horse, I judged, from its thick neck and ankles. Observing Mr. Kranis' affection for the cow, I asked: "Is that a monument to a pet horse?"

"Oh, no," he answered. "Dat's chust de horse de inn is named for—de White Horse Inn, you know."

This was disappointing, after his tenderness toward the cow, but I suppose a man may erect an atrocious sculptured horse in his own front lawn if he wants to.

"How did you happen to come to Catskill?" I asked Mr. Kranis.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[GASOLINE GYPSIES
Continued from page thirty-five]

"My wife and I came for our health, miss. I worked for de Second Avenue Railway in New York. I was an electrician. I like dis better—here in dese mountains."

He introduced Mrs. Kranis, a fat Jewish woman. Her health evidently had benefited, for she had a contented expression and beautiful red cheeks.

Leaving Catskill, we started toward Albany, following the Hudson through Coxsackie, West Coxsackie, and other towns. We were now above the point to which Henry Hudson, in his Half-Moon, had sailed. That adventurous vessel went only to Catskill, but Hudson sent small boats farther.

The landscape now became more rugged—"less like a park," said Ester, recalling the clean cut perfection of the lower Hudson valley. All the streams we passed were angry and swollen from last night's storm.

JUST before we entered Albany we forded a stream, which had overflowed so badly that the water surged above the running board as we splashed through.

Albany fully satisfied the expectations aroused in me when I had learned it was discovered by the Dutch in 1609, and was, next to Jamestown, Virginia, the oldest European settlement in the original thirteen colonies.

The back streets were full of quaint old buildings, and soon the Ten Eyck Hotel came into view. Then I glimpsed spires of the cathedral where Governor Smith's daughter was married recently. It seemed delightfully European to find a cathedral architecturally dominating the town. There were narrow streets and plenty of Dutch names, including Van Zandt Street, the first I noted.

Jerking through traffic that was as bad as New York and not so well regulated, we finally found State Street, surmounted by the Capitol. The building is in French Renaissance style, and *seventy-seven* steps lead to it. By the time we had climbed these we had spent in physical energy the emotion which at the start had been a patriotic desire to inspect the Capitol of the great State of New York. Surely there cannot be any fat legislators in Albany!

The great building was locked up as tight as a drum, for it was Saturday afternoon, a half holiday. We ate lunch in the Copper Kettle Tea Room near by. Canaries sang in cages, and we feasted one saucy songster on whole wheat bread and lettuce.

Walking back toward the Capitol, we saw a structure far more beautiful, at least to Greek loving eyes, than the Capitol itself. It was the State Education Building—a block long, with fluted Corinthian columns, built of stone yellowed with time.

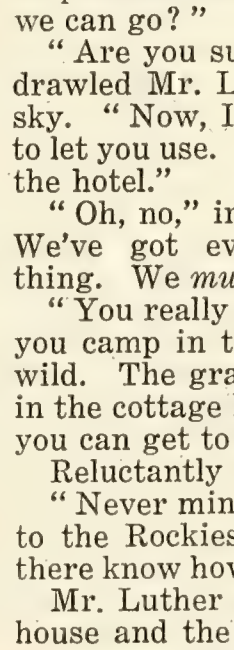
A parade of girls and youths in blue capes and caps held us up half an hour. Jumping to a Gothamite's conclusion, I supposed this was a demonstration for Al Smith, whose nomination for the Presidency was still talk everywhere. I was wrong. It was a State-wide Christian Endeavor convention.

We put on our city hats—incongruous with knickers—and entered the reddish stone cathedral—Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. It was still and dim inside. One or two worshipers were praying quietly in pews. A faint odor of incense filled the air. The solid stone pillars seemed like soft draperies, with their perpendicular convolutions, and the Gothic arches lent majesty to the whole interior.

Originally we had planned to turn west at Albany; but Saratoga Springs was only a little way ahead, and I couldn't resist the impulse to go there. I had often been there on newspaper assignments and hadn't forgotten the paradoxical charm of the old brown and yellow hotels—so ugly architecturally from without, so spacious and bemirrored within. So we pushed on toward Saratoga.

Near Mechanicville, Ester, who was driving, jammed on the brakes. An instant later a runaway pony darted across our path, followed frantically by a Boy Scout, who was laughing so heartily at the mischievous antics of his steed that he could hardly run. When the pony saw car after car halt in his hor he developed a spotlight complex and started o gallop down the cement road.

We found Saratoga freshly painted and qui awaiting the racing throngs that pour i the month of August. Once this ancient r was the swankiest watering place in the East. drove down Broadway, past the park where a brick building, once Dick Canfield's famous ga bling house, still stands, past the Grand Union the United States hotels—once the glittering summer playground of the swelldom of Americ and parked outside a groc store.



"We simply *must* start rough it," Ester remarked.

"We've had no adventures all," I agreed. "Let's camp the shores of Saratoga Lake. know a fine place—White S phur Springs—mountains hind and a lake in front."

We bought groceries dinner, and bacon, eggs, oranges for tomorrow morni

At Tom Luther's hotel we quired about renting a canoe for use later in evening. Mr. Luther himself came out, br skinned and gray haired. I recognized him fr a newspaper jaunt I made to his hotel when Ja Dempsey was training there for the Firpo fig

I mentioned Paul Gallico, sporting editor of New York *Daily News*, and Damon Runy Hearst sports and feature writer, a crony of m from the Hall-Mills trial at Somerville, New J sey. This was a mistake, because Mr. Luther n added hospitality to amiability.

"WE want to camp out, Mr. Luther," I plained. "These lake front sites seem t all private camps. Can you suggest a place wh we can go?"

"Are you sure you really want to camp ou drawled Mr. Luther, looking thoughtfully at t sky. "Now, I've a cottage near here I'd be gl to let you use. Or, better yet, stay as my guests the hotel."

"Oh, no," insisted Ester; "we must camp We've got everything—tent, groceries—eve thing. We *must* camp out."

"You really insist on it? Well—then—supp you camp in the yard of the cottage. It's qu wild. The grass isn't cut, and the electric lig in the cottage haven't been turned on. If it ra you can get to shelter."

Reluctantly we consented to this insipid pla

"Never mind," consoled Ester. "When we to the Rockies we can really *camp*. People o there know how to rough it."

Mr. Luther sent his man along to show us house and the spring in the woods near by. unlocked the doors to house and wo shed and left the key. The place w on a remote dirt road; it was sel anyone passed.

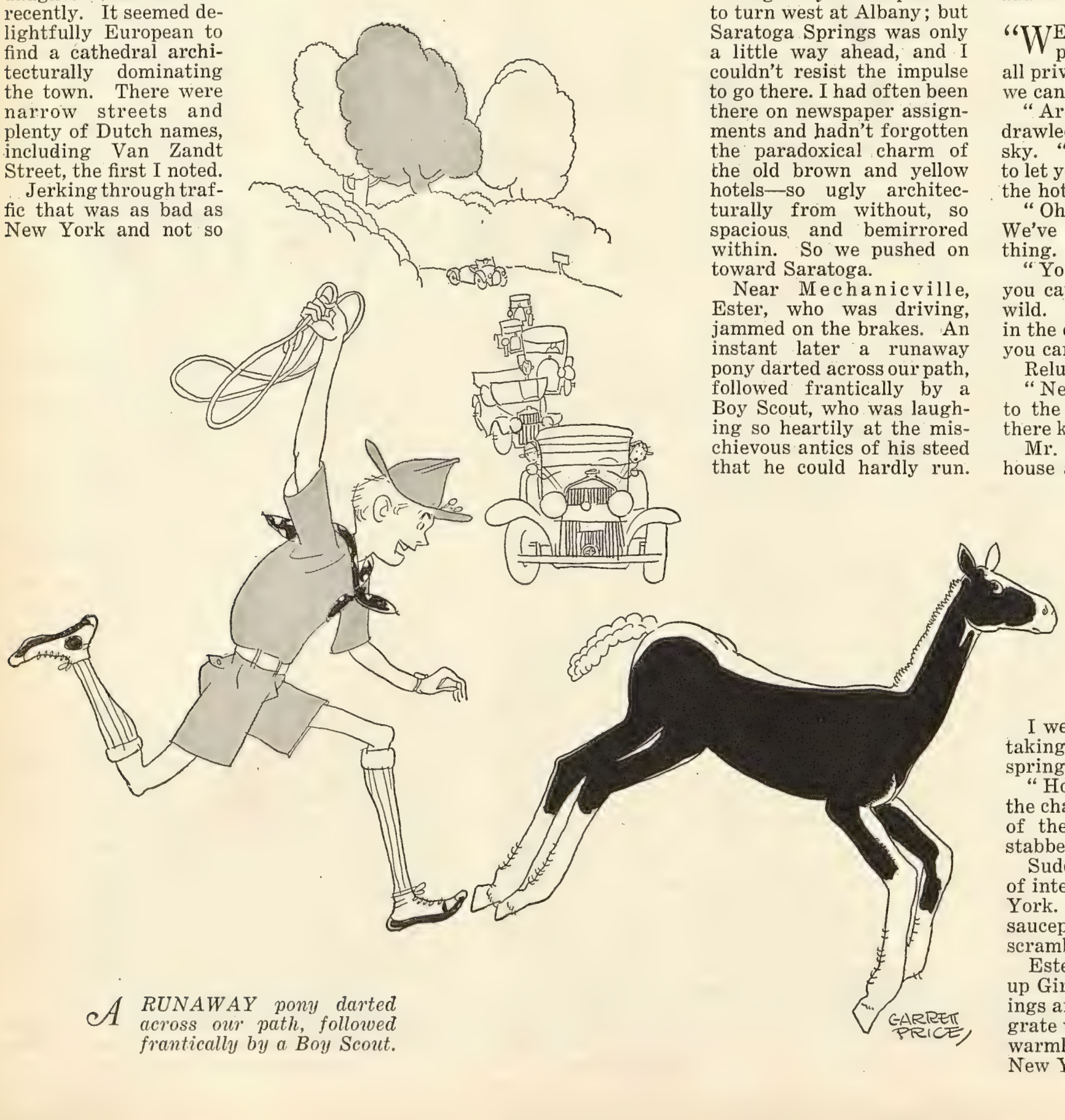
Our spirits rose as we hauled our shining new camping equipme Ester drew our gleaming hatchet fr its neat leather case and proceeded chop wood in the woodshed. At start she would have liked to fel tree; but dusk was not far off, and wood in the shed was a boon, after

I went the length of a city block to the spri taking our aluminum quart size coffeepot. T spring was in a densely wooded place.

"How sylvan!" I mused, giving myself up the charm of the whispering pines and the spar of the clear water. *Wang!* A huge mosqu stabbed me on the wrist.

Suddenly I seemed to have become the ce of interest for all the mosquitoes in northern N York. I hastily filled the coffeepot and two sn saucepans I had brought for reserve tanks, scrambled out of the woods.

Ester, who now appeared in the rôle of a gro up Girl Scout, had started a little fire from sh ings and small twigs. Over this she placed a w grate which stood on four sharp legs and had warmly recommended by the camp expert New York store.



A RUNAWAY pony darted across our path, followed frantically by a Boy Scout.

Gradually she added heavier wood, crooning an incantation which started, "Burn, fire, burn." I learned later it was a Camp Fire Girls' song.

After threatening to expire at least a dozen times the fire finally decided to do what she urged. I fell to the job of peeling potatoes, using our sheath knife, a vicious looking implement known as a heath knife, without which any camp is said to be incomplete.

I shelled the lima beans, feeling like a pickpocket as I split the tender little pods and dragged the unwilling green pellets from their maternal swappings. The water I had brought sufficed only to wash the potatoes. I returned to the spring for more in which to cook them, and found the mosquitoes assembled waiting for me.

Soon the clean white potatoes, quartered for quicker cooking, were boiling away cozily in the coffeepot. That receptacle almost immediately took up a thick coating of black soot. As a coffeepot, its brothers back in New York would have disowned it. Also it became too hot for mortal hands to touch; but Ester manipulated it adroitly with a long stick.

I sliced tomatoes and washed lettuce—both operations involving more trips to the infested spring. I also cut the bread. Cutting bread with a sheath knife was like slicing rubber balls with a dull sword.

By this time the scout mosquitoes that had followed me from the spring had notified all their friends and relatives in the woods of our arrival. Out of the thickets they came hurrying and held a convention right in our camp. The fire proved a deterrent. They warmed themselves at its blaze.

They were more audacious than the Jersey variety. They particularly loved to attach themselves to my elbows when I was fetching water in the coffeepot, two saucepans, two cups, and a frying pan, all at once.

OUR dinner was delicious. We were too full for dessert, so put our strawberries and cream in the woodshed for later consumption. I washed the dishes at the spring, fighting my way through clouds of savage mosquitoes and resolving bitterly that my next move in this life would be to buy a bucket as big as a hogshead. In the icy water the grease wouldn't come off. I wiped the aluminum dishes on leaves, and called it a day.

When I returned, a mass of bites, Ester had a comfortable bed ready on the grass. It was made of a rubber poncho, with our three gray blankets folded inside the halves of our tent, the ends held together by giant safety pins. This left a triangular piece at the top to put under our heads.

A car drove up. It was Mr. Luther and his son, Tom F. Luther, come to urge us to pass the night at the hotel. We stoutly refused.

"At least, let me put your bed in the woodshed while you go canoeing," pleaded young Mr. Luther. "It looks like rain."

He moved the bed, and Ester and I departed for a canoe trip on Saratoga Lake. Night had fallen. There were threatening clouds when we struck out alone on the murky looking waters of the big lake. As I watched her swing her paddle, I suffered an inward sensation of nausea. I hadn't been in a canoe for ten years—then only once—and my swimming record in an indoor pool, under friendly encouragement, is exactly five yards.

I sat tense but uncomplaining in the bottom of the bobbing little craft, not daring to move a toe for fear of destroying the balance. Finally my nerves rebelled.

"Let's go in, kid. The wind is rising."

Rising! The words were scarcely out of my mouth before the wind was blowing a gale! Ester paddled mightily, but long before we reached shore the rain was descending in sheets. We raced to Luther's hotel, as drenched as though we had been dipped in the lake, water pouring from us and streaming on the immaculate floors.

"Do change your clothes, girls. You'll be sick," worried Mr. Luther. All our other clothes were in the trunks on the car, and porpoises could not have withstood that downpour long enough to unbuckle those straps.

In time we dried out, Mr. Luther lamenting insistently that we would "surely be sick." When

AS a coffeepot, its brothers back in New York would have disowned it.

the cloudburst stopped, Mr. Luther and his men surveyed the expansive hotel lawns and found more than $1,000 damage had been done by mud-washes from the hills.

Tonight we are grateful for dry beds, and to Mr. Luther, who has saved us from a watery camp. He says tonight's was the worst storm in forty-five years.

Sunday, July 1.

THIS morning Ester and I were a bit stiff when we climbed out of bed, and one of my tonsils was swollen; but otherwise we had not suffered from our essay at rough life.

Two colored servants were waiting for us in one of Mr. Luther's small dining rooms, and our breakfast of fruit, fresh eggs, and hot rolls was served in state. From our table we looked out on Saratoga Lake, where sunshine now danced gayly. History dripped from the walls of this simple hotel. At the table next us, King Emmanuel of Italy, when he was Crown Prince, had been fêted by Spencer Trask, a banker. At another table Jay Gould and his family had dined, Mr. Luther said.

"They were guests of Dr. John P. Munn, the 'millionaires' physician,'" he recounted. "Mr. Gould was as unpretentious a man as you'd want to meet. I remember he was much interested in looking over my place here, and in watching the children at a Sunday school picnic."

Many pugilistic champions have trained near the hotel. Tunney trained there three years ago for Gibbons. Pancho Villa, Jack Bernstein, Jack Britton, and Benny Leonard are others who have prepared for battle in that bracing mountain air. Luther has seen three champs in his ring at the same time—Dempsey, Villa, and Bernstein.

"But my real hobby is reforestation," confided this bronzed son of the outdoors. "I used to be in the lumber business. I was disturbed by the attitude of farmers from whom I bought, who for an extra hundred dollars would throw in all the young trees, cutting them when they were only six inches at the stump.

"For years I have been buying up abandoned farms and planting them with trees. People called me daffy for buying these worn out farms, but those who laughed now look on in wonderment at the young pine forests growing up."

This year Mr. Luther set out 1,140,000 trees. He is the champion tree planter of America, and altogether has set out 8,000,000 trees.

"I want no marble slab when I die," this veteran hotel keeper said gravely. "My monument will be a forest of sturdy pines. 'Only God can make a tree,' but I feel I am lending God a helping hand when I set one out."

The Luthers continued to treat us like poor, misguided waifs, and to marvel at our crazy idea of camping out. They refused to take any money when we left.

The mountain air went to our heads today. From a hill near Luther's we could see the Adirondacks, the Catskills, the Green Mountains, and the Dunderbergs. We decided it would be an insult to nature not to go through the Adirondacks before we shot due west. So we started for Lake Placid.

At Glens Falls, New York, the Hudson dropped in astonishing falls, which apparently had been

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Remove hair this way for greatest skin beauty

By Mildred Hadley

A beautiful skin without a blemish of disfiguring hair is now available to every woman.

Under-arm daintiness

No need to use methods or preparations which encourage heavier growth.

Dainty, fragrant Del-a-tone Cream removes hair perfectly—and **retards regrowth.** That's why tens of thousands of modern women and girls use this dainty snow-white cream. Think of it. No trouble, no odor—and leaves your skin soft, white, velvety smooth!

Hair-free legs

Del-a-tone Cream is just as easy to use as cold cream. No mixing. Simply press from the tube, leave on 3 minutes, and rinse the hair away. You will be truly amazed.

Del-a-tone Cream or Del-a-tone powder at your dealer's, or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper, $1.00. **Money back guarantee.** If you have never tried Del-a-tone send for 10c package FREE, to Miss Mildred Hadley, Dept. 39, The Delatone Co., 721 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair in 3 Minutes

How One Woman Gained 15 Pounds in 5 Weeks

Every thin, rundown scrawny man or woman who needs 5, 10, 15 or more pounds of firm stay-there flesh to round out their figures into real shapeliness are advised to read this Ironclad guarantee: McCoy takes all the risk. If, after taking 4 Sixty Cent Boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar Boxes any weak, thin, rundown man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the improvement in health, your money will be refunded.

One woman, thin and rundown for years, gained 15 lbs. in 5 weeks and that's fast enough for anyone.

The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets has been shortened—just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any good druggist in America.

Some Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. 15c, 30c, 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

DANDRUFF

AND FALLING HAIR

Millions use Lucky Tiger for scalp troubles and Whyte-Fox for skin ailments. Both sold under Money-Back Guarantee. Barbers or druggists

LUCKY TIGER

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[GASOLINE GYPSIES Continued from page thirty-seven]

augmented on three sides by artificial dams. The result was a wild rush of water, hurling mist and spray over all who ventured near. A newsprint paper mill and many power plants derive energy from these falls, the latter furnishing power, I was told, for a large part of upper New York State.

Here, too, we saw Cooper's caves, where many incidents in The Last of the Mohicans took place. Farther on we passed Bloody Pond, a sinister looking body of water with lilies floating on top. In the old tomahawk days dead bodies were thrown there. Next it was the Bloody Pond Filling Station. I marveled at the man who could give his business so gruesome a name, but I suppose that label identified his location and boosted trade.

After passing a corner of Lake George we began to climb steadily. The country grew more and more rugged, and the maddening breath of the pines was everywhere. Little wild creatures ran across our path. They defied our big green bus, and I was obliged to honk and slow up repeatedly so as not to run over them. A sandpiper refused to budge. I drove around him. Now and then a chipmunk scurried past.

The names of the inns now made conscious appeals to the gypsy in us. Inn-the-Pines was heralded for miles on neat signs. Aw-Kum-Inn was inviting indeed, as were Lazy Dazy Tea Room and Under the Maples.

At Schroon Lake, we stopped to eat at a typical inn. I was annoyed because my view of a really beautiful lake was marred by an ugly ice house that projected clumsy proportions between me and the water. I learned that the proprietor had been there five years. In all that time he had never moved the ice house, which shut off a view that would have made his meals worth twice the money.

A FEW miles outside of Schroon Lake occurred our first flat tire. Instead of regarding this as a calamity, we felt inspired and energetic about it. This gave me my first occasion to unlock the pretty silver colored chains that bound a road mirror to one of the spares. We hauled out an assortment of tools, including a fine jack and a wrench that had directions for changing a tire printed on the handle. We were puzzled as to how to turn the wrench. It wouldn't budge, even with pounding, in either direction.

"All screws in the world turn to the left when you are unscrewing," I announced pedantically. "Didn't I almost freeze to death in a rooming house once, until somebody taught me that principle about steam radiators?"

The kid sister pondered.

"But inside the hub cap it all works backward," she argued. She was right. Tremendous energy applied to the wrench handle finally loosed the wheel.

We put on the new tire, and together we hoisted the used one back on the side of the car. It was punctured by a tiny nail. The whole operation, including argument, had taken only twenty minutes. We discovered, when we started off, that we had been standing in a roadside creek. Our feet were soaked.

For an hour or more I drove beside a rushing mountain stream, while a great yellow moon came up and grinned at us. Never have I seen the mountains on the moon so plainly.

"But they gets their smokes awright—in their rooms on the sly, y'know."

At Lake Placid we stopped at a pretty house that called itself the Edge Mirror Lodge. It was on the bank of Mirror Lake, and I could see dark pines silhouetted against the glistening water.

"Hurrah—a sleeping porch!" shouted Ester, when she had looked at our room. We got ice cream and ate it in bed, with the strawberries that had escaped the cloudburst at last night's watery camp.

Monday, July 2.

ESTER was up early today, beating me by an hour. While I was dressing she burst into the room, having purchased a haircut, two dishtowels, a small china frog for holding salt, and a pack of picture postcards.

Her haircut was unsatisfactory; the fool barber had given her points where she wanted sideburns.

She threw out several innuendoes about people who couldn't get up mornings. These I ignored. I had stayed in bed and thereby escaped an atrocious haircut, I reflected, observing the ludicrous appearance of her profile.

We went downstairs to the dainty dining room, and I ordered food. Ester had eaten earlier, but she decided to have another breakfast. A big Airedale dog, named Patsy, leaped in, smelling like a bear. It licked my arms and face, and in a moment I smelled like a bear, too.

There was a phonograph there, and it gave my sweet sister an idea which I have not yet forgiven. She played records: first, Honolulu Moon—a mournful, crooning thing which would draw tears from a stone, and certainly was not festive early in the morning; then a frightful song entitled She Don't Wanna. This was about a girl whose boy friend complained, in substance, that she insisted on hanging on to her virtue.

Because this callous flapper was born of the same parents as I was, I had to endure all this while eating soft boiled eggs *early in the morning!*

Ester reported, following her matinal survey, that Lake Placid was a glorious spot for canoeing. So we hired a canoe.

"Now, Dada, you sit up there and take a paddle," she breezed when we climbed in.

She indicated a high three cornered place where I was to deposit 112 pounds, precious to me at least.

"I have never paddled a canoe, and I'm not going to drown now," I retorted.

So I laid myself out evenly on the bottom, and off we went.

I have never been so supremely comfortable in my life as during that hour on the water this morning. The sun shone warmly on my bare head, and I felt it was having a fine, invigorating effect on my hair. The cool breeze wafted down the neck of my shirt and through my light linen knickers and between the meshes of my Deauville sandals. The water was cool and delightful to the touch. No high heels, no cramped toes—every toe lying out straight and flat, as nature intended! Indians probably felt something like this!

WHEN we got well out from shore, Ester pulled off her shirt, as she is fastidious about her appearance in a bathing suit and wanted an even coat of tan.

On all sides were blue mountains. The pine trees were like velvety moss, viewed from our distance. The aspens rustled softly and the waves breaking on the rocky shore made a gentle lapping sound. We could look in any direction and see a picture. Not merely water, rock, and sky with fleecy clouds, but a *picture*—with composition, color selection, perspective, and contrast.

Ester paddled close to the rocks, and there were lichens clinging to their sheer, straight sides. Many feet below the water went the granite foundations—easily visible in the clear depths. On the shores we caught glimpses of rustic cabins, half hidden in the green. Occasionally we heard the hum of a motorboat pursuing an easy course up and down the six mile long lake.

When we climbed out on the wooden dock, I discovered the gentle sun had turned my white New York skin into something resembling a parboiled lobster. Ester was less affected, having already acquired her first protective coating of tan.

I asked the boathouse man about the Lake Placid Club, famous for the rigorous life lived there.

"Is it true that smoking is forbidden there?" I inquired.

"Well, lady, the club was started by Melvil Dewey. He's an outdoor man, y'know, and believes in takin' care of the body. He wouldn't let either men or women smoke. But they gets their smokes

awright—in their rooms on the sly, y'know."

"Of course, nobody would think of taking a drink."

"Not publicly—no, ma'am. But they gets a little snifter now and then, y'know—on the quiet like."

After Lake Placid came Saranac Lake. Our speedometer now showed a total mileage of more than 1,000 miles (part was piled up during the breaking in, in New York). It was necessary to have the oil changed and the engine looked over, the customary procedure with a new car.

We left our handsome bus with the agent there, and Ester bought a piece of chamois and a can of nickel polish.

I sought out a local hardware merchant and bought the largest tin bucket he had in stock. I also purchased a small paring knife—a sheath knife is maddening for potato work—and 100 paper napkins. I cannot help it. A meal doesn't seem right without napkins. I'm willing to eat from a frying pan and drink from a lake, if necessary, but I can't battle that sensation of incompleteness that I suffer when there are no napkins.

I surrendered myself for a shearing to a man named Paul. He was German by birth, but had a French temperament. He did well in the back, but on the sides lopped off my cherished square sideburns. What a mania for points these mountain barbers have!

THE town of Saranac Lake was swanky indeed. The streets were full of expensive cars, and handsome uniformed chauffeurs, and smartly gowned and behatted women—some of whom, I thought, looked disparagingly at our knickers.

The mechanic who looked over the car was a good looking boy with light curly hair.

"I've never been in New York," he told Ester. "And I don't want to go there. No cities for me."

Nevertheless, I thought he accepted my fifty cent tip with perfect New York alacrity.

Saranac Inn followed Saranac Lake on our route, and at the inn we decided to camp out for the night. The inn itself is one of the most fashionable resorts in the Adirondacks. It is the retreat of the Vanderbilts, the Rockefellers, and others of great financial renown.

The road we had traversed appeared to be given over to private camps. Three gold buttoned majestic flunkies opened the door of the inn when I entered to make inquiries.

"Where can we camp for the night?" I asked the clerk, glancing at the immaculate white interior and red leather upholstery.

"Not here, madam—certainly not here," he sputtered. He looked as alarmed as if I had already started to hew down the chairs in the lobby and build a fire on the tile floor.

"Well, where can I buy groceries?"

"At the general store, half a block to the west, madam."

My knickered presence appeared to upset his nerves; so I left without troubling him further, and we shopped for our evening meal.

ESTER and I inspected several pine spots on Upper Saranac Lake, and finally selected one that seemed to me too open for complete woodsiness but fairly safe from fire hazards. We parked the car near a sand bank just off the road, and after a dozen trips down the sharp rocky descent to the water's edge, finally had all our camp stuff assembled.

There was a terrific wind from the lake.

"It'll scatter the fire and this whole pine forest will be ablaze," I remarked cheerfully.

"Oh, no, it won't," replied Ester.

She began to dig energetically with a stick, making a deep hollow in the ground. Then she gathered rocks.

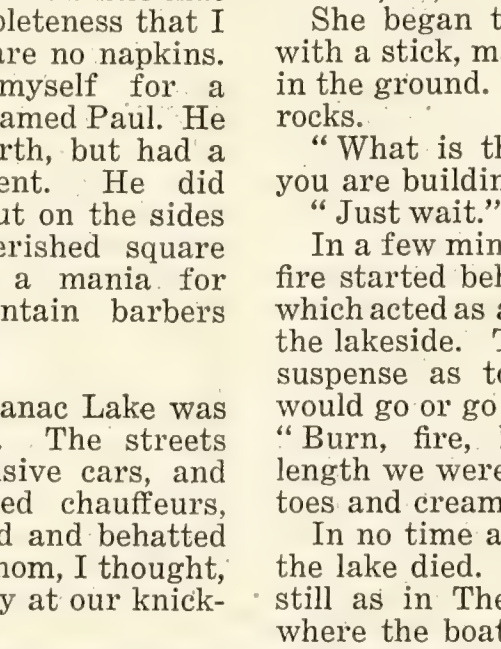
"What is that druidlike thing you are building?" I asked.

"Just wait."

In a few minutes she had a little fire started behind the stone wall, which acted as a windbreak against the lakeside. There was the usual suspense as to whether the fire would go or go out. We both sang "Burn, fire, burn," lustily. At length we were able to start potatoes and creamed chipped beef.

In no time at all the wind from the lake died. The air became as still as in The Ancient Mariner, where the boat was "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." The fire weakened. Frantically we tore down the stone wall, and the flames showed themselves again.

Now a playful breeze sprang up. The playful breeze played with the playful smoke, and both followed me around like Mary's little lamb. In the preparation of my part of that meal I wore deep ruts around the camp fire in vain attempts to keep clear of the smoke.



I washed the dishes hastily in the lake.

The sunset on Upper Saranac Lake was undoubtedly beautiful. But, although I was within four feet of that lake and its celebrated sunset, I didn't see the phenomenon. Who can see with eyes that are smarting and watering from smoke?

"This is terrible. Let's douse the fire," I pleaded.

Ester threw on dirt. I filled my big bucket at the lake and threw on water. The fire sizzled—and died.

We ate from the frying pans. Our mayonnaise jar (we had a tomato salad) stood on a mossy shelf.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

From Bluer Than Blue to Brighter Than Bright

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DO mornings come too early for you? Do you have to get up when you feel and look as though you would love to stay in bed for a month? Sleep famished, pale, haggard, with a complexion the color of clay?

Then cheer up. Here's a new easy way to snap right out of it! To feel alive, wonderfully refreshed—as though you just stepped out of a barber's chair after a "million dollar" massage. All you have to do is to apply a few drops of Fougere Royale After Shaving Lotion on your face after your morning shave. In a moment that dumb listless "morning-after" look has vanished. Your face tingles—then feels cool, smooth. Small wrinkles disappear and the good red blood comes to your face that makes you look years younger. Also acts as styptic—heals cuts, etc. Great for the office, too—when you're feeling dull.

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[GASOLINE GYPSIES Continued from page thirty-nine]

Our bottles of milk steadied themselves between the roots of trees. All charmingly rustic.

Did I say we ate? I meant to say, we started to eat. Now we found that the fire had been heavenly compared to the state of torment which instantly descended upon us. Mosquitoes! Mosquitoes in legions and phalanxes! Mosquitoes with poison in their barbs. Not only winged, but armed!

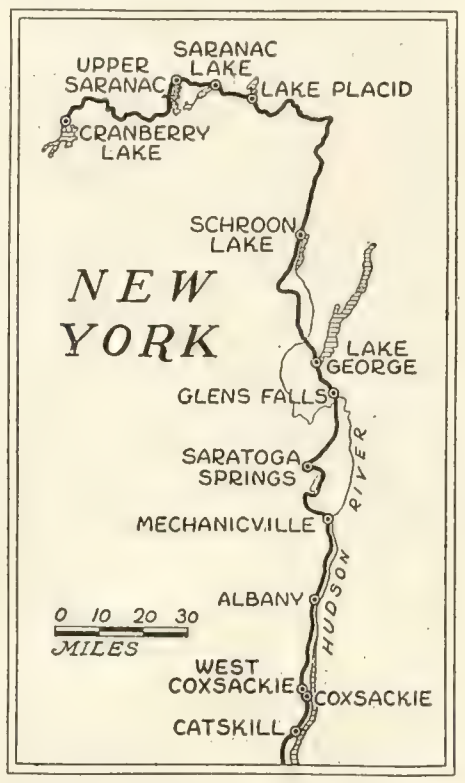
Ester grabbed a bottle labeled Mosquito Oil. A druggist at Saranac Lake had told her this would suffocate the most robust mosquito before she even uncorked the bottle. She smeared this all over her face, hands, arms, and legs, for the pests were stabbing right through our stockings. I did likewise. The vile smell filled the woods, but the mosquitoes only snapped with increasing strength.

"A fire. A fire. Quick!" she yelled. "We should have kept the fire."

Our fire site and the unburned wood were too wet for further use. It took a good quarter hour to gather 1,000 more dry little twigs and get another fire going.

We sat in the blessed, blinding smoke of it, feeling our way to our mouths with the remainder of our besotted viands, alternately tending the fire and tending ourselves with mosquito oil. Between smoke and oil, Ester took on the appearance of a gnome with a week's growth of beard. I suppose I was equally grotesque.

In time we congratulated ourselves that we had made some appreciable dent in the mosquito cohorts. Then occurred an onslaught which shows what a fool anybody is to try to battle the forces of nature.



From Catskill to Cranberry Lake, New York—the author's notion of a way to head for California. It seems slightly roundabout, but it took her past lots of nice lakes.

Small flies descended on us. Even mosquitoes sometimes will hum a warning. These treacherous insects made no sound. They silently alighted here, there, and everywhere—and bit. The mosquito oil was nectar to them.

I washed the dishes hastily in the lake, giving the coffeepot a quick scouring with sand. That trick I learned years ago from the little girl in Grimm's Fairy Tales who scoured the dragon's scales with this natural white abrasive. Twice I stepped off into the lake at this chore.

Then we packed up and moved to the sandpile near the car. There were no trees there. We thought we could spread our bed near the car. But the flies followed us.

We got into the car, and in the darkness I opened a window, just a little, for air. Ester screamed in the darkness. Instantly eyes, ears, and nose had become full of the little pests. In a cloud they entered the car.

I hauled in the blankets while she started the engine. We dashed away and for hours we drove over roads that weren't roads at all, but "contemplated roads" under construction.

At 2 A. M. I saw a sign, Evergreen House. We wakened the proprietor, got a bed, and went to sleep. He said we were at Cranberry Lake, New York.

The wretched flies that had routed us are called punkies. Their season in upper New York State lasts exactly four days.

Across the remainder of the continent the Gasoline Gypsies aim to pilot their car. If all goes well another installment of their diary will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page sixty-nine.)

1—What is the origin of the name September?

2—Who is the United States ambassador to Mexico?

3—What athletic events comprise the decathlon in modern Olympic games?

4—What English statesman was nicknamed "Dizzy"?

5—Of what is building plaster composed?

6—What is Old Bailey and where is it?

7—What is the capital of South Carolina?

8—What marriage anniversary is called the Linen Wedding?

9—According to the Bible, how long did it rain during the great deluge?

10—Who was the Muse of history in classical mythology?

11—How many players on an ice hockey team? On a polo team?

12—What commodity is obtained from the ink bag of the cuttlefish?

13—In what play is the character *Lady Teazle?*

14—What Civil War general was known as "Fighting Joe"?

15—Whom did Shakespeare wed?

16—What is a nargile?

17—What is a block ball in baseball?

18—What is called the Iron Mountain State?

19—What is the birth stone for September?

20—What was the Circus Maximus of ancient Rome?

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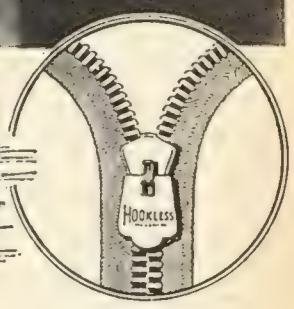


Union-Alls-Overalls-Play Suits

Vox

"Politics, Prohibition, and the Churches"

TARKIO, MO.—Your editorial, "Politics, Prohibition, and the Churches," filled me with mingled feelings.

I cannot understand how there could be educated people who understand so little of the real meaning and import of the Gospel of Christ.

Do not the churches rightly stand against murder and robbery? Is it not proper that they should stand against the use of that which has done so much to debase and debauch the American home?

God forbid that the time should ever come when the churches will take any other stand than to fight with might and main for the youth of our land.

To my mind, if the church ever gives up the fight against the liquor traffic, she had just as well turn the picture of Christ to the wall. I know there seems to be a tendency for you Easterners to think that the country thinks as you do and that, as a whole, we are wet. The best answer to that will be the fine licking that people will hand your friend Smith this fall.

Out in these Western States we are raising hogs and cattle—lots of them—but we are raising something else: some fine young people that have clear minds and unbefuddled brains, and when they reach their majority they are going to take their places where only that sort of people should be found.

Possibly a little talk with the Lord on your knees in the quiet of your room will help you see a little light. It helps me very much.—*Theodore Paul.*

DAYTON, OHIO—Your editorial, "Politics, Prohibition, and the Churches," draws the booby prize. It is a pity this was not written and circulated years ago, so the church might have saved itself the long fight for prohibition, and its leaders might have been informed of the gospel account of Jesus turning water into wine, for I'll bet they never knew that was there!

That story, of course, proves that Jesus would approve of the modern liquor traffic and the modern saloon, and it suggests that He could be a successful brewer or distiller!—*C. B. Boda.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—You quoted the Bible in defense of the liquor business.

Conditions in Bible times are not comparable with conditions in America today. Solomon had many wives and concubines. Who would argue that we ought not to oppose such a condition now?—*J. Gordon.*

MONROE, GA.—After reading your editorial, "Politics, Prohibition, and the Churches," will say that I have questioned several Christian ministers along this line, and am astonished to find that it is not the Eighteenth Amendment they are fighting—it is the religion of Governor Smith.

When Woodrow Wilson vetoed the Volstead Act, his message accompanying the veto was much stronger than Smith's telegram to the convention in Houston. When questioned about Wilson's stand on this, the ministers said: "Well, he had a right to his personal opinion." But, apparently, Governor Smith has not a right to his!—*W. P. Middlebrooks.*

He Didn't Say "Drunkard" in the Bible We Have

HOISINGTON, KAN.—I see you had an editorial entitled: "Politics, Prohibition, and the Churches," in which you brought forward Jesus' miracle of turning water into wine as an anti-prohibition argument.

I should like to point out to you that Jesus read the drunkard out of the Kingdom when He said: "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a drunkard to enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

If we could universally reduplicate the setting of the wedding in Cana, and the moral background of these people, there would be no prohibition issue. They did not have a cheap and abundant supply of sugar to put high power into their wine. There was just enough alcohol in it to preserve it.—*Lee Smith.*

Can You Flap Your Ears?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Drat it, but the elephants have all the luck! Anyone who doubts this only has to read that article by Hubbard Nye, called: "Is the Elephant Smartest?"

It's always been my ambition to stand back stage in a vaudeville house, before the curtain goes up, and the chorus girlies are getting ready to do their stuff. Yes, I've always wanted to be "an island in an

ocean of girls." And now just listen to this, from Mr. Nye's article:

"The three ton star will stand back stage, waiting for his act, for an hour and a half, placid, thinking his elephant thoughts, while . . . chorus girls go scuttling round him."

I've already got some of the qualifications. I like peanuts, I've got a trunk, and I never forget an injury. So I'm going to begin thinking some of those "elephant thoughts," and see if that will get me in!—*Buddy.*

Sorry; Doug Says No

OTTUMWA, IOWA — After Mary Pickford's article, "Please May I Bob My Hair?" why not an exciting serial by Doug: "Please May I Shave My Neck Round?"—*G. Doran.*

This Will Be a Blow to the A. E. F.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Having seen so many times the following quotation misinterpreted, I feel I must correct your writer. In "Ten Years Ago This Week," by Frederick Palmer, he quoted: "'Good fighters, the Americans, but a bit rough'—this from the nowise gentle Australians."

Now, in their use of the word "rough" the Australians—and the Britishers in general—did not mean what Mr. Palmer and other writers think, and take as a compliment.

What is meant—and it has no other meaning in a military sense—is not that they were ungentle, or "tough," but that they were "unfinished"—"unpolished militarily" — "insufficiently trained or seasoned."

That's that.—"*Limey,*" *1914-1919.*

Look in the Index, Page 5

(NO ADDRESS GIVEN)—*Sandy* and *Lil* are most amusing. They are the first thought after buying a LIBERTY.

There is only one irritation. It is always difficult and requires some searching to locate the paragraph or two that goes with the cover.—*C. A. G.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Being an admirer of the adventures of *Lil, Sandy,* and Company, Inc., and knowing that a number of your readers are not aware of the fact that an interesting résumé of their adventures is offered in each issue of LIBERTY, I am taking the liberty of offering a suggestion.

Why not place the words "Story on Page —" near the title of the illustration on the cover?

From actual experience I know that the attitude of a number of my friends has changed toward *Lil, Sandy,* and the baby since they found out that there is a story associated with the cover illustration.

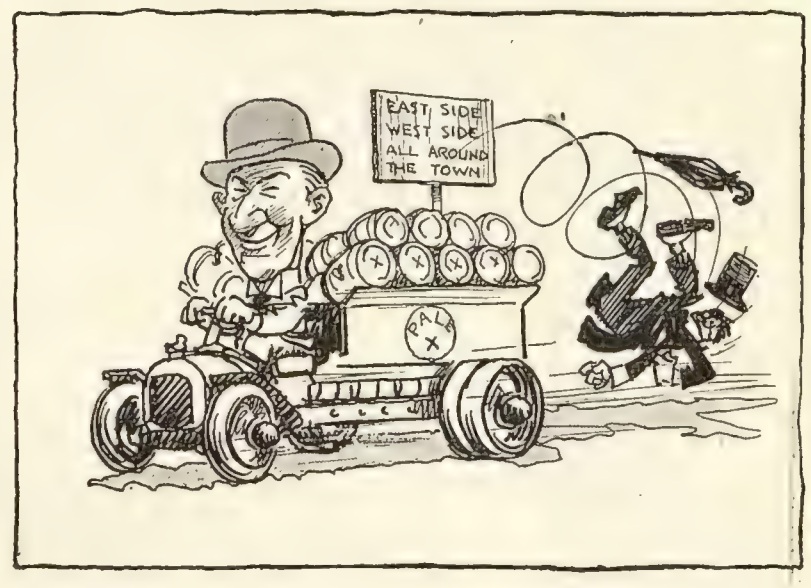
They used to consider the cover "monotonous" or always "dealing with the same thing," but, after being enlightened, have now grown to look forward to your cover family's adventures.—*A. B. M.*

Glad You Like Them

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—We compliment you on having in your "Twenty Questions" series the most reasonable and informative lot of questions for people of average intelligence that we have ever seen published.—*Marcus F. Stoddard.*

Well, There's a Thought in—

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It takes a long time for a new idea to penetrate the public mind. For example, Darwin's ideas of evolution were knocking at the door for fifty years before the public really and whole-heartedly



took them in. Some people don't accept them even yet. Some novel, yet self evident doctrines are cold shouldered for centuries before they're completely accepted.

Looked at in this light, prohibition is still a new idea. Why not give it a chance, before talking of modifying the law? Why let Alcohol Smith turn the Volstead water wagon into a beer cart?—*M. Stevens.*

—Reason No. 3

SHAMOKIN, PA.—Here are four good reasons why I am going to vote for Al Smith:

1. Because he is a Catholic, for I believe that his election will solidify the country so that, from then on, a man's religion will not be questioned. It means a deathblow to bigotry.

2. Because he is a Tammany man. What Tammany may have done left no stain on his character. With opportunities for graft, he came out unscathed. More power to him!

3. Because he is in favor of modification. All the jailbirds, bootleggers, cutthroats, rum runners, gangsters, etc., are rolling in wealth and luxury, and it is about time that sensible men got together and broke their strangle hold. The honest, respectable citizen goes a plugging and sweating, while the ne'er-do-wells are getting rich.

4. Read his life story from the time he was sent to the New York Legislature up to the present time, and see what he has done for the workman, farmer, widow, and orphan.—*Victor L. Carr.*

"Take That, You Cur! You Interest Me Strangely"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Do not worry, my dear sir. You would not get these terrible kicks from the people if they were not interested in your magazine.—*John D. Hamill.*

Pop

Making It Perfectly Clear—

JEFFERSON CITY, MO. — Herbert Hoover and the Republicans are consistent—yes, and yesterday I swam the Atlantic Ocean.

The Republicans have announced that if they get into power, the tariff

will be raised and taxes cut. If we analyze this, what does it mean? It means that the man in the street and the farmer, because of this higher tariff, will have to pay more for the commodities of daily use. They are the ones the new tariff will be hardest on.

On the other hand, it means that things will be made easier for the capitalists and plutocrats—because the tax cuts will chiefly affect them.

In other words, the whole thing is a bid for the support of the money interests.

Hoover has given the farmers assurances of his good will. But it looks to me as if he were trying to hand them a gold brick.—*A Farmer Who Can Think.*

—Just How You Should Vote

DALLAS, TEX.—This Vox Popping bird, Ray A. Frame, from Tampa, Florida, gives me a pain in the region of the neck with his prating about "the Solid South" that "will never embrace a party that, in any way, offers the Negro equal suffrage with the whites."

I wonder if this egotistical Floridan knows that Tammany Hall, that much beloved Democratic organization, indorses the equality of Negroes with whites, and actually invites them to participation in its councils—and that Tammany submits without a protest to mixed schools and mixed marriages?—*James S. Fenton.*

BUFFALO, N. Y.—"Al Smith for President." In lower Manhattan that sounds all right, but how about the rest of America? Does it want Al?

The solid phalanx of church-loving Catholics will vote for Smith. The privately owned "wet issue" of Al is bait for those outside the pale of the church, and through it the astute Tammany leaders hope to corral enough popular votes to bring about Al's election. This is a coalition of church and vice panderers—a spectacle never before witnessed in America.

From my intimate knowledge of Tammany Hall I could write a volume on its shame and treachery. I consider it America's most corrupt political organization, and the guiding influence that is attempting to "outsmart" America and elect Al for President. — *An American Republican.*

Looks as if We Had Started Something

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Please allow me space to reply to this Christman bird:

Mr. D. D. Christman, you stated that the South led us Negroes by the hand from cannibalism, and in the meantime you were leading our women by the hand, too, were you? In fact, are still leading them by the hand. Did you not know that?

Mr. Christman, we are supposed to have skin as black as the ace of spades. Do you know why it is not?

You referred to Mr. Childress, who praised us in Vox Pop, as a Northern nigger-lover. Just look around you, at the mulattoes, and you must admit that you did not exactly hate us in the South.—*Joe Edwards.*

TULSA, OKLA.—If I did not know any more about a nigger than does G. E. Morse of Aurora, Illinois, I would not dare say (in the same breath, anyway) that they should be segregated *like the Indians.*

Our niggers here are segregated, but our best people of the town are part Indian (me included).

Tell Yankee Morse he'd better look around a little. Maybe he'd better come down to Tulsa town and try segregating the Indians. My granddaddy was an Indian chieftain and I'm proud of it.

Let's not get so personal, Mr. Morse.—*O. W. C.*

An Author Talks Back

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In Vox Pop for August 4, a contributor signing himself "Pilot Eugene J. Hasenmiller," of Milwaukee, listed four "mistakes" which, he said, Mr. Armstrong Perry made in his story, "Forced Landing," published in LIBERTY for June 30.

A second critic, Tom Mathews, asked that the author be shown an airplane. Here is Mr. Perry's answer.]

WESTPORT, CONN.—I admire the youthful enthusiasm of Pilot Hasenmiller. If he keeps on with his correspondence courses in aviation and literary criticism he may make Milwaukee famous again some day. And if he stays in the game and does not stick too close to home he may meet up with the G-Easy, a seventeen-passenger plane like the one in "Forced Landing."

I was up in her only three hours and five minutes, and some details may have escaped me, but she did taxi around the field twice at the start, she did have an honest-to-God mechanician beside the pilot although she was on a definite run, she did carry a spare propeller, and her pilot and mechanician did lean down to look at the oil gauge.

When Tom Mathews' papa takes him by the hand and runs over to Long Island to see the airplanes I will be glad to go along. I lived over there for years and used to visit the first flying field at Mineola before Tom was born, if I may judge his age by his belief that he has seen everything.—*Armstrong Perry.*

Of Course, if YOU Do the Fitting . . .

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I have been rather amused at the controversy as to whether men nowadays are corseted. As a corsetière or fitter, perhaps I can speak with authority and throw a little light on the subject.

Many of our shop's best customers—old patrons by now—are men who appreciate the comfort a well fitted corset gives. We have perhaps half a hundred men customers who think no more of being fitted than of ordering a tailored suit.—*Mrs. Lillian Beeckman.*

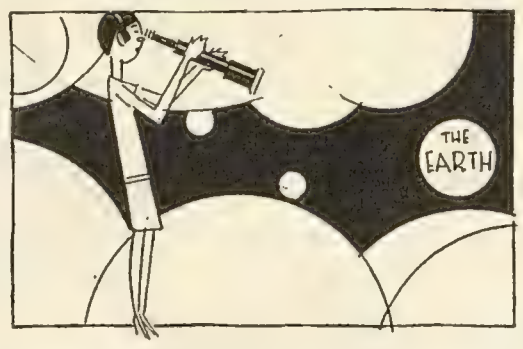
You Don't Have to Read Them

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—War, war, and then more war! I was never a soldier (I am only eighteen now), but I feel that I have been through it all. Call a halt on war stories!—*Eddie.*

Discussing "Da Capo"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Please allow me to pound you on the back a couple of times for giving us "Da Capo," by Viña Delmar!

Viña scores through being a cynic. She can look at the world with de-



tachment. In fact, she writes with such perspective that I sometimes think of her as standing in space, gazing at the earth through a telescope and voicing her honest opinion of the queer little people she sees crawling on its surface.—*B. Morris.*

WILMINGTON, DEL.—Viña Delmar's story, "Da Capo," was wonderful. It just shows what happens to a mean, discontented husband who doesn't appreciate his wife.

If you would have one of her stories every issue I would be content, no matter how rotten the rest of LIBERTY was.—*R. L. T.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—"Da Capo"—meaning "return to the first strain and repeat"—is right. Same old story, exactly. What is Viña Delmar's idea of a short story, anyway? Has a single one of hers given us a moral?

Her stories are unusually made to order. They are not delightful, but morbid, morose. They do not tackle problems; they are merely matter of fact records. I have read all of them, hoping for improvement, for Viña has the talent, only it's choked up.—*Jeemes.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Viña Delmar is a genius! She looks life straight in the eye without the author's customary rose colored glasses—and writes of what she sees. And that takes courage and an essential sanity.

Her stories are not always pleasant, but when was life ever a holiday—for anyone?

She is writing from the woman's side of the fence and naturally no man could understand or countenance the truth which she brings to light with dispassionate detachment.

More power to her!—*Barbara Plews.*

Three Attacks—

SIOUX CITY, IOWA—Give this Sergeant York bird enough space in LIBERTY and he'll let the public see what an old tire he is.

Is there a veteran in the country who thinks a lone man could take ten armed men prisoner if they didn't want to quit fighting and eat and sleep? We'll pass 132 prisoners in order not to be foolish.

If there is such a veteran, he's a badly shell-shocked boy.—*E. B. D.*

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Just finished the articles concerning Sergeant York. *********. Yes, I could be arrested for what those asterisks mean.

Considering the confidential relations that existed between the sergeant and God, no wonder some of the rest of us had such a h— of a time, including women and children. —*Roger Powell.*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—What if every soldier boy had had the assurance from God that he would come home safe, as Sergeant York stated that he himself had.

What a war it would have been! Ho ho.—*L. Kenwood.*

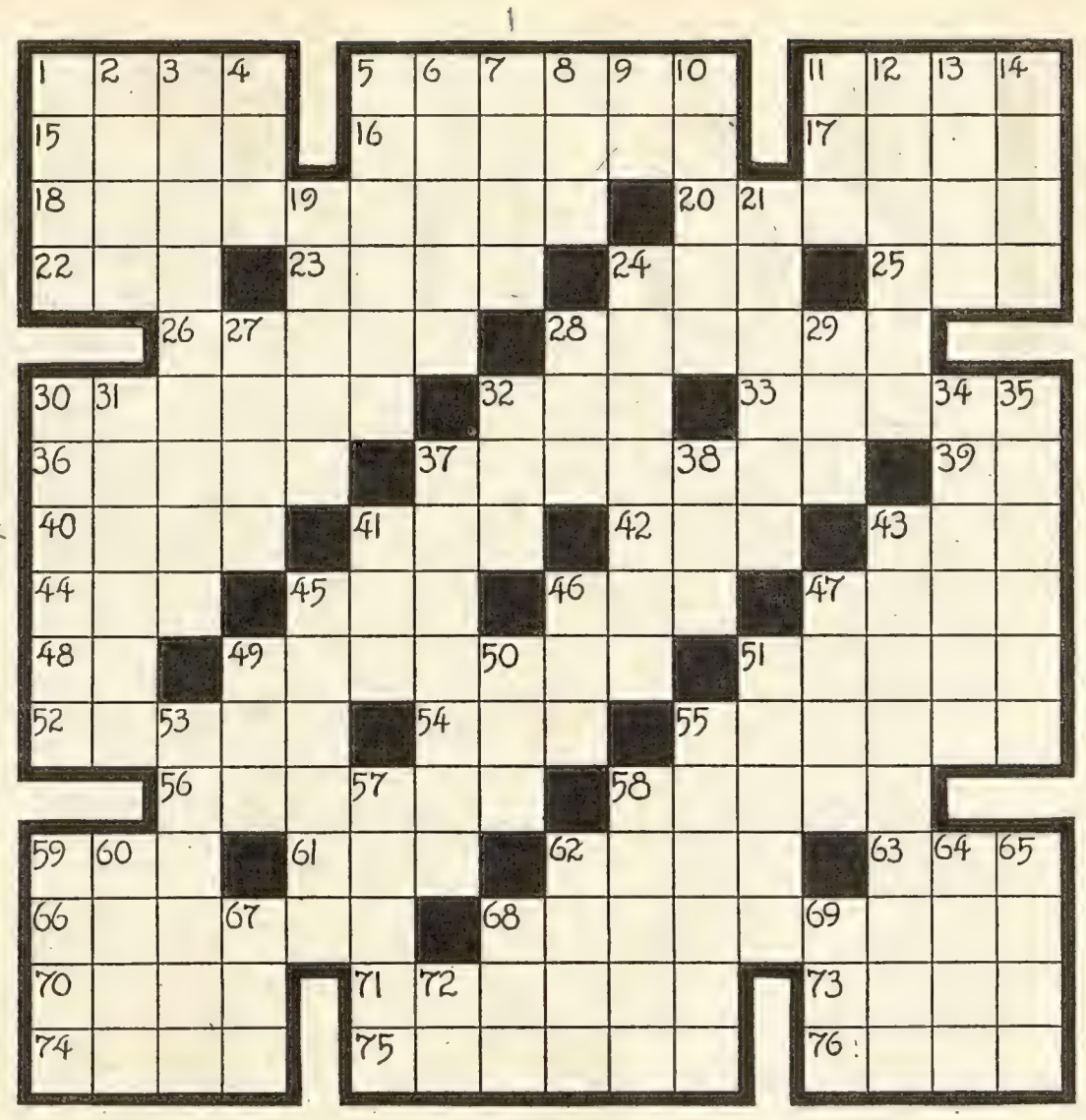
—And a Lone Defender

MIAMI, FLA.—Like a soul emerging from a morass of slime to a glorious dip in an opal ocean were the articles by Sergeant York, compared to the muck and husks that the "major periodicals" give us today.

Would that more articles were woven around the simple, mighty faith of a few humble folk!—*A Reader of Good Things.*

Twin Diagonals Puzzle

A rare falcon is perched at Horizontal 18 defying you to name him. The crossing words, with which you are familiar, and the absence of unkeyed letters should make the task a fairly easy one.

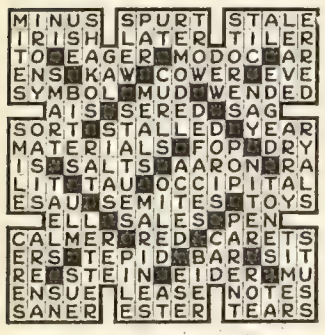


HORIZONTAL

1 Fillet or band for binding
5 Leader of a church choir
11 An attitude
15 Having wings
16 Characterized by melody
17 Toward the sea
18 A falcon
20 Teeth
22 Billow
23 Efface
24 A wire measurement
25 Obtain
26 Part of a stove
28 Happen
30 Units of electrical capacity
32 Thrice (music)
33 Men's garment (plural)
36 Declaim
37 Animate
39 Latin word for and
40 Tears
41 Scrap of refuse
42 Rocky pinnacle
43 Crude metal
44 Tree
45 Prickly envelope of a fruit
46 Of small number
47 Otherwise
48 Eldest born of Chaos (Greek mythology)
49 Revolved
51 Fish basket
52 Penetrate
54 Metal
55 A bird
56 Space where something is wanting
58 Souvenir
59 To be bound to pay
61 Scotch cap
62 French word for father
63 Duet
66 Mohammedan
68 Conveys from one place to another
70 A city in Pennsylvania
71 Gratify
73 District
74 Character in music indicating silence
75 Remained
76 Ruler

VERTICAL

1 Strikes lightly
2 Toward the sheltered side
3 Division of a chapter
4 Sooner than
5 Measures of weight
6 Ascend
7 Baseball team
8 Digit
9 Bone
10 Forgive
11 Comrade
12 American Indians
13 Withered
14 Orient
19 Classify
21 Masculine name
24 Deserved
27 Rodents
28 Babylonian deity
29 Lair
30 Food for animals
31 Ascended
32 Trinitrotoluene
34 More concise
35 Having the hardness or firmness of steel
37 Error in writing or printing
38 Make oath
41 External
43 Flower (plural)
45 Salt or boric acid
46 Bog
47 Eagle
49 Gold coin of Portugal
50 It is
51 Forms into a hard mass
53 Essay upon a specific theme
55 Preserved with salt
57 Drives down by light blows
58 Annoy
59 Hebrew measure
60 Bore upon the person
62 Supplicate
64 Carbamide
65 Ridges of drift
67 Allow
68 Beverage
69 Oily tissue
72 Military officer (abbreviation)



Answer to last week's puzzle

Invest today for their tomorrow

Good securities are among the surest and the least troublesome income-producers you can possibly leave to your dependents. Their income will supplement your own personal earnings while you live. When you go, their income-producing qualities will continue unimpaired.

Let us help you build an investment program which will expand as your business and income expand. At National City offices in over fifty American cities and in important foreign centers you will find experienced bond men ready to analyze your personal investment needs and make suitable recommendations. They have contact with investment conditions throughout the world, and enjoy an institutional heritage of over 115 years of financial experience.

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Our current list contains a wide choice of investigated issues. It will be sent on request.

The Showdown

The Story of a Too Clever Crime

By CARRINGTON PHELPS

Picture by KENNETH CAMP

"It's about your husband. You know, you said this afternoon you'd rather see him dead than a murderer? Well—it's just that."

(Reading time: 12 minutes 16 seconds.)

FOUR o'clock in the morning and a man who looked something like Lincoln staring through a window at the heavens with wistful inquisitiveness. Judd, county prosecutor, wondering where under those observant and unresponsive stars a murderer lay hidden. Judd, tall, gaunt, with aquiline, dark face, and with the nose of a hawk, and with haggard, sad blue eyes.

The telephone jangled, and he picked up the instrument. It was only Brennan, reporting the deflation of another of those interminable clews appearing hourly since the morning, two days before, when the torso of Jacob Whitten had been found, burned to a crisp, in the ashes of a haystack halfway between his farm and the town.

The courthouse clock in the cupola above struck the hour, and Judd turned again to that deliberate pacing which had carried him through the night. A milk wagon crept along the street, its driver hurrying to and fro with clinking bottles. There was a faint opalescence on the eastern horizon. The weather vane on the roof creaked dolorously. A whiff of air, faintly suggestive of hot asphalt and of honeysuckle, entered the window, cooling Judd's forehead.

The telephone's curt summons again. This time it was his sister, pleading that he come home for a few hours' rest. "You've been up two nights now, dear. You've done all you can. Please be reasonable."

He soothed her, telling her not to worry, that he'd be over presently for breakfast. He hung up the receiver with a sigh. Perhaps Kezia was right. Perhaps he was unreasonable. But he couldn't help it. The thing rode him. From the first he had been dubious about it, poking continually at it with mental fingers of suspicion and bewilderment because of the persistent thought that some mysterious, deeper horror lurked behind the obvious tragedy.

The door swung back, and the sheriff, Conroy, hog fat, with circles under his beady eyes, trudged forward and dropped into a chair. He wiped his sweaty face.

"Hell!" he whispered. "Hell!"

Judd eyed him. Conroy, he thought, wasn't standing up very well under the strain.

"There's a screw loose somewhere in this case," said Judd. "Something queer about it. Got any ideas, Conroy?"

THE sheriff sighed, produced a black cigar, lit it, puffed unctuously. "Boloney! Lotta boloney, Loren. Open and shut case, if you know what I mean. Who's been talkin' such ideers to you?"

Judd continued to regard the other speculatively. Why expect help from a man like Conroy?

"Open and shut case," Conroy was saying. "Damn it, look for yourself! Everybody knows Whitten's been in a tight place for months. Everybody knows Fessenden's been loaning him money because he wanted Whitten's farm to piece out his own, next door. Everybody knows there was bad blood between 'em."

"But I can't see any motive—"

Conroy cut in, with an incisive chop of his thick hand:

"Plenty of motive! Wasn't Whitten taking Fessenden out to the farm that night to renew the note? What happened was, they had a fight, and Fessenden busted in his head. Then

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SHOWDOWN
Continued from page forty-five]

he tried to burn the body. Then he got a panic and beat it. He's missin', ain't he? What more d'you want?" He arose, plodded up the room

JUDD lifted her swooning figure and carried it to a chair.

Pictures by L. R. Gustavson

and back, sat again heavily.

"What I wanta know, where the hell *is* he? Here's a man limps, and we can't find anybody's even *seen* him. I'll betcha, at that, he ain't ten miles off!"

Half to himself, Judd said: "I can't understand it. Fessenden had a social consciousness. He'd think of his position—as a leader in society, the church, in business. Hard—yes. And shrewd—all you want to say. But not impulsive. Not violent or reckless. He'd think of his family—the disgrace, all that sort of thing."

A shadow darkened his face, of anxiety and sorrow. "They're suffering. The boys trying to carry it off—and afraid to meet your eye. And the girls and the mother—God knows what they're going through alone in the house!"

"Shucks!" exploded Conroy. "You're sentimental, Loren. You gotta be hard, handlin' a criminal case. Not that you ain't a good prosecutor, or won't be, long as you want the office. Still and all, you gotta be hard." He groaned. "Where the hell you suppose that bird *is?* And nobody's even *seen* him!"

JUDD did not reply. He arose, picked up his rusty black hat.

"I think I'll get out for a little air. I've been here all night," he added shyly. "You don't mind holding things down awhile, Conroy, in case anybody telephones?"

He walked slowly, a lank, stooped figure, hands clasped behind him, his gaze fixed on the pavement. People greeted him with friendly affection; several reached out to touch his arm.

He walked slowly, absorbed by a cumulative impulse to get at the truth. The identification had been positive. Whitten's keys and watch were beside the body. And the Whitten family physician had been almost lyric with regard to an old break in a floating rib. Judd had seen the keys and watch, had explored with shrinking fingers the rib. And yet—

The prosecutor found himself before the Fessenden home, a gawky mansion whose major atrocities were hidden by elms. He entered, to be presently received by Alma Fessenden, a handsome woman of poise and distinction, holding her head high, as she always had, even in pigtail days. He perceived new lines in her face now, lines of fear and worry, and he felt again that old twist at his heart of pain and regret, sharpened now by sympathy and sorrow.

She talked frankly, as to an old, tried friend.

"The disgrace, the shame of it, Loren! Oh, not for me. The children. Marked for the rest of their lives! What a beastly thing to do! A murderer! That was the hidden side of him. *You* remember, when we were kids together? But I taught him to control it and I thought he was safe."

He murmured some soothing conventionality, ill at ease and emotionally distressed by this intimate observance of her suffering.

She shook her head. "No! Death would have been better." She raised steady eyes. "I can say this to you. If I thought he did it I'd rather have killed him with my own hand. But I know he didn't." She laughed bitterly. "Paradoxical? Yes." Her head drooped in despairing humiliation, and he turned away, helpless to aid her.

He went out into sunlight which seemed black. His heart ached steadily now. And for the thousandth time he asked himself why he hadn't married her, years ago. But he couldn't answer it, unless it was because he was afraid she might refuse him. And so she'd married Fessenden instead, who wasn't worth her little finger.

With which habitual dismissal Judd's mind automatically swung back again to the imminent problem, steadied, and hung static, at dead center, fastening upon an idea.

He began to walk faster, until he finally came to the little hole in the wall owned by the last man to see the two that fatal night. To Oyster Jo, peeling potatoes behind his counter.

Jo remembered Whitten and Fessenden having come in. They had sat at the corner table. They seemed to be talking a lot of business. "Mr. Whitten he is talking the most. And he eats ham and eggs. But Mr. Fessenden he won't eat nothing. Only he sits and listens, and I think maybe he is mad at something."

But Jo couldn't remember what that talk was about. "Just business, Mr. Judd. You know, just a lotta business."

Judd returned unhurriedly to the courthouse, cross-examining an idea. He summoned Perkins, county coroner. Perkins heard the idea, and shrugged.

"If you say so," he said, and reached for a little black bag.

They faced their task behind locked doors—Perkins coldly methodical, Judd with a nauseous horror. The half burned torso on the slab was only a thing, Judd kept telling himself, but it persisted as a Thing.

Perkins drew out a razor edged scalpel. Judd waited until it was over. Then he went out and drank three whiskies neat.

He had been right! Behind the apparently obvious there had lain a diabolic accomplishment whose successful course had been interrupted only by the merest fluke. Two men held the secret: Perkins and himself. And Perkins' lips were sealed.

Judd saw now how every move, every thought calculated to effect the capture of the murderer, had been no more than a gesture, futile and frustrated before inception. To think they had flooded the country with handbills! To think the populace had been roused to a lynching frenzy! And for what? Nothing!

The sheriff, Conroy, was snoring, purple faced, when Judd re-entered his office. Judd, hands deep in pockets, watched him a moment. It would be fatuous to expect either silence or efficiency from this one or any of his henchmen. Judd smiled. He could trust none of them.

There were, however, those he could trust—those who would do their work expeditiously and in a discreet silence. He reached for the telephone and asked for the barracks of the State troopers.

ANOTHER night settled slowly on the little town. Judd paced up and down his office nervously and with frequent glances at his watch. Presently he heard the slam of the street door below, and went to his own and held it open. He heard a deliberate ascending step, a sigh, and he called out Alma Fessenden's name.

She came toward him, a tall woman, walking with grace, and with the lines of sorrow in her face mercifully softened by the low hall lights. She looked at him questioningly, and he drew her into the office and indicated a chair.

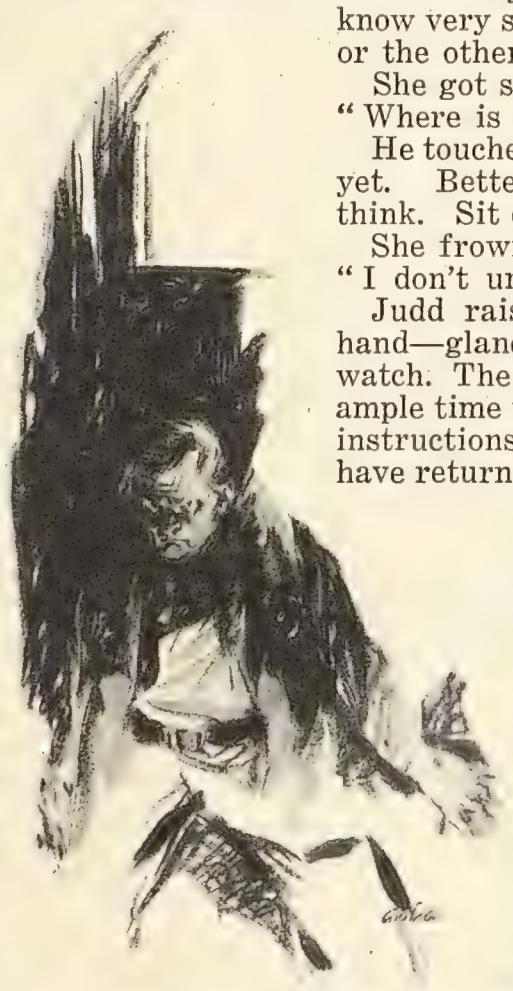
"I've sent for you, Alma," he said, "because I know you can take man fashion what I'm going to tell you. You've got to meet a blow. But it's less terrible than the one you've already received. It's about your husband. You know, you said this afternoon you'd rather see him dead than a murderer? Well—it's just that."

She drew in a sharp breath.

"I've had indisputable evidence today, Alma. No use evading it. You'd want me to tell you, wouldn't you?"

She made a gesture of assent. "Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. I asked you to come here because I wanted you in on the showdown. I think there'll be one. I may be wrong. I'll know very soon now, one way or the other."



She got slowly to her feet. "Where is he?"

He touched her arm. "Not yet. Better not at all, I think. Sit down a moment."

She frowned bewilderedly. "I don't understand—"

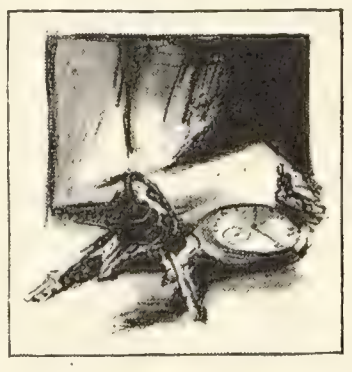
Judd raised a reassuring hand—glanced again at his watch. The troopers had had ample time to carry out their instructions. They should have returned long ago. Was it possible he had been wrong? Quite possible—but also quite improbable. The thing dovetailed too perfectly. And yet—

A man came shuffling down the hallway behind, and Judd turned to face Conroy, who blinked stupidly at the woman in the big chair. Conroy wanted to know if there was anything new, and Judd said shortly: "Nothing. I'm just hoping something will turn up soon, though."

Conroy settled himself lazily; lit the stub of his cigar.

Judd continued pacing, pausing now and then to address a word of sympathy to Mrs. Fessenden, who had begun quietly sobbing.

Ten minutes passed, twenty, thirty, and the courthouse clock boomed the half hour. Judd heard then the roar of a speeding car; heard the shriek of brakes as it came to a stop.



Then footsteps on the stairs, hurrying feet in the corridor, and the doorway suddenly bulking large with a group that resolved itself into three figures. Two troopers, their uniforms torn and dirty, their faces bloody but grim. Between them a third figure, heavily built, with a five days' growth of beard blurring its scowling features and with its wrists manacled by bright steel cuffs.

One of the troopers said curtly: "We got him."

Judd drew a long breath. "Where was he?"

"In the garret," said the trooper. "Where you said. And he gave us a battle that was nobody's business."

"Bring him closer," said Judd. "I want to look at him."

The little group moved forward. Mrs. Fessenden stared in dull wonder.

It was Conroy who uttered a terrified "My God!" and stooped nearer, his face corpse white. "My God!" he whispered thickly. "It's Whitten! Whitten—and he's alive!"

Judd smiled a slow, wan smile and turned to Mrs. Fessenden.

"This is Whitten, Alma. Your husband loaned him eight thousand dollars, secured by a note. That note was part of the plan which was hatched months ago. Once that note was destroyed, there would be no way to collect the money. So, on the plea that his wife was sick, Whitten got your husband to come out to the farm for her signature. Two name paper, you understand. I don't know what happened on that ride—except that Whitten killed Mr. Fessenden and then placed his body beside the stack."

Judd stepped nearer the prisoner.

"You killed him, Whitten. And you got the note. It was like getting eight thousand dollars, wasn't it? You figured, after leaving your watch and keys on the body, that everybody would think Fessenden had killed you. And that, naturally, we'd be hunting Fessenden for murder, and not you. It worked out that way, too.

"You figured nobody would ever suspect anything, because you'd have had a funeral and you'd be buried. And nobody would ever find Fessenden, because he actually *was* dead and buried. That's pretty near right, isn't it? You'd better not talk, though, because anything you say will be used against you."

The heavy figure did not stir—gave no evidence of having heard.

"There'd never be a search for you," continued Judd. "No suspicion against you. All you had to do was stay hidden. Later on, when things had quieted down, you could get away, your wife could sell the farm and join you. Yes, you were safe. Because the last place anybody would think of as a hiding place for a dead man would be in the man's own house. In the garret. You had it all figured out before you began. I had to figure it after you'd finished. A smart scheme, but—"

His attention was distracted by the sudden approach of Mrs. Fessenden. Her features were distorted, her hands clenched. Judd caught her about the shoulders. She struggled, her eyes fixed on the prisoner. Suddenly she collapsed, and Judd lifted her swooning figure and carried it to a chair. He smiled to himself. Her presence at the showdown hadn't been purposeless, after all. For he had succeeded in diverting the violence of her grief into the less destructive channel of vengeance.

"Take him back to the cells," said Judd. The troopers moved off. Judd busied himself with a handkerchief and a glass of cold water. From behind, Conroy was speaking.

"How the hell did you figure Whitten killed him, Loren?"

Judd watched the flickering eyelids of the woman. His smile was coldly ironic.

"I knew there was something queer about it. Some of us, it seems, can't murder on an empty stomach. I remembered the two had eaten in Oyster Jo's. I found out that Fessenden ate nothing. Whitten ate heartily. I had Perkins perform an autopsy today. The stomach was empty—proving the body was Fessenden's and not Whitten's. The rest"—his sigh was the spontaneous expression of utter exhaustion—"the rest was simple."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Faint Praise

Dorothy had been hearing visitors say whom they thought the new baby resembled. So when a calf was born Dorothy looked at it, and then at the cow, carefully, and said: "Well, she looks like her mother—a little!"—Mrs. C. F. Pfeiderer, R. No. 1, Biloxi, Miss.

He Felt Encouraged

Eddie likes to play with my carpet sweeper when he comes to visit me. One day I said:

"You like to sweep my house, don't you?"

He replied, "Yes, I can always find dirt."—Mrs. R. H. Shaughnessy, 682 St. Charles St., Elgin, Ill.

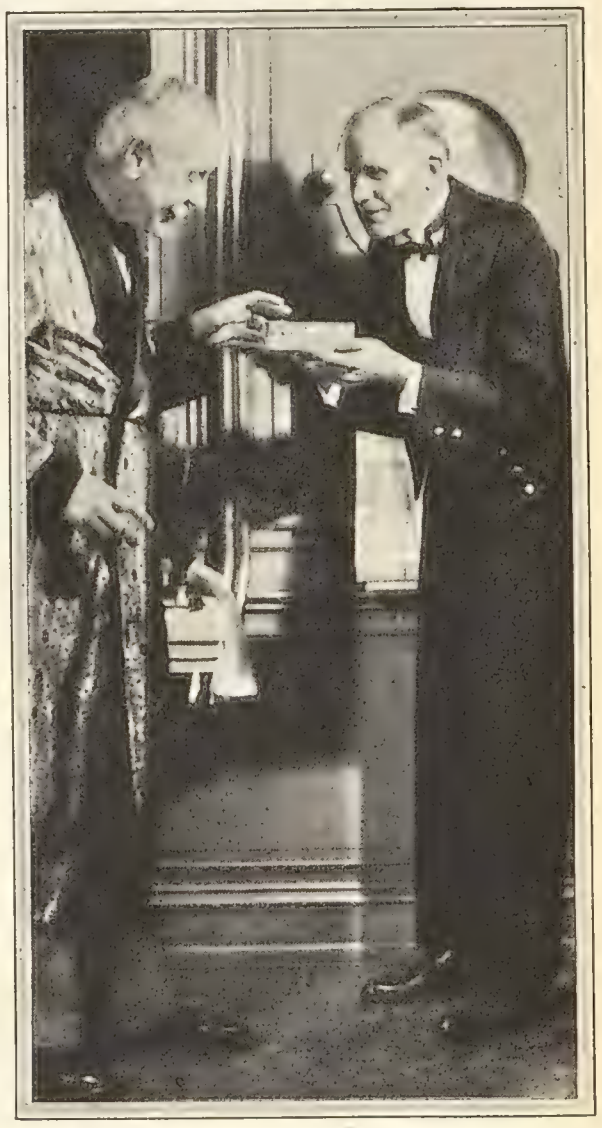
That Stubborn Beard No Problem *Now!*

Whiskers come off quick and smooth when small bubbles soak them soft. No drag, no sting or smart. It's a new method of shaving that's very easy to prove by test... see our "no cost" offer in coupon below.

"My, that's smooth!" she'll surely say.

YOU'LL see the difference the minute you try it. A closer shave. An easier, quicker shave. You've never known such comfort in all your shaving days.

That's why we're offering a seven-day trial tube free to you and every other reader of this magazine. You'll find the details in coupon below.



"We always carry it on the boat, sir. Seems as though men all over the world use small-bubble lather."

Small Bubbles did it!

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results. It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard. A glance at the photographs in the circles proves this better than words.

Note the closely-knit, moisture-laden Colgate bubbles. Now contrast that with the large, air-filled bubbles of ordinary lather.

You'll say, "Good-by, Razor-Pull!"

That's the principle, men. Now here's what it does for you: The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen:

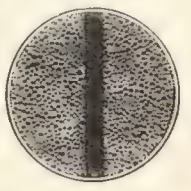
1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard... crowd around each whisker... soak it soft with water.

In a moment your beard gets moist and pliable... limp and lifeless... scientifically softened right down at the base. Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. Your face feels clean, fresh, smooth, invigorated.

ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

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War Bugs

Being a Worm's-Eye View of the War to End War

By

CHARLES MacARTHUR

Formerly Private, Second Class, Battery F, 149th Field Artillery, 42d (Rainbow) Division, A.E.F. Afterward Co-Author of Lulu Belle

(Reading time: 24 minutes 10 seconds.)

THIS is the fourth installment of a private's story of the World War. Written as an intimate history of his artillery battery while it was serving with the Rainbow Division, the three previous installments take his battery through American training days and French camp life to their baptism of shellfire. In this installment the author describes the part his battery played in a forty mile wall of artillery that the Germans desperately sought to pierce.

THE DEFENSE OF CHAMPAGNE

WHEN Sherman said war was hell, he stuttered. Besides, he was marching through Georgia at the time, and everybody knows that Southerners are horribly hospitable; whereas we were being tossed from one front to another like a medicine ball.

On entraining for the Champagne, the officers made off that we were going to Château-Thierry, where the Marines were doing their stuff. The news was a little depressing. We were not on the best terms with the Marines at the moment. For one thing, the M. P. section of that otherwise admirable unit had rather soured us by the zeal with which they played Copper. And then, the Fighting Few seemed to be grabbing all the credit for the war.

The Marines shared our dislike cordially. We never passed them on the road without some leatherneck bawling out: "What comes out after a storm?" And, hearing, two thousand Marines yelled back: "The Rainbow!"

Our instant reply was: "Go home and tell your mother you seen the soldiers!" and there were quite a few black eyes between us.

"What's the biggest color in the Rainbow?" was another of their wise cracks, the answer being: "YELLOW!"

We had a reply for this goofy libel that surpassed any sample of repartee invented in the war. Unfortunately, it was in lingo difficult to reproduce—except on asbestos. Suffice it to say that the Marines *had* to be First to Fight whenever it was applied.

We respected their courage, yet were a little worried over the possibility of being brigaded with them in action. It is weakening to lick Marines and Germans at the same time. So, when the train stopped at Châlons sur Marne and no Marines were about, we were grateful for the opportunity to concentrate on the enemy.

This change in plans worked some disadvantage. For instance, we had calculated on a four day trip, whereas we were bundled out in two. Some of the boys rode on flat cars to guard the guns, which meant exposure to the cold rain and the necessity of preventing pneumonia with frequent libations of rum. With four days' leeway it was possible to get sober and debark decently under individual power. But with forty-eight hours lopped out of the journey—

The writer has no wish to obtrude his personality into this narrative of his fellows. But it might just as well go into the minutes that nobody (since Noah) was so wantonly, so completely stewed as when the flat car serving as his catafalque came to be unloaded. Ramps and a pair of mules were needed to get him off and into the line of march, with serious consequences, as follows:

In the first place, the French High Command had experienced considerable misgivings over our participation in this most crucial battle of the war. Not that they doubted our spirit; our heroism was the talk of Europe. But the situation called for most experienced troops and most desperate courage. If the Champagne was lost, so was Paris—and perhaps the war.

So they stood with Colonel Reilly and watched us swing by. Eyes—left! Forward—march! Hep, hep, hep. We were sweet to see. Uniforms tidy, faces washed, shoes shined—everything just dandy. The worried Frogs perked up. We looked like Hot Stuff coming up.

Then—at the very end of the procession—along came Mr. M., strapped to one of the guns and singing loudly. The parade was stopped. The writer was untied and propped up before several gold plated generals, including the hardest, coldest, and most disciplinarian colonel in the American army.

Colonel Reilly pointed his finger like a twelve inch railroad gun and asked what in the so-and-so-and-so-and-so was this so-and-so doing in the world, let alone in an army. Lieutenant Stone, who had galloped up to shoot the writer, blanched. The French generals ordered a halt in the war while they talked things over.

RESUMING, the colonel asked the unhappy private if he had no pride in his country, which moved the private to weep and declare his patriotism in such ardent terms that the French General Staff nearly wept themselves. Encouraged, the private offered to die on the spot to show his loyalty, and nearly got kissed by a big Frog who would have got a sock on the button if he'd gone through with it.

In the end, Colonel Reilly himself buttoned the private's blouse and adjusted his helmet—and smiled for the first time in his life. The war was declared on.

To Chêpy, a little chalk town on the Marne Canal, where we rested four days (if constant drills, pinking up the guns, and standing inspection can be called rest). There was swimming in the canal, some baseball, and fairly decent haymows—where we got lousy all over again. A dairy where we bought cheese, eggs,

DOWN came Lieutenant Stone's arm. We were at last pumping them over, cursing the easy cadence.

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

and milk. The army was still serving Ford tires and goldfish. In fact, the food was so bad that the colonel ordered an inspection, and we were tipped off by a lieutenant to say it was elegant. Draggy Kurtz had the guts to show the inspecting officer his mess kit full of dehydrated onions, stewed sawdust, etc., and got socked for extra duty.

Late on the fourth day we started for the front. Boots, boots, boots all night long, and like it! Ever since Lorraine it had been a crime against God to ride on the carriages, or to dump packs in the supply wagons. At daybreak we arrived at the Camp de Carrière, a collection of wooden barracks pancaked over a chalk plain. We squatted among the scrubby pine trees and laid low. A few German airplanes were about. It was too hot to talk, or even shoot craps. We wondered how Attila stuck it out on the same plain long ago.

JUNE 30 came along and marked the first anniversary of our service for home, country, and democracy. To celebrate, there was a band concert when the sun went down. Colonel Reilly and Major Redden spoke.

The major was an ex-football star with a Number 99 heart. He's dead now, may God rest his gallant soul! He talked of the emotional side of the war, what we owed to France, and threw a kiss to the lovely ladies we had left behind. (The major was a Crusader, astray from his proper century.)

Then Reilly spoke. He folded his hands in front of him and filed away at our spines in his best West Point voice. He could have got Pittsburgh that day, and he wasn't even trying.

The colonel's celebrated father died on the Wall of China; and Reilly Junior seemed bent on following his example then and there.

"Ideals," he said, "are splendid, and it is pleasant to share Major Redden's views on the chivalrous aspect of war. But you have seen your dead and are now soldiers.

"You are going into a battle in which many of you will be wounded. That is unfortunate, but it doesn't matter in the least. Some of you will be killed. That does not matter, either. You are cogs in a wheel, and the only important thing is that you function—that you do exactly what you are told during the fighting, instantly and without question."

Unsentimental, but somehow thrilling.

The front line was a few kilometers ahead of the camp. There were a dozen false starts before we crept up during the night of July 4, and took position. Lieutenant Stone decided on a saucer shaped hollow a hundred yards in advance of a little chalk road. We worked like one armed paper hangers getting the camouflage up before dawn.

The hot sun rose on endless miles of flat gray prairie, wrinkled with white chalk trench. Here and there stood an optimistic tree or patch of pine. At the left, the dim outline of Reims Cathedral. Over all an interminable, sticky silence.

A glaring white trench in front of the position. Here we slept—or tried to sleep. All work was done at night, and when the sun began to beat down on that white chalk we could smell our burning flesh. So we sat and sweated and cursed the damn fools who sent us there until all known words wore out.

Now and then a distant boom, and high over our heads a load of dynamite whispered past, soft as the rustle of a dress. A still fainter boom as it fell miles behind the lines.

We prayed for a breeze, but the heat closed in, still and terrible. Water was worth a million francs a canteenful, and there was no water—only hot driblets smuggled up during the night. Centuries ago the grass had withered and dried, and from out of the gray remains a few poppies blazed. Otherwise, dreary desert waste, humming with a ceaseless and invisible activity. That was by day.

WITH the first signs of dusk the armies came trooping over the rearward crest. Miles and miles of men, walking in single file; machine guns and *Minenwerfers* silhouetted against the red sky like the spars of a shipyard. Doughboys, doughboys, doughboys—French, American, and Pole—marched into the wilderness, and the earth swallowed them up.

By morning it was the same waste land—empty, silent as the grave.

So many thousands upon thousands swarmed under the earth, so many thousands kept coming in, that the impending battle seemed like the end of the world. A good time to dig—and dig deep. We wore out fifty picks and shovels the first three nights, and so arranged our gun pits that it would take a direct hit to kill. Every cubic inch of chalk went into a sandbag and was piled around the guns.

Not a man stuck his nose from under the camouflage, except at night, when there were

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LIBERTY Employs No Solicitors to Sell Subscriptions

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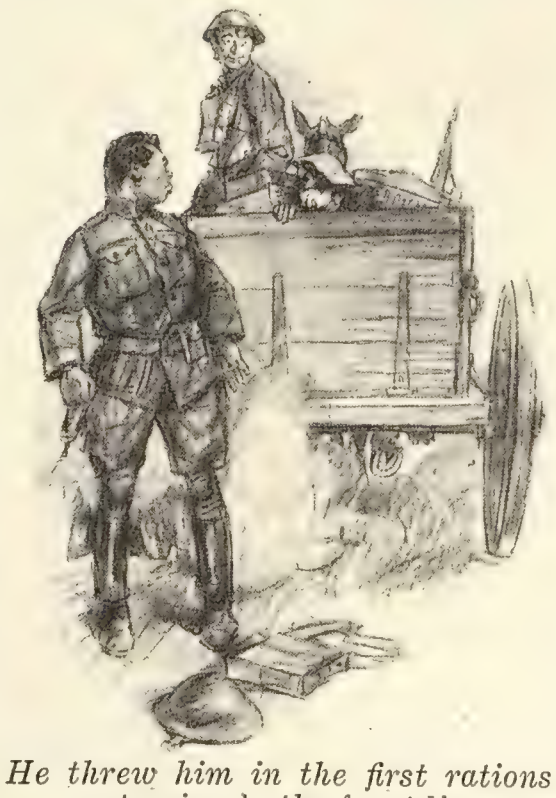
[WAR BUGS Continued from page forty-nine]

official powwows in the second section gunpit. The officers discussed the battle and our probable part. Armor piercing shells were passed out for use against the tanks.

An officer in one of the other batteries went off his nut from continued tension, and prophesied the Germans would mow through as they had on the Somme; and that we would all be killed. The men liked him and kept his remarks from reaching the colonel.

We were rehearsed in pointblank fire and destruction of the gun in the event of capture. Machine guns were mounted to the right and left of the battery to cover possible retreat.

Still the silence and furnace heat. The air quivered with it. A hot wind whirled tons of chalk dust into our eyes and lungs. The men were white as millers. The tension became unbearable.



He threw him in the first rations cart going to the front line.

July 10. Suddenly the air swarmed with planes. Concealment was abandoned on both sides. From our forward observation posts we watched innumerable field gray caissons of the enemy roll up to the front lines and empty their loads of shell. Openly, countless German engineers arrived with ramps with which to bridge the trenches. Field guns wheeled up and were placed.

On our side of the lines thousands of Chasseurs appeared from the rear in broad daylight and sank into the earth, already bloated with men. Battery after battery of 75s lined up beside us on the plain. Had they been placed in straight lines, the field guns alone would have stood hub to hub, two deep, across the entire front—the heaviest artillery concentration in the history of the world. Still not a shot.

JULY 11. General Gouraud addressed the following order to the Fourth French Army, of which the Rainbow Division was a part. The order was read at sunset by a little French lieutenant, his uniform shining blue in the clear dusk, his voice shrill with excitement:

"Soldiers of the Fourth Army! You will be attacked at any moment. All of you must feel that a battle was never fought before under more favorable conditions. You are warned. You are on your guard. You will fight on ground you have transformed by your hard work into a mighty fortress. You will be invincible if the passages are guarded.

"The bombardment will be terrible—but you will withstand it without weakening. The assault will be made in clouds of smoke, dust, and gas. It will be terrific. But your position and your arms are formidable.

"In your breasts beat the brave, strong hearts of freemen. No one will look back. No one will yield an inch. Each of you will have but one thought—to kill, and to kill, and to kill!

"Your general says you will break this assault—gloriously!

"It will be a great day for France!

"GOURAUD."

At the bottom of this prose poem were the idiotic words: "Approved: Major General So-and-So. Order to be read to troops: Colonel So-and-So, Chief of Staff." But even these evidences of red tape did not diminish the effect on the spine.

Still the silence. On the 12th planes became more numerous, more active. At sunrise and sunset the sky was black with them. More and more ammunition came up. We dug a little deeper, banked a little higher.

The 14th was Bastille Day. Barrels of Pinard were rolled openly up to the first line. The whisper ran around the plain that if the Germans held their fire any longer, the French would attack first in celebration of their national holiday.

WE rolled in that night, certain that something would happen. Sure enough, at 10 o'clock a hot barrage drummed on the left. It ended as suddenly as it began. A gallant handful of French volunteers had made a quick raid for prisoners. They caught a few shock troops entering the German front lines and dragged them back. Gouraud learned the hour of attack.

Just to be sure, he shot a few of the boys over on the right, under another swift barrage. Their prisoners corroborated the news. The German attack was to commence at midnight. Fifty miles back the Kaiser was sitting in a watch tower with a bucket of Iron Crosses and a nickel's worth of cut plug.

Gouraud was one of those boys who thought on his feet. He immediately withdrew all of his troops from the impregnable first line trench. Next the dugouts, sixty feet underground, were filled with mustard gas. A few immortal volunteers—all dead now—were left in the trench, with orders to send up caterpillar rockets on the arrival of the Germans. Half the field pieces, our own included, were then trained on our abandoned first line.

Fifteen minutes to 12.

The men were awakened and

told the attack had come. Blankets were rolled. We scrambled into gas coats and masks, and the crews were beside the guns at the second of 12. At that second the silent night was ripped apart by a sheet of flame forty miles long, as thousands of cannon not trained on the front line cut loose.

The crash of sound that followed is comparable to nothing on earth. The world bucked like a mule. After the first deafening roar the guns hit a crescendo that went up, up, up, and never seemed to ease. A deeper, rolling roar as the Germans started in. Bright flashes ahead and to the right as shells smashed around the positions; dense gray and black clouds in the red night.

We yelled at the top of our lungs and pointed out new bursts. Voices vanished in the cataclysm of sound. Harley Tucker's dog Topsy tore around the gunpits in a frenzy, trying to add her yips to the tumult.

Number One men braced against the guns, waiting for the signal to fire. Officers strained their eyes against the blazing front, waiting for the caterpillar rockets announcing the arrival of the enemy and the death of the volunteers. Rockets of every color and description streamed across the sky, but never the right one. Overhead, the rush of shell; behind, around, in front, a jumping sheet of flame. In the fluttering glare, clouds of smoke pushed up as the shells wheeled in. The whistle of fragments around the position.

We were too spellbound to duck. Cannoneers hovered near the pieces and nervously rolled cigarettes. Why the hell didn't we fire? Gunners looked at their sight bubbles for the thousandth time. Number Two men fondled the shells.

UP went a rocket dump—thousands of blues and greens and reds popping in the cluster.

"Whoopee!" yelled Johnny Stovich. "That got 'em." He attempted a slight Czecho-Slovakian hornpipe. The entire sky dripped with pretty color.

An indistinct crash and shower of sparks two feet from the second gun. A couple of sandbags were knocked away. We thanked our God we had dug deep. The big shells were coming closer now. They were hardly noticed in the excitement. Now and then the curious, penetrating ping of gas, and coats were drawn a little tighter. The wind was in our favor and the fumes were carried forward.

White hot incendiary shells sailed over our heads like comets, and landed in a pine wood. Immediately the entire plain lighted up in a wild shade of cerise. Miles away it was possible to read a newspaper. (Nobody was caught reading one.)

An extra big shell found an ammunition dump. There was a volcano of smoke and flame, and the pink sky was peppered with 10,000 white puffs—cute little things, like snowballs. A feeble rattle of shrapnel came through the uproar.

At the first ray of dawn the Germans came over. The caterpillar rockets finally burst in squirming beads of pearls. Down came Lieutenant Stone's arm. We were at last pumping them over, cursing the easy cadence. Range, 1,700 meters.

THE noise following the last rocket burst was unbelievable. Anyone not present in the Champagne on the morning of July 15, 1918, may be able to imagine a minimum of the inferno by riding the bumpers of a freight train going a million miles an hour over a wabbly trestle. Words are no good, certainly.

Hundreds of German planes boiled up from nowhere and dived up and down the trenches, raking the doughboys with machine gun fire. The French—hopelessly outnumbered—swarmed out to meet them, and were shot down in flames.

One bright German dived on the battery position and emptied his belts into the camouflage. Vic Stangel, Cush Pryor, and Quisno sicked our machine guns, "Min" and "Andy Gump," on the big slob, and he ran like a whitehead.

Topsy, our dog, and a couple of pups got in front of the fourth gun, and the crew had to cease fire while Tucker brought them back. It involved dodging a great many shells. With magnificent disdain for certain death, a Frog battery galloped across the field, Crimean style, and planked their guns 100 yards to the right. No camouflage. No gunpits. Nothing but guts and hope of the hereafter.

Their guns were trained. The firing officer stood beside them with a field glass. We pinched ourselves. Were these the bimbos that used to dive in the Lunéville abris whenever a shell fell a mile away? Well, that's a Frog for you. Put them on a safe front and they want to live forever. Sing the Marseillaise and they'll jump into hell fire yelling hallelujah.

Three minutes after they were in position the Frogs were pegging them over. The surrounding noise made their fire sound like popcorn, but they were raising hell all right. Their officer was firing pointblank at moving targets.

All of a sudden—*whooosh!* and it looked as if Vesuvius had opened under their feet. A mass of black and gray brown smoke mushroomed up from where we saw them last, as a flock of six inch shells dumped in. One of the prettiest sights of the war followed. A streak of fire shot through the dark cloud. The first gun was still firing. Another flash. The third was still there. For five minutes, intermittent bursts. Then a single brave flash, twice.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[WAR BUGS
Continued from page fifty-one]

The cloud drifted away, leaving a clutter of gun tubes and broken wheels. Two or three survivors writhed on the ground.

Over on the left, black clouds arose from Reims Cathedral, on fire. In front, a boiling bank of dirty smoke, hiding the flower of the Prussian Guard. In back, the ammunition trains racing across the fields at a dead gallop, the drivers beating their horses with steel helmets. Shells landed right in their way, as they performed a brilliant right into line. More shells. A left turn back to the road, with everybody in the field cheering the corporal in charge. Ten times he outguessed the German gunners and missed death by an eyelash. They were from the 117th Ammunition Train, an expert bunch.

OUR own teams galloped up, with shells dropping between the carriages. With the added thrill of knowing all the drivers, our helmets bounced off the camouflage every time they appeared out of the smoke—every man bent over in the saddle, every man glued to his horse.

Three German sausage balloons were set on fire within five minutes, filling the dusky sky with smoke and flames. Six tiny observers danced down on parachutes—an aërial Punch and Judy show. One was caught in a falling balloon and burned alive. A battery of heavies which had displaced our kitchen was smothered with shellfire. Don McArthur had his face burned off while he was swabbing out the gun. Somebody yanked the lanyard too soon. A shell landed in one of the gunpits and wounded Lieutenant Wegner. He lay like Wolfe at Quebec (except that he didn't say anything about Gray's Elegy. He said a lot of other things, though, just as good).

A detail of heroes ran the gantlet and brought coffee at 9 o'clock. The guns were so hot now that they had to be swabbed after every shot. The cadence increased. Germans were getting through.

A shell hit the post of command and buried Lieutenant Stone, who was trying to sneak over a shave. It blew his shaving materials into Russia, where they weren't needed. Otherwise, no damage.

Meanwhile the drivers were chasing more ammunition. They reached one dump just in time to see it blow up. The same thing happened at the second, third, and fourth dumps. It got to be silly. Finally they got a load back to the guns early in the afternoon.

What with this and what with that, they had been having a hot time at the horse lines. Before the battle started, the drivers had been screaming their hearts out because Colonel Reilly had chucked them in an acre of scrub pine, whereas Indiana basked in comfortable barracks 500 meters away.

They were still pretty sore when the battle started and Indiana's barracks suddenly arose and began turning over and over. The air was filled with horses, men, and more profanity than was necessary. Of course, the survivors bolted for our woods. The drivers hinted that they'd better move on. Nobody knew where the next consignment of T. N. T. was going to land, and we wanted a fast track. Also, a great love for Colonel Reilly suddenly was born in the bosom of every man present.

Indiana's horses broke loose and ran all around the battery, getting killed and putting us on edge with their screams. Sam Wallace and Bob Beuhler shot the daylights out of a German plane.

Meanwhile the battle hung in the balance. An interpreter dodged past the position, on the run. We buttonholed him, fed him corn willie, and shook him down for information.

The private wept and declared his patriotism in such ardent terms that the French General Staff nearly wept themselves.

We were especially interested in news of Alabama. For a week the French had been fuming at the presence of our prize battlers in the lines. The boys had been champing at the bit and pulling the poilus' whiskers to pass the time away. One night they stole some of our ammunition boxes and erected a signboard along the front that ran, subject to some expurgation, as follows:

Germans, Give Your Heart and Soul to Jesus, Because Your Neck Belongs to Alabam'.

They further diverted themselves by scraping the warm red paint from the ammunition boxes and fixing themselves up to look like Red Indians. They stripped to the waist and painted terrifying designs on their arms, faces, and chests, applying what was left to the indignant Frogs. The latter demanded that Alabama quit clowning or get out of the sector. They had some feeling that such maniacs would do more harm than good.

SO we were delighted when the interpreter told how our favorite hoodlums had mixed with the Prussian Guard. At the moment of collision Alabam' boiled over the trenches like all the fiends in hell and began throwing the Germans up for grabs. They worked with knives and hand grenades exclusively. (One squad polished off twenty-six of the Guard without firing a shot.) When they ran out of hand grenades, they threw their helmets and cans of corn willie, whooping like wild Indians all through the day. Their losses in killed and wounded were shocking, but not a German lived within reach of their steel.

"They are eensane—those men," the interpreter complained. "They do not know the meaning of death. But what fighters! They make the English look like children!"

So with New York and Iowa. At the key point of the River Suippes we were eating them alive. Every hour or two our doughboys had to clear away the dead that were piled in front of the machine gun emplacements. The front line abris, filled with mustard gas, were choked with the Germans who had sought refuge from the murderous fire of our own guns. It was a holy cleanup.

These optimistic tidings were slightly offset by the spectacle of five or six hundred men in blue doing a Marathon toward the rear. Since they wore the mortarboard *kepis* of the Foreign Legion, notoriously a gang of fighting fools, it was quite disturbing. We tripped a couple as they whizzed by and asked them where they thought they were going.

"Chicago!" they replied, and kept on running.

A few paused at the position for their second wind, and went into

the matter at greater length. They were not the Foreign Legion, as we had supposed, but the Polish Legion, recruited a few months before from the stockyards of Chicago. Ten minutes after hitting the front line they discovered that it was all a terrible mistake, and were doing their best to forget it. We gave them some letters to mail and the Marathon continued.

As they were passing the horse line, Pappy Le Prohon lassoed one of them and, also misled by the blue uniform, demanded news of the battle in voluble French. The Pole looked at Pappy's silver shoulder bars and gave him a big push. Evidently, he was disgusted.

"Where do you get this French chatter?" he asked. "Isn't your own language good enough for you? And you a lieutenant! Shame on you! Talk English, if you got anything to say!"

Pappy's eyes bulged. His underlip became a blue toy balloon. He socked the Polack in the jaw and threw him in the first rations cart going to the front line.

Noon. We were abruptly ordered to cease fire. Gradually the bubbling roar slowed down. The German attack was broken.

Early in the afternoon they reformed. The guns roared back for five hours. Soon they got sick of it and quit. The firing dwindled again into the haphazard pot shots of any active sector.

We shed our gas clothes and undershirts and flopped in the chalk to sleep—sun or no sun, shells or no shells. We were dirty as pigs, tired to death, and very happy. Colonel Reilly sent his compliments for our day's work. The Intelligence reported an overwhelming victory, with thousands of German dead.

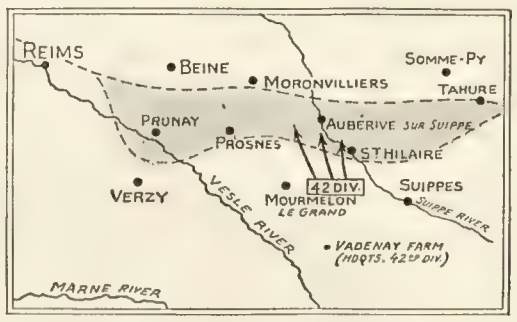
During the night we kept a harassing fire on the enemy lines. We were shelled heavily, and again saved by the strength of our positions. A German plane dived at the guns, firing at the flashes. Steel helmets shed a few bullets.

ANOTHER German attack the next morning. More firing, and rumors of a counterattack. Gas, and those suffocating masks. Then a drenching rain. After nearly two weeks without sleep or much food, the rain was a bad poke in the morale. The men flopped in their slickers and slept, the rain beating in their faces.

On July 18 it was announced that the French and Americans had struck from Soissons to Reims and were going through. Early reports were that the salient was cut and that 1,000,000 Germans were prisoners. Moreover, that the attack was made possible by our defense of the Champagne.

Immediately our morale jumped to 1,000. We felt that the Allies would never stop going now, and that the war was about over. When it was announced that we were leaving for Château-Thierry to help run them ragged, our feelings ran away with us.

When the moon rose that night, we pulled out, covered with chalk and glory. The French turned out to cheer and say good-by. The rendezvous was five kilometers from the guns. We made it on the double, for superstitious reasons. After five days of death by an eyelash, we weren't going to get knocked off on any country road.



A map of the Champagne battle area. The shaded portion shows where the Germans tried to break through the Franco-American front.

We talked it over on the run. In three days we had fired 5,000 rounds into infantry advancing in mass formation. In our little department, eight waves of shock troops with do or die orders had been repulsed without setting foot in the first line trench. We knew then that the Forty-second Division could spot the German army five lines of trench and lick them, hands down. We admitted it while rolling Bull Durham cigarettes in the rain and lighting them with French sulphur matches. The blue sulphur flame asphyxiated, but it was better than getting shot for showing a light on the march. Thereafter we smoked them in the palms of our hands, crushing the coal like Spartans at the approach of an officer.

WE shook a few bones and bottles and slept in the woods with the other logs. The next night we moved on to Vitry la Ville, our entraining point. Some of the drivers went to Chalôns for horses, and reported that the town had been nearly destroyed by shells and incendiary bombs. Thousands of women and children were sleeping in the fields and along the roads.

The little Greek installed his kitchen in a lady's front yard and at once began making passes. He was again caught peddling with the rations with many winks and gestures. Somebody crowned him.

Lieutenant Stone was promoted to captain, a just and welcome reward for our work of the past few days. Seeking to celebrate, he passed out quantities of Minerva bis-kweet, tasty but slightly greasy. There was an immediate epidemic of bellyache and we wished he had been reduced to the ranks instead.

In the early dawn of July 22 we entrained for Château-Thierry. We loaded in forty-five minutes—a regimental record. Every town through which we passed was hung with American flags. Women and children cheered and threw kisses, and we hit the next line in a swell frame of mind.

Onward to the Ourcq River and new glory, this Rainbow battery is rushed to help stem the German tide. New trench warfare, many new thrills are part of the fifth installment of War Bugs in next week's Liberty.

free prizes to boys!

Two prize-winners choosing up before the game.

Smiling Phillip Harris is another happy prize-winner.

Gordon Shumaker has a right to be proud of his wonderful collection of prizes.

BOYS! Here's your chance to get some wonderful prizes free! Send the coupon below and we will mail you our big catalog showing more than 350 great prizes. Thousands of boys all over the United States and Canada are winning bicycles, baseball suits, gloves, balls, tennis rackets, golf equipment, games and many other things every regular fellow wants to own. It's easy. In addition we will show you how to earn money every week. You don't need one penny to start. We supply full instructions. You don't need to leave your own neighborhood. Work in your spare time—just as you choose. Send the coupon today. Remember it costs you nothing. Don't delay! Don't miss this opportunity.

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Making Up for Beauty

By

EILEEN BOURNE

Such heavy lips, studded eyelashes, and ring around the rosy cheeks are to be observed all too often. They detract from natural beauty. A hard and vulgar look is given by exaggerated make-up even to a pretty face.

MAKE-UP has only one purpose—to flatter. But flattery never must be laid on so thickly as to seem like contempt. Women who slap on coloring matter with no attempt at subtlety are treating their faces as if they were barn doors.

The difference between good and bad use of cosmetics is a matter of taste and care. The one takes no more time than the other.

After the face is cleansed thoroughly you should first apply a foundation cream or paste. This has a threefold purpose—to protect the face, to further the smooth application of rouge, and to facilitate removal of cosmetics at night.

Over this film dab three dots of rouge in triangular formation, not too close to the nose. With the finger or a flat orange stick blend the color into the cheeks in such a way as to round out the contour and graduate the color. Study your cheek bones to find out where the highest light should come. Then powder lightly and evenly over the entire face, rouge the lips, and touch the tips of the eyelashes with mascaro or a brown pencil.

Be sure to choose a tint of rouge and powder which blends with your natural flesh tones. Never use white powder or bright pink rouge and lip stick. Always aim for a perfectly natural effect. For example, some women must rest content with a faint suggestion of color.

For evening you may heighten every application. Indeed, as one French society woman told me, this is quite necessary for that look of femininity now somewhat diminished by short hair. Nevertheless, stay your hand from any lurid effect. Don't let your eyelashes drip nor paint pin wheels on your cheeks.

Look at these pictures and see the difference between artistic and inartistic make-up!

Would you think this was the same young woman pictured at the left above? Artistic make-up explains the transformation. The eyes are now soft, the coloring is smooth and delicate, and the whole impression one of fastidious individuality, permitting the real expression to be observed.

Here again the attention at once is drawn to the amount of cosmetics employed. Only a minimum is permissible for street and daytime wear. Otherwise the face acquires a bold look which obliterates all natural charm.

For this natural and attractive make-up only the tips of the eyelashes have been touched, and on cheeks and lips only a touch of color has been smoothly applied.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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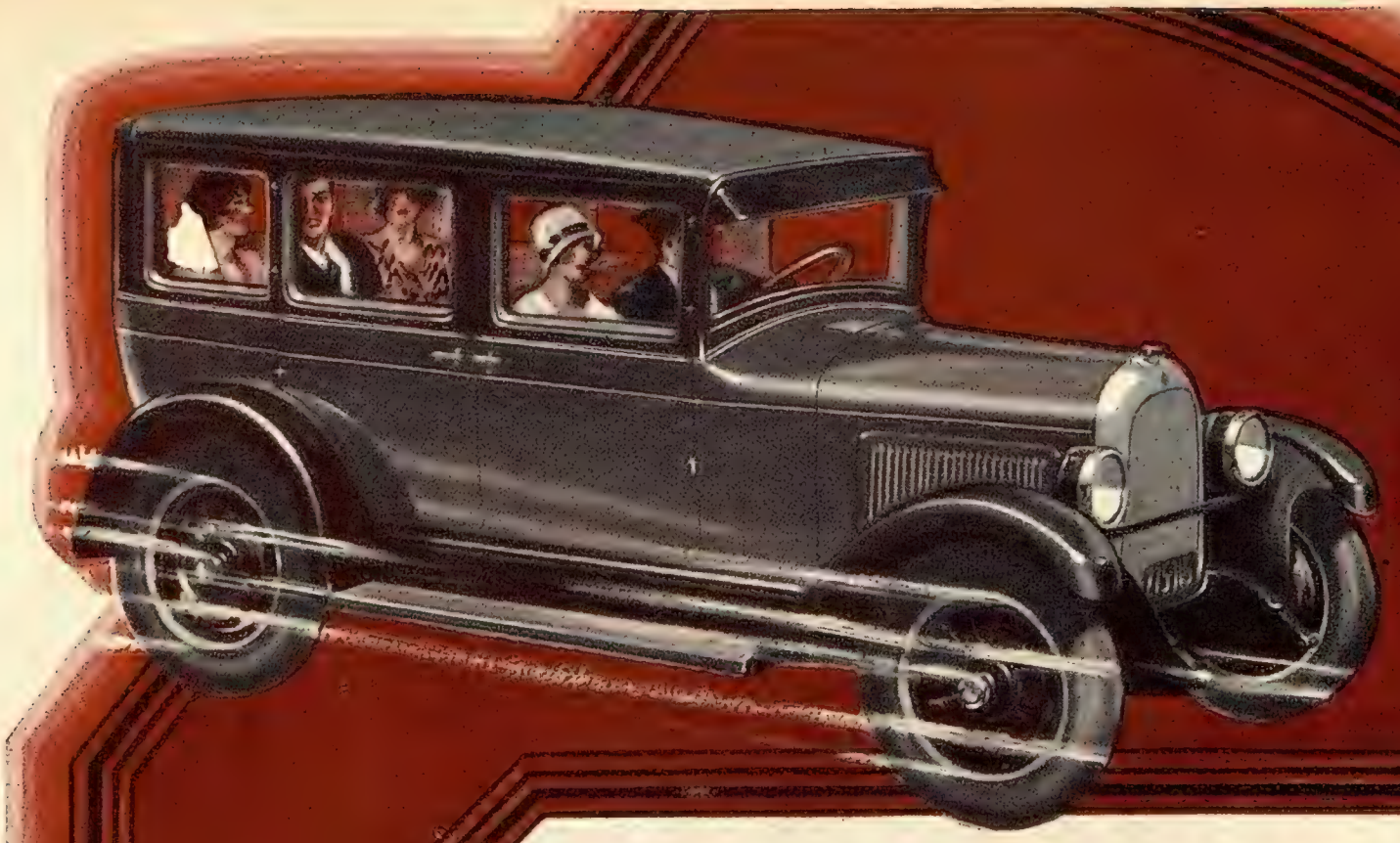

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In definite dollar-for-dollar value there are no 4-door enclosed cars on the market comparable to the Whippet Four and Whippet Six Sedans.

This is true not only because these smart Sedans are the lowest priced in the world, but because they represent the most advanced ideas in automotive engineering, both mechanically and artistically.

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FOURS *and* SIXES

6-cylinder Sedan

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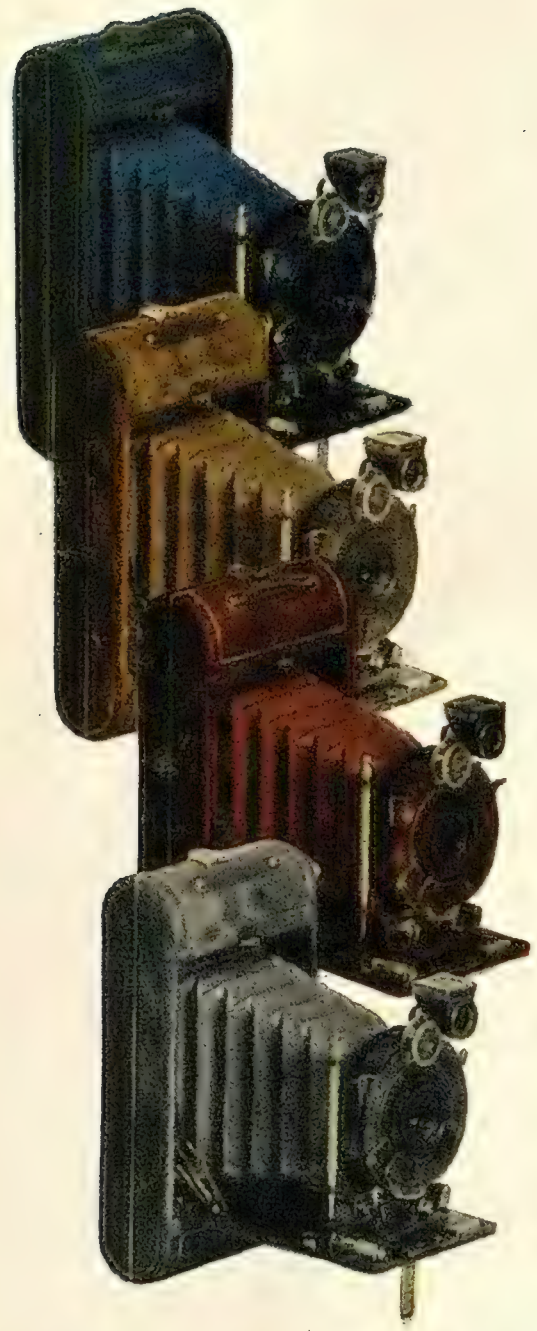

KODAK answers the Call to Colors

Bluebird ✓ ✓ ✓ Redbreast ✓ ✓ ✓ Cockatoo ✓ ✓ ✓ Sea Gull and Jenny Wren ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓

WITH this alluring variety in the new Vanity Kodaks, Eastman answers the call to colors. Thus the latest Kodak creations join the legion of products paying homage to color in LIBERTY.

Perfect reproduction, the essence of fine photography, is also the test of good printing. It is a tribute to a magazine's full-color achievements when masters of reproduction choose that medium for expressing their own products in four-color printing.

Paper is the registering *film* of the press. The quality of paper used by LIBERTY *does* make a *difference*. Exclusively made super-calendered heavy stock is a factor in LIBERTY'S superior four-color work.

Vanity Kodaks, come in five lovely colors to harmonize with one's costume

Frank Seaman Inc., prepares the advertising of the Eastman Kodak Company. It appears regularly in LIBERTY.

The advertiser's original plates used in a recent Eastman advertisement have been used in this reproduction. The paper is of the same grade, made solely for LIBERTY.

LIBERTY publishes more four-color advertisements in proportion to its total advertising pages than any other weekly magazine. Performance is the answer. Compare the printing!

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Money for Nothing

"A headache like yours? Where do you get that stuff? My headache's a darned sight worse than your headache!"

(Reading time: 23 minutes 15 seconds.)

In Which a Bad Little Girl Leaves Sorrow Behind Her

A Serial by

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

JOHN CARROLL was the victim of knock-out drops. He lay unconscious behind bars in a room at Healthward Ho, the physical culture establishment of one Dr. Twist.

There was no steadier young man in England than John. He was the nephew of Lester Carmody, bachelor squire of Rudge Hall, some twenty miles distant. John belonged, in short, to an honored family with heirlooms, and some of the most valuable of these were at the bottom of his plight.

They had been stolen from Rudge Hall the night before. Sturgis, the butler, had given John a clue. In the middle of the night the old servant had seen Dr. Twist prowling about the house, so John appointed himself detective to drive over to Healthward Ho to investigate. It had to be done quickly, for at 1 o'clock that day he had a date with Pat Wyvern, the charming girl he wanted to marry.

His courtship had not progressed well. His uncle and Pat's father had had a row, and Hugo Carmody, his cousin, had further complicated life by gratuitously proposing to Pat in John's name. Pat illogically flew into a rage with John. But this was happily over.

Before leaving, John thought it best to lay his suspicions before Mr. Molloy and his "daughter" Dolly, American visitors at the Hall. Dolly insisted on going to Healthward Ho with John.

In taking her, John would have been amazed to know that he had beside him the instigator of the crime. The Molloys, really husband and wife, were crooks. They had persuaded the money-worshiping Mr. Carmody to consent to a fake burglary of the entailed family heirlooms—so that they might "buy" them from him. Of course, it was their secret intention to abscond with the antiques.

Dr. Twist, Soapy Molloy's friend, did the actual stealing, hiding the goods, as arranged, in the stair closet at Rudge.

Arrived at Healthward Ho, the resourceful Dolly told Flannery, Twist's assistant, that John was her alcoholic brother. When Twist had doped John and Flannery had locked him up, Dolly doped Twist, putting a lily in his hand for atmosphere. Then she phoned Soapy to "lift" the hidden bag of treasures and be off.

She herself disappeared in John's car.

PART TWELVE

IT had been the opinion of Dolly Molloy, expressed during her conversation with Mr. Twist, that John, on awaking from his drugged slumber, would find himself suffering from a headache. The event proved her a true prophet.

John, as became one who prized physical fitness, had been all his life a rather unusually abstemious young man. But on certain rare occasions dotted through the years of his sojourn at Oxford he had permitted himself to relax—as, for instance, the night of his twenty-first birthday; boat-race night in his freshman year; and, perhaps most notable of all, the night of the university football match in the season when he had first found a place on the Oxford team and had helped to win one of the most spectacular games ever seen at Twickenham.

To celebrate each of these events he had lapsed from his normal austerity, and every time had awakened on the morrow to a world full of grayness and horror and sharp, shooting pains. But never had he experienced anything to compare with what he was feeling now.

He was dimly conscious that strange things must have been happening to him, and that these things had ended by depositing him on a strange bed in a strange room. But he was at present in no condition to give his situation any sustained thought. He merely lay perfectly still, concentrating all his powers on the difficult task of keeping his head from splitting in half.

When eventually, moving with exquisite care, he slid from the bed and stood up, the first thing of which he became aware was that the sun had sunk so considerably that it was now

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page fifty-seven]

shining almost horizontally through the barred window of the room. The air, moreover, which accompanied its rays through the window had that cool fragrance which indicates the approach of evening.

Poets have said some good things, in their time, about this particular hour of the day; but to John on this occasion it brought no romantic thoughts. He was merely bewildered. He had started out from Rudge not long after 11 in the morning, and here it was late afternoon.

He moved to the window, feeling like *Rip van Winkle*. And presently the sweet air, playing about his aching brow, restored him so considerably that he was able to make deductions and arrive at the truth.

The last thing he could recollect was the man Twist handing him a tall glass. In that glass, it now became evident, must have lurked the cause of all his troubles. With an imbecile lack of the most elementary caution, inexcusable in one who had been reading detective stories all his life, he had allowed himself to be drugged.

It was a bitter thought, but he was not permitted to dwell on it for long.

Gradually, driving everything else from his mind, there stole upon him the realization that unless he found something immediately to slake the thirst which was burning him up he would perish of spontaneous combustion. There was a jug on the washstand, and, tottering to it, he found it mercifully full to the brim.

For the next few moments he was occupied, to the exclusion of all other mundane matters, with the task of seeing how much of the contents of this jug he could swallow without pausing for breath.

This done, he was at leisure to look about him and examine the position of affairs. That he was a prisoner was proved directly he tested the handle of the door. And, as further evidence, there were those bars on the window.

Whatever else might be doubtful, the one thing certain was that he would have to remain in this room until somebody came along and let him out.

His first reaction on making this discovery was a feeling of irritation at the silliness of the whole business. Where was the sense of it? Did this man Twist suppose that in the heart of peaceful Worcestershire he could immure a fellow forever in an upper room of his house?

And then his clouded intellect began to function more nimbly.

Twist's behavior, he saw, was not so childish as he had supposed. It had been imperative for him to gain time in order to get away with his loot; and, John realized, he had most certainly gained it. And the longer he remained in this room the more complete would be the scoundrel's triumph.

John became active. He went to the door again and examined it carefully. A moment's inspection showed him that nothing was to be hoped for from that quarter. A violent application of his shoulder did not make this solid oak so much as quiver.

He tried the window. The bars were firm. Tugging had no effect on them.

There seemed to John only one course to pursue.

He shouted.

It was an injudicious move. The top of his head did not actually come off, but it was a very near thing.

By a sudden clutch at both temples he managed to avert disaster in the nick of time, and tottered weakly to the bed. There for some minutes he remained while unseen hands drove red-hot rivets into his skull.

Presently the agony abated. He was able to rise again and make his way feebly to the jug, which he had now come to look on as his only friend in the world. He had just finished his second nonstop draft when something attracted his notice out of the corner of his eye, and he saw that in the window beside him were framed a head and shoulders.

"Hoy!" observed the head, in a voice like a lorry full of steel girders passing over cobblestones. "I've brought you a cuppertea."

The head was red in color and ornamented halfway down by a large and impressive mustache, waxed at the ends. The shoulders were broad and square, the eyes prawnlike. The whole apparition, in short, one could tell at a glance, was a sample or first installment of the person of a sergeant major. And unless he had

Stooping down, he gripped his old friend by his luxuriant hair and waggled his head smartly from side to side.

dropped from heaven—which, from John's knowledge of sergeant majors, seemed unlikely—the newcomer must be standing on the top of a ladder.

And such, indeed, was the case. Sergeant Major Flannery, though no acrobat, had nobly risked life and limb by climbing to this upper window to see how his charge was getting on and to bring him a little refreshment.

"Take your cuppertea, young fellow," said Mr. Flannery.

THE hospitality had arrived too late. In the matter of tea drinking John was handicapped by the fact that he had just swallowed approximately a third of a jug of water. He regretted to be compelled to reject the contribution for lack of space. But, as what he desired most at the moment was human society and conversation, he advanced eagerly to the window.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Flannery's my name, young fellow."

"How did I get here?"

"In that room?"

"Yes."

"I put you there."

"You did, did you?" said John. "Open this door at once, damn you!"

The sergeant major shook his head.

"Language!" he said reprovingly. "Profanity won't do you no good, young man. Cursing and swearing won't 'elp you. You just drink your cuppertea and don't let's have no nonsense. If you'd made a 'abit in the past of drinking more tea and less of the other thing, you wouldn't be in what I may call your present predicament."

"Will you open this door?"

"No, sir, I will not open that door. There aren't going to be no doors opened till your conduct and behavior has been carefully examined in the course of a day or so and we can be sure there'll be no verlence."

"Listen," said John, curbing a desire to jab at this man through the bars with the teaspoon, "I don't know who you are—"

"Flannery's the name, sir, as I said before. Sergeant Major Flannery."

"—but I can't believe you're in this business—"

"Indeed I am, sir. I am Dr. Twist's assistant."

"But this man Twist is a criminal, you fool!"

Sergeant Major Flannery seemed pained rather than annoyed.

"Come, come, sir. A little civility, if you please. This what I may call contumacious attitude isn't helping you. Surely you can see that for yourself. Always remember, sir, the voice with the smile wins."

"This fellow Twist burgled our house last night. And all the while you're keeping me shut up here he's getting away."

"Is that so, sir? What house would that be?"

"Rudge Hall."

"Never heard of it."

"It's near Rudge-in-the-Vale. Twenty miles from here. Mr. Carmody's place."

"Mr. Lester Carmody, who was here taking the cure?"

"Yes. I'm his nephew."

"His nephew, eh?"

"Yes."

"Come, come!"

"What do you mean?"

"It so 'appens," said Mr. Flannery with quiet satisfaction, removing one hand from the window bars in order to fondle his mustache, "that I've seen Mr. Carmody's nephew. Tallish, thinnish, pleasant faced young fellow. He was over here to visit Mr. Carmody during the latter's temp'ry residence. I had him pointed out to me."

Painful though the process was, John felt compelled to grit his teeth.

"That was Mr. Carmody's other nephew."

"Other nephew, eh?"

"My cousin."

"Your cousin, eh?"

"His name's Hugo."

"Hugo, eh?"

"Good God!" cried John. "Are you a parrot?"

Mr. Flannery, if he had not been standing on a ladder, would no doubt have drawn himself up haughtily at this outburst. Being none too certain of his footing, he contented himself with looking offended.

"No, sir," he said, with a dignity which became him well; "in reply to your question, I am not a parrot. I am a salaried assistant at Dr. Twist's health establishment, detailed to look after the patients and keep them away from the cigarettes and see that they do their exercise in a proper manner. And, as I said to the young lady, I understand human nature and am a match for artfulness of any description. What's more, it was precisely this kind of artfulness on your part the young lady warned me against.

"'Be careful, sergeant major,' she said to me, clasping her 'ands in what I may call an agony of appeal, 'that this poor, misguided young son of a what-not don't come it over you with his talk about being the lost heir of some family living in the near neighborhood. Because he's sure to try it on, you can take it from me, sergeant major,' she said.

"And I said to the young lady, 'Miss,' I said, 'he won't come it over Egbert Flannery. Not him. I've seen too much of that sort of thing, miss,' I said.

"And the young lady said, 'Gawd's strewth, sergeant major,' she said, 'I wish there was more men in the world like you, sergeant major, because then it would be a damn sight better place than it is, sergeant major.'"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY]

The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms

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Even during the shortest stay, a guest realizes the time-saving that is possible at the Madison and Clark intersection—giving quicker access than any other hotel to railroad terminals, offices, and downtown theatres, as well as the retail and wholesale districts.

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CLARK AND MADISON STREETS

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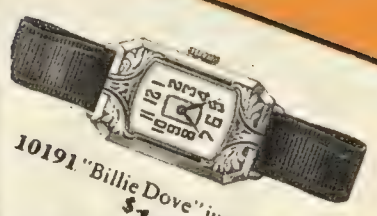
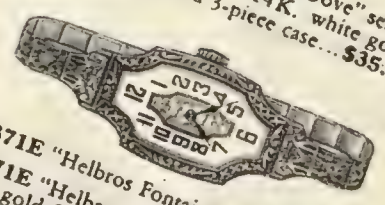
"Billie Dove"
First National Star, wearing her Helbros Watch



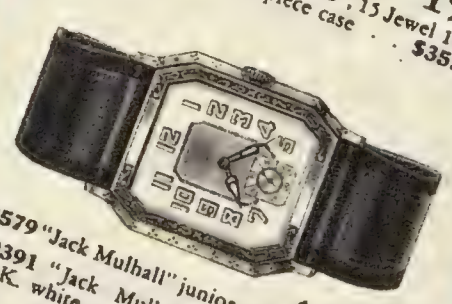
10191 "Billie Dove" junior model $18.00

84451 "Billie Dove" senior, 15 Jewel, 14K. white gold filled 3-piece case . . . $35.00



12371E "Helbros Fontain" . . $19.50

72371E "Helbros Superb", 15 Jewel 14K. white gold filled 3-piece case . . $35.00



2579 "Jack Mulhall" junior model $16.50

49391 "Jack Mulhall" senior, 15 Jewel 14 K. white gold filled 3-piece two-toned case $40.00

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[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page fifty-eight]

He paused. Then, realizing an omission, added "she said."

John clutched at his throbbing head.

"Young lady? What young lady?"

"You know well enough what young lady, sir. The young lady what brought you here to leave you in our charge. That young lady."

"That young lady?"

"Yes, sir. The one who brought you here."

"Brought me here?"

"And left you in our charge."

"Left me in your charge?"

"Come, come, sir!" said Mr. Flannery. "Are you a parrot?"

The adroit thrust made no impression on John. His mind was too busy to recognize it for what it was—*viz.*, about the cleverest repartee ever uttered by a non-commissioned officer of his majesty's regular forces.

A MONSTROUS suspicion had smitten him, with the effect almost of a physical blow. Suspicion? It was more than a suspicion. If it was at Dolly Molloy's request that he was now locked up in this infernal room, then, bizarre as it might seem, Dolly Molloy must in some way be connected with the nefarious activities of the man Twist.

The links that connected the two might be obscure, but as to the fact there could be no doubt whatever.

"You mean—" he gasped.

"I mean your sister, sir, who brought you over here in her car."

"What! That was my car."

"No, no, sir, that won't do. I saw her myself driving off in it some hours ago. She waved her 'and to me," said Mr. Flannery, caressing his mustache and allowing a note of tender sentiment to creep into his voice. "Yes, sir! She turned and waved her 'and."

John made no reply. He was beyond speech. Trifling though it might seem to an insurance company, in comparison with the loss of Rudge Hall's more valuable treasures, the theft of the two-seater smote him a blow from which he could not hope to rally. He loved his Widgeon Seven.

He had nursed it, tended it, oiled it, watered it, watched over it in sickness and in health as if it had been a baby sister. And now it had gone.

"Look here!" he cried feverishly. "You must let me out of here. At once!"

"No, sir. I promised your sister—"

"She isn't my sister! I haven't got a sister! Good heavens, man, can't you understand—"

"I understand very well, sir. Artfulness! I was prepared for it." Sergeant Major Flannery paused for an instant. "The young lady," he said dreamily, "was afraid, too, that you might try to bribe me. She warned me most particular."

John did not speak. His Widgeon Seven! Gone!

"Bribe me!" repeated Sergeant Major Flannery, his eyes widening. It was evident that the mere thought of such a thing sickened this good man. "She said you would try to bribe me to let you go."

"Well, you can make your mind easy," said John between his teeth. "I haven't any money."

There was a moment's silence. Then Mr. Flannery said "Ho!" in a rather short manner. And silence fell again.

It was broken by the sergeant major in a moralizing vein.

"It's a wonder to me," he said, and there was peevishness in his voice, "that a young fellow with a lovely sister like what you've got can bring himself to lower himself to the beasts of the field, as the saying is. Drink in moderation is one thing. Mopping it up and becoming verlent and a nuisance to all is another.

"If you'd ever seen one of them lantern slides showing what alcohol does to the liver of the excessive drinker, maybe you'd have pulled up sharp while there was time. And not," said the sergeant major, still with that oddly querulous note in his voice, "have wasted all your money on what could only do you 'arm. If you 'adn't of give in so to your self-indulgence and what I may call besottedness, you would now 'ave your pocket full of money to spend how you fancied." He sighed. "Your cuppertea's got cold," he said moodily.

"I don't want any tea."

"Then I'll be leaving you," said Mr. Flannery. "If you require anything, press the bell. Nobody'll take any notice of it."

He withdrew cautiously down the ladder; and, having paused at the bottom to shake his head reproachfully, disappeared from view.

JOHN did not miss him. His desire for company had passed. What he wanted now was to be alone and to think. Not that there was any likelihood of his thoughts being pleasant ones. The more he contemplated the iniquity of the Molloy family, the deeper did the iron enter into his soul. If ever he set eyes on Thomas G. Molloy again—

He set eyes on him again, oddly enough, at this very moment. From where he stood looking through the bars of the window, there was visible to him a considerable section of the drive. And up the drive at this juncture, toiling painfully, came Mr. Molloy in person, seated on a bicycle.

As John craned his neck and glared down with burning eyes, the rider dismounted; and the bicycle, which appeared to have been waiting for the chance, bit him neatly in the ankle with its left pedal. John was too far away to hear the faint cry of agony which escaped the suffering man, but he could see his face. It was a bright crimson face, powdered with dust, and its features were twisted in anguish.

John went back to the jug and took another long drink. In the spectacle just presented to him he had found a faint, feeble glimmering of consolation.

II

ON leaving John, Sergeant Major Flannery's first act was to go to what he was accustomed to call the orderly room and make his report. He reached it only a few minutes after its occupant's return to consciousness. Chimp Twist had opened his eyes and staggered to his feet at just about the moment when the sergeant major was offering John the cup of tea.

Mr. Twist's initial discovery, like John's, was that he had a headache. He then set himself to try to decide where he was. His mind clearing a little, he was enabled to gather that he was in England, and—assembling the facts by degrees—in his study at Healthward Ho (formerly Graveney Court), Worcestershire. After that, everything came back to him, and he stood holding to the table with one hand and still grasping the lily with the other, and gave himself up to scorching reflections on the subject of the resourceful Mrs. Molloy.

He was still busy with these when there came a forceful knock on the door and Sergeant Major Flannery entered.

Chimp's grip on the table tightened. He held himself together like one who sees a match set to a train of gunpowder and awaits the shattering explosion. His visitor's lips had begun to move, and Chimp could guess how that parade ground voice was going to sound to a man with a headache like his.

"H'rarph'm," began Mr. Flannery, clearing his throat. And Chimp, with a sharp cry, reeled to a chair and sank into it. The noise had hit him like a shell. He cowered where he sat, peering at the sergeant major with haggard eyes.

"Ooer!" boomed Mr. Flannery, noting these symptoms. "You aren't looking up to the mark, Mr. Twist."

Chimp dropped the lily, feeling the necessity of having both hands free. He found he experienced a little relief if he put the palms over his eyes and pressed hard.

"I'll tell you what it is, sir," roared the sympathetic sergeant major. "What's 'appened 'ere is that the nasty, feverish cold of yours has gone and struck inwards. It's left your 'ead and has penetrated internally to your vitals. If only you'd have took taraxacum and hops, like I told you—"

"Go away!" moaned Chimp, adding in a low voice what seemed to him a suitable destination.

Mr. Flannery regarded him with mild reproach.

"There's nothing gained, Mr. Twist, by telling me to get to 'ell out of here. I've merely come for the single and simple reason that I thought you would wish to know I've had a conversation with the verlent case upstairs, and the way it looks to me, sir, subject to your approval, is that it 'ud be best not to let him out from under lock and key for some time to come. True, 'e did not attempt anything in the nature of actual physical attack, being prevented, no doubt, by the fact that there was iron bars between him and me, but his manner throughout was peculiar, not to say odd, and I recommend that all communications be conducted till further notice through the window."

"Do what you like," said Chimp faintly.

"It isn't what I like, sir," bellowed Mr. Flannery virtuously. "It's what you like and instruct, me being in your employment and only 'ere to carry out your orders smartly as you give them. And there's one other matter, sir. As perhaps you are aware, the young lady went off in the little car—"

"Don't talk to me about the young lady!"

"I was only about to say, Mr. Twist, that you will doubtless be surprised to hear that, for some reason or another, having started to go off in the little car, the young lady apparently decided on second thoughts to continue her journey by train. She left the little car at Lowick station, with instructions that it be returned 'ere.

"I found that young Jakes, the station master's son, outside with it a moment ago. Tooting the 'orn, he was, the young rascal, and saying he wanted half a crown. Using my own discretion, I gave him sixpence. You may reimburse me at your leisure and when convenient. Shall I take the little car and put it in the garridge, sir?"

Chimp gave eager assent to this proposition, as he would have done to any proposition which appeared to carry with it the prospect of removing this man from his presence.

"IT'S funny, the young lady leaving the little car at the station, sir," mused Mr. Flannery in a voice that shook the chandelier. "I suppose she happened to reach there at a moment when a train was signaled, and decided that she preferred not to overtax her limited strength by driving to London. I fancy she must have had London as her objective."

Chimp fancied so, too. A picture rose before his eyes of Dolly and Soapy reveling together in the metropolis, with the loot of Rudge Hall bestowed in some safe place where he would never, never be able to get at it. The picture was so vivid that he uttered a groan.

"Where does it catch you, sir?" asked Mr. Flannery solicitously.

"Eh?"

"The pain, sir. The agony. You appear to be suffering. If you take my advice, you'll get off to bed and put an 'ot water bottle on your stummick. Lay it right across the abdomen, sir. It may dror the poison out. I had an old aunt—"

"I don't want to hear about your aunt."

"Very good, sir. Just as you wish."

"Tell me about her some other time."

"Any time that suits you, sir," said Mr. Flannery agreeably. "Well, I'll be off and putting the little car in the garridge."

He left the room; and Chimp, withdrawing his hands from his eyes, gave himself up to racking thought.

A MAN recovering from knockout drops must necessarily see things in a jaundiced light; but it is scarcely probable that, even had he been in robust health, Mr. Twist's meditations would have been much pleasanter. Condensed, they resolved themselves, like John's, into a passionate wish that he could meet Soapy Molloy again, if only for a moment.

And he had barely decided that such a meeting was the only thing which life now had to offer, when the door opened again and the maid appeared.

"Mr. Molloy to see you, sir."

Chimp started from his chair.

"Show him in," he said in a tense, husky voice.

There was a shuffling noise without, and Soapy appeared in the doorway.

The progress of Mr. Molloy across the threshold of Chimp Twist's study bore a striking resemblance to that of some spent runner breasting the tape at the conclusion of a more than usually grueling Marathon race.

His hair was disordered, his face streaked with dust and heat, and his legs acted so independently of his body that they gave him an odd appearance of moving in several directions at once. An unbiased observer, seeing him, could not but have felt a pang of pity for this wreck of what had once, apparently, been a fine, upstanding man.

Chimp was not an unbiased observer. He did not pity his old business partner. Judging from a first glance, Soapy Molloy seemed to him to have been caught in some sort of machinery and subsequently run over by several motor lorries, and Chimp was glad of it. He would have liked to seek out the man in charge of that machinery and the drivers of those lorries and reward them handsomely.

"So here you are!" he said.

Mr. Molloy, navigating cautiously, backed and filled in the direction of the armchair. Reaching it after considerable difficulty, he gripped its sides and lowered himself with infinite weariness.

A sharp exclamation escaped him as he touched the cushions. Then, sinking back, he closed his eyes and immediately went to sleep.

Chimp gazed down at him, seething with a resentment that made his headache worse than ever. That Soapy should have had the cold, callous crust to come to Healthward Ho at all after what had happened was sufficiently infuriating. That, having come, he should proceed, without a word of explanation or apology, to treat the study as a bedroom was more than Chimp could endure.

Stooping down, he gripped his old friend by his luxuriant hair and waggled his head

"Go away!" moaned Chimp, adding in a low voice what seemed to him a suitable destination.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[MONEY FOR NOTHING Continued from page sixty-one]

smartly from side to side several times. Soapy sat up.

"Eh?" he said, blinking.

"What do you mean, eh?"

"Which—why—where am I?"

"I'll tell you where you are."

"Oh!" said Mr. Molloy, intelligence returning.

He sank back among the cushions again, finding their softness delightful. In the matter of seats, a man who has ridden twenty miles on an elderly push bicycle becomes an exacting critic.

"Gee! I feel bad!" he murmured.

It was a natural remark, perhaps, for a man in his condition to make; but it had the effect of adding several degrees Fahrenheit to his companion's already impressive warmth. For some moments Chimp Twist, wrestling with his emotion, could find no form of self-expression beyond a curious spluttering noise.

"Yes, sir," proceeded Mr. Molloy, "I feel bad. All the way over here on a bicycle, Chimpie—that's where I've been. It's in the calf of the leg that it gets me principally. There and around the instep. And I wish I had a dollar for every bruise those darned pedals have made on me."

"And what about me?" demanded Chimp, at last ceasing to splutter.

"YES, sir," said Mr. Molloy wistfully; "I certainly wish someone could come along and offer me as much as fifty cents for every bruise I've gotten from the ankles upwards. They've come out on me like a rash or something."

"If you had my headache—"

"Yes, I've a headache, too," said Mr. Molloy. "It was the hot sun beating down on my neck that did it. There were times when I thought really I'd have to pass the thing up. Say, if you knew what I feel like—"

"And how about what I feel like?" shrilled Mr. Twist, quivering with self-pity. "A nice thing that was that wife of yours did to me! A fine trick to play on a business partner! Slipping stuff into my highball that laid me out cold. Is that any way to behave? Is that a system?"

Mr. Molloy considered the point.

"The madam is a mite impulsive," he admitted.

"And leaving me laying there—and putting a lily in my hand!"

"That was her playfulness," explained Mr. Molloy. "Girls will have their bit of fun."

"Fun! Say—"

Mr. Molloy felt that it was time to point the moral.

"It was your fault, Chimpie. You brought it on yourself by acting greedy and trying to get the earth. If you hadn't of stood us up for that sixty-five thirty-five of yours, all this would never have happened. Naturally, no high-spirited girl like the madam wasn't going to stand for nothing like that.

"But listen while I tell you what I've come about. If you're willing to can all that stuff and have a fresh deal, and a square one this time—one-third to me, one-third to you, and one-third to the madam—I'll put you hep to something that'll make you feel good. Yes, sir, you'll go singing about the house."

"The only thing you could tell me that would make me feel good," replied Chimp churlishly, "would be that you'd tumbled off of that bicycle of yours and broken your damned neck."

Mr. Molloy was pained.

"Is that nice, Chimpie?"

MR. TWIST wished to know if, in the circumstances and after what had occurred, Mr. Molloy expected him to kiss him.

"If you had a headache like mine, Chimpie," said Mr. Molloy reproachfully, "you'd know how it felt to sit and listen to an old friend giving you the razz."

Chimp was obliged to struggle for a while with a sudden return of his spluttering.

"A headache like yours? Where do you get that stuff? My headache's a darned sight worse than your headache!"

"It couldn't be, Chimpie."

"If you want to know what a headache really is, you take some of those kayo drops you're so fond of."

"Well, putting that on one side," said Mr. Molloy, wisely forbearing to argue, "let me tell you what I've come here about. Chimpie, that guy Carmody has double crossed us. He was on to us from the start."

"What?"

"Yes, sir. I had it from his own lips in person. And do you know what he done? He took that stuff out of the closet and sent his chauffeur over to Worcester to put it in the left luggage place at the depot there."

"Gee!" said Mr. Twist, impressed. "That was smooth. Then you haven't got it, do you mean?"

"No; I haven't got it."

Mr. Twist had never expected to feel anything in the nature of elation that day or for many days to come. But at these words something like ecstasy came upon him. He uttered a delighted laugh, which, owing to sudden agony in the head, changed to a muffled howl.

"So, after all your smartness," he said, removing his hands from his temples as the spasm passed, "you're no better off than what I am?"

"We're both sitting pretty, Chimpie, if we get together and act quick."

"How's that? Act how?"

"I'll tell you. This chauffeur guy left the stuff and brought home the ticket and he gave it to that young Carroll fellow!" said Mr. Molloy.

Naturally, the two crooks try to get the ticket from John. But such a move is more easily planned than accomplished. Don't miss the climax in next week's installment.

An all satin dress having a white yoke blending into a gray bodice, and topping a black skirt.

This coat, of tweed with blue as the predominating color, is suitable for either afternoon or sports wear.

Gay Accessories

Mark the Early Autumn Mode

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

MAYBE of even more importance than the costumes shown at this season are the instructions about how to wear them and the accessories with which they should be worn. The clever woman retains her warm weather wardrobe until far into fall—or else she is extravagant, for the season proper is very short. Besides, by changing the things accompanying dresses she can change their character almost completely. Afternoon gowns may be made into what some of the English flippantly call informal " rags " for evening. Or, stating the reverse of that truth, the simpler dresses for evening may be made to do extra service of an afternoon for teas and bridge parties, if worn with sleeves.

If there is a fashion idea of news value as such coming out of Paris, it is that sports clothes are sinking into their legitimate place in the scheme of things fashionable. Yet sports clothes are at present more ragingly popular than ever, and are even worn with jewels.

But experts say it is their death fling, and even although they will be a whole season dying, designers now are busily ferreting out materials for autumn that will take the place of chiffons—which is but another way of saying that afternoon fluffy, feminine things in all likelihood will be more necessary than they have been for many a day. The way people are clinging to chiffons in preference to sports clothes as late as possible would indicate that the curtain is rung down on the latter, and they are only taking a few encores now.

However, the coat model shown here, if it has no further value, ought to convince you that such sports things are excellent for the present and many months to come. Keep a dash of the sports feeling in apparel that is a little elaborate, and decidedly a touch of elaborateness in sports clothes, and you are dressed appropriately to your occasion, whatever it is.

Swathe the hips into a contour we call " molded," and with the rest of the costume you may then do just about as you please. Only, if you please to have it ripple and blow as in the summer breezes, which of course continue far into the autumn, this will perhaps be just as well. The trouble about this is that the materials will get a little more substantial than the flimsy chiffons now so dear to us, but so will the breezes.

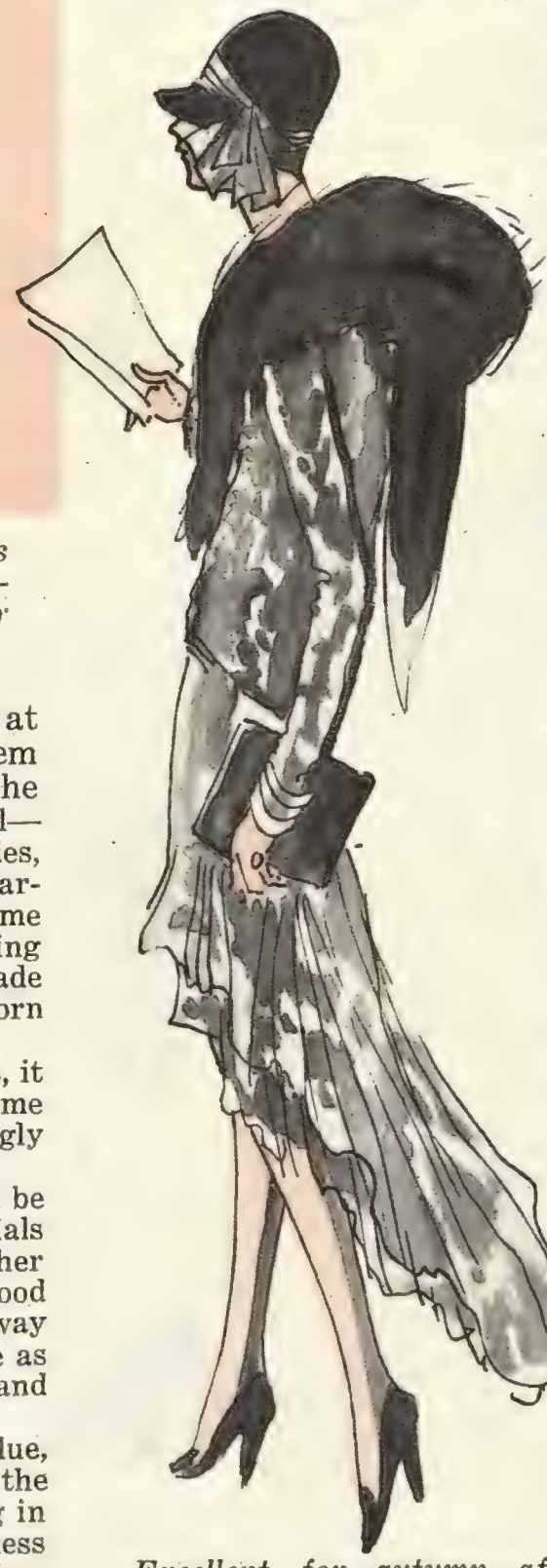
Let us wear stockings a little darker than we are at first inclined to choose. They say that a part of the feminine movement is to wear your stockings darker. The idea is that the hands and the skin of the throat and the browner areas of the face should match the handbag and accessories, while stockings should tune in on a slightly darker note. A whole school of fashionables this season has been opposed to sunburn, and, while giving the impression that they have bathed at Southampton, they decidedly suggest they have protected their complexions as in the days of gentle ladies. This is another detail in the reversion to the feminine in styles.

Gray, which is very feminine, seems to be accepted this autumn as fashionable with greater enthusiasm than it has received in recent years.

With this color, by the way, it is the mode to wear beige and not gray stockings.

You may not realize the fact instantly, but the important points we have mentioned are each and every one carried out in the accompanying models, which are just off the boat.

Our first model is in satin (which is always good in the fall), although it may be developed in crêpe roma. It is arranged in a scale of colors, beginning with a yoke of white above a bodice in diagonal lines of gray, which is attached to a skirt of black satin.



Excellent for autumn afternoons is this frock of brown or beige lace with long, tight sleeves.

THE wrap in the illustration beside the satin dress is the dressiest type of tweed coat known thus far, and this is the smartest sort of wrap to have now.

The smart tweeds of the season are so adaptable in their elegance and their sturdiness that when they are made up as this one is, elaborately, they are appropriate with an afternoon frock, with which they give one the aspect of being sophisticatedly costumed, and they are equally good with sports attire.

The peacock tail, with the length concentrated in the back, is still a favorite silhouette, and is shown in the lower model a little longer as well as a little shorter, or, in other words, is presented as more exaggeratedly the style than ever.

In lace it will be excellent for one of those afternoon " dressy " frocks that every well planned wardrobe should possess.

The girl in the picture is carrying her bag in the smartest possible manner along her lower arm and over the molded hipline.

In chiffon and other silken materials also the dress is excellent in whatever seasons and climes in which it will be appropriate.

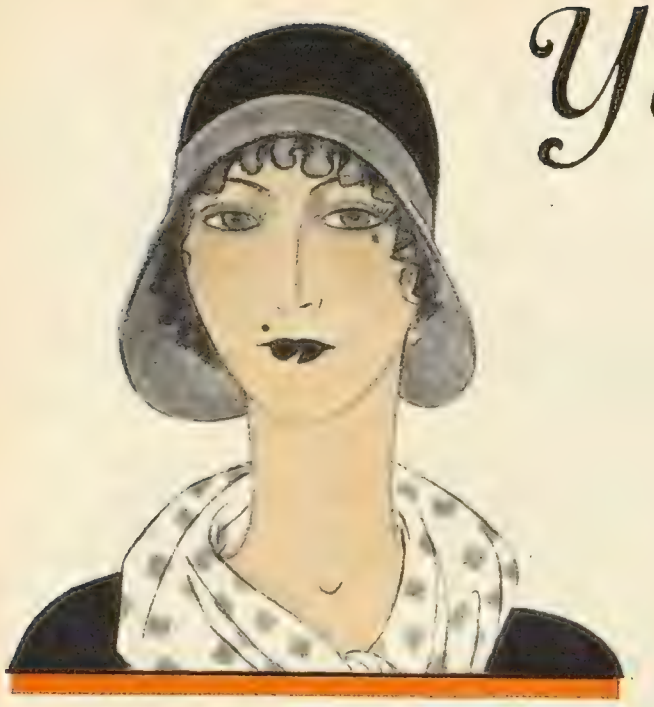
The days will be here before we know it when the fox furs—which in our country during the summer always look a little bedraggled and inappropriate—will be lovely with such dresses as this.

Hats are engaged in the business of doing unexpected things, sometimes lifting the brim on one side over the crown, as in the first model, sometimes fitted closely against the back of the head, as in the second, and sometimes carrying an unexpected amount of trimming, as in the third, where the hat of velvet is given an airy touch with a large *chou* overhanging the brim.

Your Fall Hats

By Bettina Bedwell

Pictures by Fromenti



Agnès places a ruffle of black velvet under the brim of this poke bonnet cloche to increase its aspect of quaintness and charm.

Jean Patou favors the poke bonnet cloche for sports hats. The model is of bronze green velours banded with beige and green grosgrain ribbon.

Bright colored ribbons of varicolored leather are tied around this powder blue felt hat, which is the creation of Colette Goupy.

Paris, August 6.

PLENTY of liberty to choose your own headlines this fall! As the summer hat goes into its annual retirement on September 1, we are offered a dazzling variety of autumn millinery to take its place. There appear, on the surface, to be no handicaps as to shape, color, or previous condition of style servitude, so that apparently we have only to dust off our last year's millinery models to be right in style. But, while there are a good many Paris hats of the vintage of yesteryear, there are too many fascinating strangers for most women to go back to their former loves. It is true that the newest hats have characteristics that remind us of the dear, deserted millinery we wore in 1927, but the effect is entirely different.

Crowns, for instance, have lost some of their height of last season. They are, at their most impressive, this fall, shallow things that extend no lower on the head than the top of the ears. And they fit the top and sides of the head as its leather cover fits the baseball. With crowns so small the brim becomes larger, or it is draped so low at the sides of the head as to make up for any deficiencies of the crown.

A great deal of millinery novelty and chic depends on the brim this season, and the very latest is the modified poke bonnet brim, surrounding a shallow rounded crown. Other smart brims are cut in half and draped or otherwise manipulated to make a pretty face look prettier, or to give prettiness to almost any face.

The ugly is no longer condoned because it is smart, but tiny veils, softly draped folds, small feathers, and velvet weave a spell of charm around the smart head. Whether the hat is brimmed or brimless, it has two characteristics that remain. They are: first, the shallow crown which simply caps the head in a neatly fitting sheath; and, second, the freedom of the forehead. If you have a forehead, prepare to show it now! The "off the eye" movement in hats, which began some time ago, is getting stronger and stronger. Women who formerly discreetly hid both eyebrows and high brows now display both.

As for materials and colors—that depends. In color you are free to choose what you want. The rule is, simply, match your coat, or in some cases your dress. In materials you have felt, taupe soleil, a new kind of velours felt, velvet, silk, fur, and feathers. You may, if your little heart desires, have two materials and two colors. You may be brilliant or somber, just as you wish.

For sports, voyage, or general wear, Paris is very much in favor of the new cloche poke bonnet hat, with a small crown, lots of brim, and a generally romantic appearance. Fromenti has sketched three of these smart hats, all shown at the top of this page.

The first is from Agnès and is a poke bonnet cloche with a very small crown of black felt and a brim, cut in one piece with the headband, made of robin's egg blue felt. The brim falls low over the ears at the sides, and is very short in front and back. The cunning original detail of this hat is a ruching of black velvet ribbon under the brim, which frames the face and completely hides the hair.

The second model shows the newest of poke bonnet cloches for sports, from the smart hat shop of Jean Patou. This hat is made of taupe soleil in the new bronze green. A band of beige grosgrain ribbon is set into the brim, so that it shows on both sides of the hat. This ribbon ties in a bow on the right side. Around the crown is another band and bow of green grosgrain.

Our third poke bonnet cloche, by Colette Goupy, is made of powder blue felt, and its brim droops very low at the sides, exaggerating a bit the usual poke cloche line.

Narrow leather ribbons in red, beige, blue, and shades of green are placed around the crown and tied in a knot on the left side.

The first of the sketches shown in the lower half of the page is the draped fall hat created by Reboux. This hat has the new shape that makes use of half a brim only, thereby getting an unusually smart line.

You have observed that the crown is very shallow, and that the half brim is draped very low over the right ear, and wide beige satin ribbon is placed in folds around the crown and tied in a bow on the brimless left side, toward the front.

Next is illustrated the 1928 model of the beret, which apes the cloche in that it extends low over the ears. On the right side the black velvet crown is draped low in one big fold, and two beige tassels are attached to it—one from its center and the other from the end of the drape. The headband, which is made of beige felt, is brought down in a deep flap over the left ear.

Only half a brim is allotted to many fall hats. This one is by Reboux.

This Le Monnier beret is given charm by beige tassels.

A close fitting cap of white shaved lamb from Colette Goupy is trimmed with bands of black felt.

OUR last sketch shows one of the fashionable turbans that Paris is wearing. This turban is made of white shaved lamb, and is just a close fitting skullcap. Over the cap Colette Goupy places crossed bands of black felt, and a tiny veil of tulle barely covering the eyes adds vastly to its becomingness.

The aim and end of Paris autumn millinery this fall seems to be to restore to the hat its lost dower of lending beauty to the wearer—to be becoming to the individual and not merely a smart work of art in itself.

This cannot fail to cheer the hearts of women who have found the brimless hat a bit trying.

Boston's Biggest Baseball Thrill

How a Team of Cast-offs Became Champions

By Hugh Fullerton

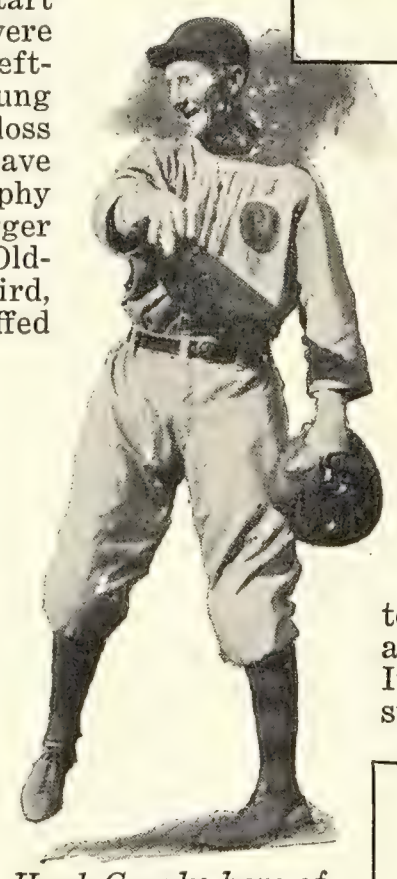
(Reading time: 5 minutes 6 seconds.)

WHEN a baseball team which is supposedly weak comes from behind in its own league to win the championship and upset all the dope, and then, fighting the supposedly greatest team of all time to a finish and beating it twice, comes home on Columbus Day to fight the third battle of the World's Series, you have a situation. That's the reason why Boston always will remember October 12, 1914.

The Braves, an aggregation of cast-offs, youngsters, outworn veterans, has-beens, and never-wasers, directed by the fiery George Stallings, and led by the even more fiery John Evers, with only three pitchers to carry the burden and one in relief, were spilling the dope by trouncing Connie Mack's Athletics.

They had routed Bender and Plank and returned home to meet Bullet Joe Bush. Both teams knew the game was the crucial one of the series.

Stallings had chosen Lefty Tyler to oppose Bush, and from the start the breaks of the game were against the angular lefthander. The Athletics, stung by the prospect of their loss of honors, seemed to have steadied. Eddie Murphy opened with a two bagger down the left field line, Oldring sacrificed him to third, and when Connolly muffed Collins' line fly in left, Murphy scored. Tyler struck out the great Home Run Baker just as Eddie Collins stole second, and McInnis drew a pass. Then Tyler and Evers, working their perfect throw back to second, trapped Collins off the base and stopped the disaster.



Hank Gowdy, hero of the 1914 series.

Had that game been played in this era of home runs, there would have been five made; but in those days short hits over fences or into crowds were two baggers under ground rules.

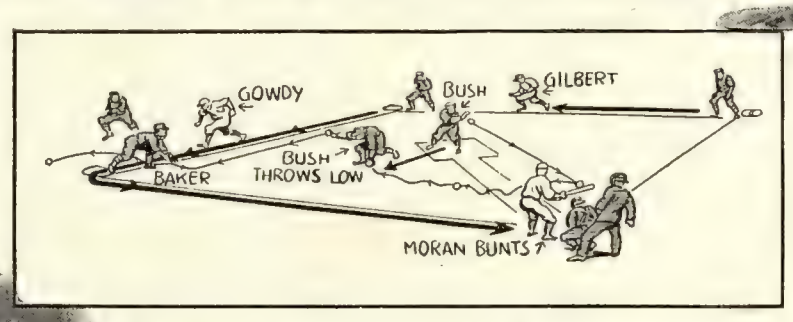
In the second inning Hank Gowdy, the hitting hero of the game and of the series, put Boston back on even terms. Maranville drew a pass and Gowdy scored him with a drive into the left field seats for two bases.

The Athletics fought back and scored in their third. McInnis started it with a drive into the left field seats, and Walsh's sharp single sent him across the plate.

Boston tied the score immediately, after a fighting inning. Schmidt singled and took second on Deal's out. Maranville, the pepper pot of the Braves, drove the ball into the bleachers, right at the foul line—and lost the decision, the umpires declaring the ball curved foul before disappearing from sight in the crowd. Maranville smashed the next ball pitched for a line single that scored Schmidt and knotted the count again.

The team settled down to one of the hardest games of world's series history. Twice Boston hit into the bleachers, with no result. Once the Athletics were on the verge of scoring, when Schmidt, by a startling diving stop of Bush's drive, prevented any runs. The Athletics forced two men on to the bases in their ninth, but Tyler stopped their heaviest hitters, and they went into extra innings with both teams near the breaking point.

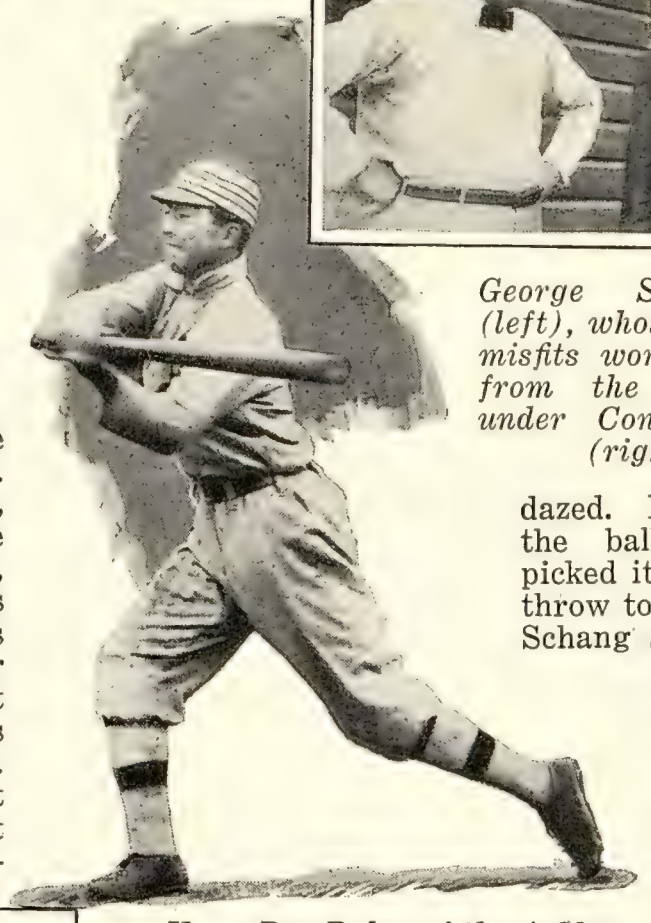
The break came in the tenth and at the most unexpected spot. In that climax, it was Evers, the fastest, clearest thinker of the game, who broke. Schang opened the Athletic's tenth with a single. Bush struck out after trying vainly to bunt. Murphy hit slowly to Tyler, who whirled to force Schang at second and was so slow that Schang beat the ball, and both runners were safe.



The play on which the famous Athletics "broke" and gave the Braves the third game in the World's Series. Bush's wild heave of Moran's bunt let Gowdy score the winning run.

Eddie Collins drew a pass, filling the bases. Home Run Baker, the Ruth of his day, was at bat. Tyler pitched carefully to him, but Baker sent a sizzling drive straight at Evers. The ball was hit with terrific force. It struck Evers' hands, broke through, and, instead of recovering quickly, Evers seemed dazed. He grabbed at the ball, missed it, picked it up too late to throw to the plate, and Schang scored. Evers, for the first time in his career, pulled a boner. He stuck the ball under his arm and stood still, while Murphy, seeing him asleep, dashed across the plate and scored unmolested.

George Stallings (left), whose team of misfits won the title from the Athletics under Connie Mack (right).



Home Run Baker of the Athletics—the Babe Ruth of his day.

Those two runs appeared to insure victory for Philadelphia, but the Braves were not yet beaten. Gowdy started the Braves' tenth with a clean home run smash—his fourth long hit of the series. Josh Devore was sent to bat for Tyler and struck out, but Moran walked and brought Evers to bat to redeem his terrible blunder. It was with Evers at bat that Eddie Collins, his rival, made a blunder even worse than that of the famous "Crab," because his was an error of judgment.

Bush had two strikes on Evers and had him fooled for the third strike, but his bat tipped the ball, which hit Schang's glove, joggled there an instant, and fell out. Evers, saved, crowded close to the plate, determined to hit.

Evers was a dead right field hitter against inside pitching, and inside pitching was the only kind that troubled him. On balls pitched close to him he could only hit toward first base. Every ball player knew this, and every pitcher pitched there to him when he could. But, with the game at stake, Collins moved down until he was playing almost on top of second base.

Bush pitched properly to Evers, who slammed the ball where Collins should have been playing. The ball went through for a clean hit that sent Moran to third, from whence he scored on Connolly's long fly, evening the score again.

The teams battled until the last of the twelfth. James, who had taken up Tyler's burden, was pitching magnificently. In the twelfth Hank Gowdy mauled a double into the left field crowd. Larry Gilbert was sent to bat for James, and Bush walked him rather than let him bunt.

The Athletic plan was plain. With men on first and second, a sacrifice was certain to be attempted, and the Athletics intended to anchor Baker at third and make the play to force out Gowdy at that base. Moran performed his part well, pushing a bunt toward third base. Bush raced forward, grabbed the ball, and threw toward third. The throw was wild and low. The ball got past Baker and, as Gowdy tore across the plate, Boston went wild—with the assurance that the Braves would win four straight. And they did.

THE END

THE BOX SCORE

October 12, 1914

BOSTON	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Moran, rf.	4	1	0	2	0	0
Evers, 2b.	5	0	3	3	5	0
Connolly, lf.	4	0	0	1	0	1
Whitted, cf.	5	0	0	2	0	0
Schmidt, 1b.	5	1	1	17	1	0
Deal, 3b.	5	0	1	2	3	0
Maranville, ss.	4	1	1	2	3	0
Gowdy, c.	4	1	3	6	0	0
Tyler, p.	3	0	0	1	5	0
Devore (1)	1	0	0	0	0	0
James, p.	0	0	0	0	2	0
Gilbert (2)	0	0	0	0	0	0
Mann (3)	0	1	0	0	0	0
Total	40	5	9	36	19	1

PHILADELPHIA	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Murphy, rf.	5	2	2	2	0	0
Oldring, lf.	5	0	0	1	0	0
Collins, 2b.	4	0	1	1	4	0
Baker, 3b.	5	0	2	4	4	0
McInnis, 1b.	5	1	1	18	0	0
Walsh, cf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Barry, ss.	5	0	0	0	7	0
Schang, c.	4	1	1	6	1	1
Bush, p.	5	0	0	0	5	1
Total	42	4	8*	33	21	2

(1) Devore batted for Tyler in tenth.
(2) Gilbert batted for James in twelfth.
(3) Mann ran for Gowdy in twelfth.
*None out when winning run scored.

Boston	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	—5
Phila.	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	—4

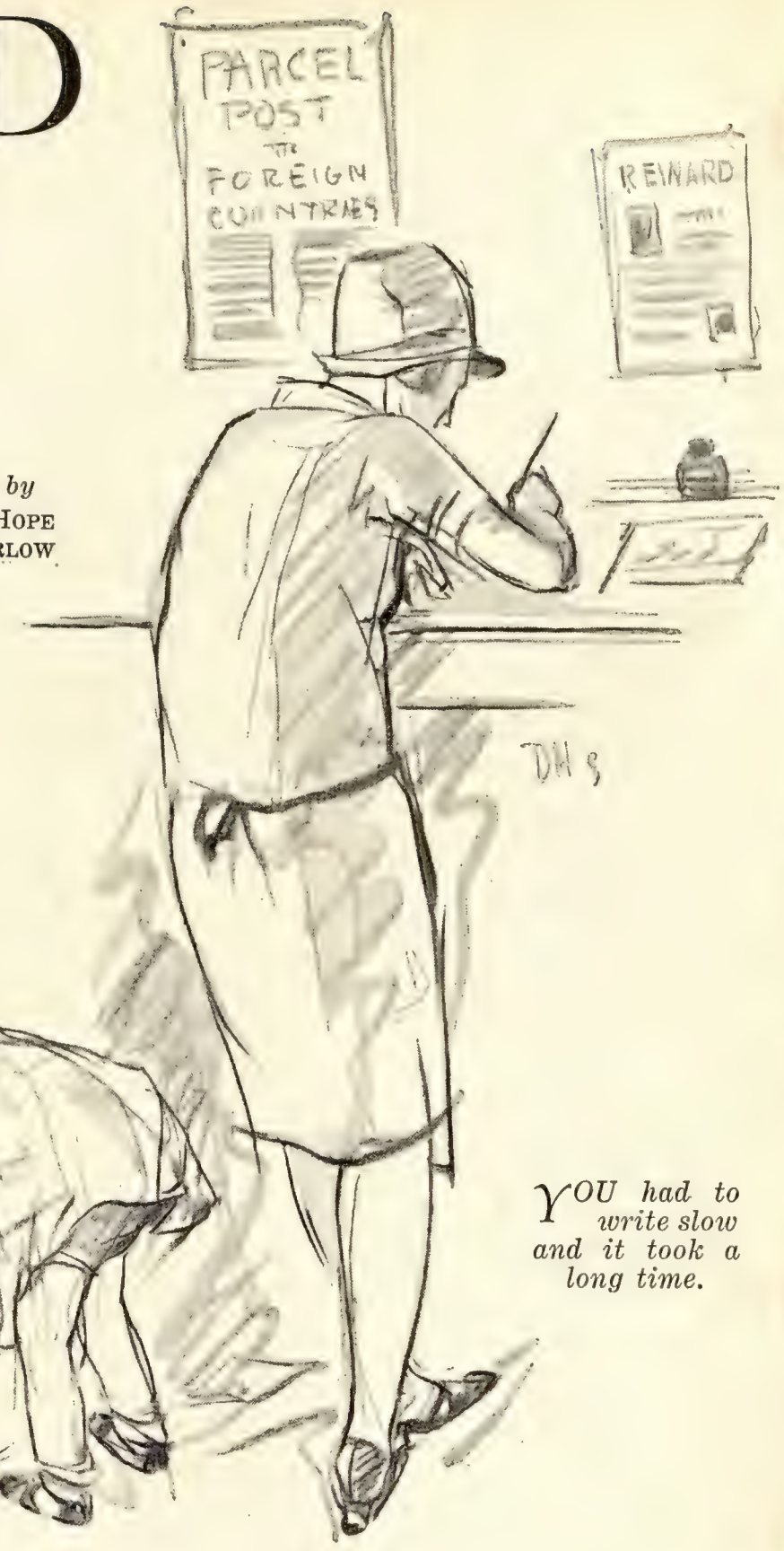
Two-base hits—Murphy 2, Gowdy 2, McInnis 1, Deal 1, Baker 1. Home run—Gowdy. Hits—Off Tyler, 8 in 10 innings; off James, 0 in 2 innings. Sacrifice hits—Oldring, Moran, Collins, Connolly. Stolen bases—Collins, Evers, Maranville (2). Double play—Evers, Maranville, and Schmidt. Bases on balls—Off Bush 4, off Tyler 3, off James 3. Struck out—By Bush 4, by Tyler 4, by James 1. Time—3 hours 6 minutes. Umpires—Klem, Dineen, Byron, Hildebrand.

Fit to be TIED

As Dictated by TONI, JR., *to*

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

(Reading time: 4 minutes 41 seconds.)



Pictures by
DOROTHY HOPE
SMITH BARLOW

DEAR WORLD:

Do you think it nice to put a harness on a girl? I mean on a girl my size?

It's all right for Joan. She staggers. She's just learning to walk. Or for flappers like Gypsy. Flappers, says Uncle Frank, are all right. Only they need to be har-nest. He has two of them.

But I'm not a toddler. I'm not a flapper. And I don't like the idea of being put in a harness—like a horse—and get gee-d and haw-ed every way.

That's what's going to happen to me, though, " if ever again—"

I better begin at the begin-ing. Only there wasn't much of a begin-ing. Unless I tell it like a story. Which I think I will. Then I can play pre-tend-ing it was another little girl. And she'll have to wear the harness.

So—

Once upon a time there was a little girl. And her name was Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal. It was a funny name, everybody said. But Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal liked her name because she made it up herself. It was a proper name, she said. And if you didn't call her proper she wouldn't come. She was awful proper, was Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal. That's why she was always getting into trouble. Because if you're not too proper, what you get into doesn't seem like trouble.

It was a hot day in the story. It was a hot day for Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal. Also, it was a hot day for everybody else. That is, the way things turned out it became hot for everybody else.

Like all days, it started out in the morning before breakfast. (What do days start out so early in the morning for? And where do they start out for? Is it to meet the night? Then why don't they wait till the afternoon so they won't have so long to wait?)

But my sec-ret-ary says for me to get on with my story. When you're telling a good one, she says, you don't stop in the middle and ask a lot of questions.

So, on the hot day that started out in the morning before breakfast, Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal told her mother she would like to go for a walk. Her mother told her she would have to wait awhile. And to play in the in-ter-im. Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal said where's that? And her mother said it was in the meantime. So Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal didn't know no more where it was then than before.

So she played in the playroom. She played there until she couldn't play any longer. Then she went and asked her mother was it time to go for a walk? And her mother told her it was too hot. Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal said no it wasn't. She was very, very cool, she was. So her mother said then if she felt that cool she could go with Kaki to the post office. And Kaki said she could go with her, too. So when everybody said she could go, she went.

When she didn't come back right away like Kaki said she'd bring her, her mother got very worried. And when her mother gets worried about Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal, she doesn't sit down and worry. She runs around. She runs to the neighbors. She runs up to people on the street and she says did you see my little girl? And the people say what did she look like? And her mother says like my little girl. I guess no one else looks like Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal, so her mother has to say that.

Well, she didn't come back for a long time. And her mother was running around to the neighbors and up to the people on the street and asking where was her little girl. And one lady said I haven't got her. If it is that red-headed youngster that goes tearing around here on her bi-cycle I wouldn't take her for a gift. And my Mom—I mean Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal's mother—said to her, believe me you wouldn't get her. Not for a million dollars you wouldn't, you old crab!

When Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal went for her walk with Kaki they went to the post office. Kaki goes to the post office often. She says I want to send some money to my mother when she wants to go out. And my Mom—Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal's mother, I mean—says you are a good girl, Kaki. And Kaki smiles and says oh, no, she isn't.

When they got to the post office Kaki had to write on a piece of paper. The paper was on a high desk where there are pens and ink also. It wasn't a big piece of paper. But you had to write slow and it took a long time. Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal got tired standing beside Kaki. So she went around looking.

Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal likes to look. She likes to look into everything. Especially into places she hadn't ought to. That's how she came to look into the tel-e-phone booth. Only she didn't know it was a tel-e-phone booth. She thought it was a little house. And all she wanted to see was who lived in it.

She went in and there was nobody in the front room. So she pulled the door shut. Then she found out there wasn't any back room or bedroom or kitchen. Only the front room and it was very small.

" It's awful hot in here," she said. " I guess I won't stay."

But when she tried to open the door to get out, she couldn't. It got hotter and hotter and pretty soon she fell down on the floor. And in another pretty soon she was asleep.

HOW long she was there, Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal didn't know. In fact, she didn't know she was there any more, so sound asleep she was. Not until a man opened the door to tel-e-phone. He stepped his big foot down on her. She said " Maw-M-A-A-W! MAW—"

And he said a ter-RIBle word.

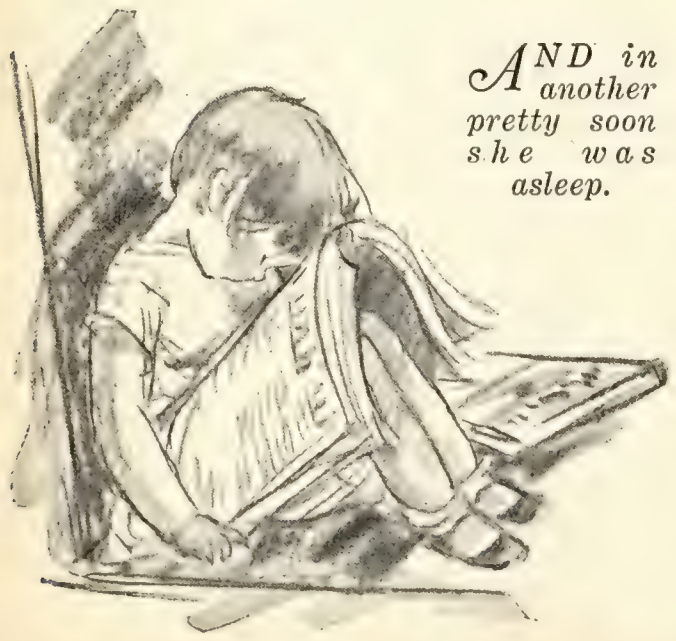
Just then Kaki and Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal's mother and the police-men came back to take one more look around the post office. And then's when Rosemary Rosie's mother said, " If ever again—

"—you do a thing like that, I'll make you wear a harness. I've a good mind to do it anyway, to keep you from running away."

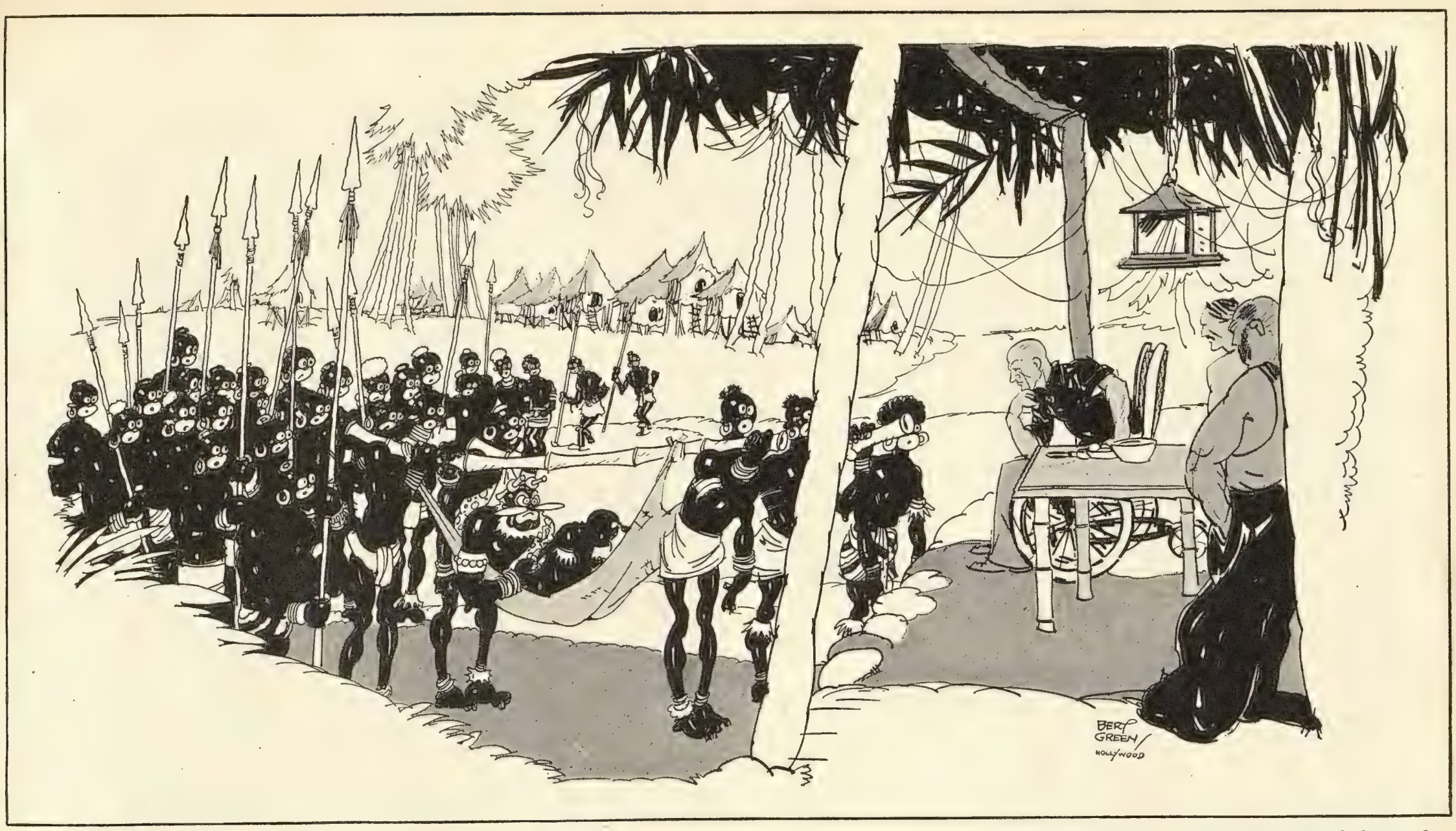
Now, do you think it nice to put a harness on Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal?

Another adventure of Toni will be found in Liberty next week.

YOU had to write slow and it took a long time.



AND in another pretty soon she was asleep.



I'll bet there aint a pullman porter left on the Great Northern or the Santa Fee railroad.

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

A Case of Sad Spirits

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 10 minutes 31 seconds.)

Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR MARG,

You would have heard from me before but I got pinched. Yeh, and this is the way it happened,—

Hello, hello, Who is this?
Who do you want to talk to?
Mike Shea.—Is this you Mike?
Yes.

Well, this is Eddie Maddix, friend of Eddie Hatricks. I met you over at the fight the other night. You know, the fello with the striped suit.

Gee, I dont believe I can place you.

Sure you can. Remember there was me on the isle, then came Hatrick, and next to him was the one armed guy, then came Joe Hubbel and then you.

Yep, but I dont think I know you.

Oh, sure you do. I met you before in that speakeasy over on Celluloid Boolevard the night that Hennesy was throwin that drinkin bout.

Well, I guess youre Okay, what can I do for you?

Well listen, what do you get for that Old Smuggler by the case?

Eighty bucks. But if youre a friend of Eddies, I'll let you have it for seventy.

Is it any good? I wont bust out in flames if I drink it will I?

Say listen Kid. This is the best stuff you ever hung a lip over. Not cut, nor nothin. Just come off the rum chaser yesterday.

Well, can you get a case over soon?

Sure. Where to?

1-3-5-2 Flask Street.

Okay.

How long before youll be over?

Oh, about twenty five minutes.

Okay.

Good by.

WELL, Marg I get in my ritzy lookin buss with the twelve pots of giggle soup in the dress suit case and drive down to 1-3-5-2 Flask street and walk right into the arms of four dicks. McClusky, O'Riley, Gilhooly, and Murphy. Oh what a break! I been goofy ever since. Thats what you get for being a good egg and tryin to make an honest livin.

They pinched the laughing soup and the buggy, and allowed me to take a stroll on $2000 bail. Gosh, it liked to slayed me. As soon as you make a bit of jack, the prohibition cowboys take it away from you. Chicago is a lawn party along side of them guys.

From now on I'll be wearin out my thumbs in the Automat. One of them places where you look in the little mikroscopes and a chicken sandwitch looks like roast duck. On the level Marg, I was goin swell up to that time.

I was puttin away dough so me and you could get hooked up some day. But it just seems that every time I get a few grand in the bank, somebody up an takes me plenty. Another break like this and the Weddin March will be turned in to the Funeral Anthem.

You know I love you Marg. Gosh, I think so much of you it makes my teeth hurt. Thats all I do is think about you. I couldnt think of nothin sweeter than me in pictures and you with eight or ten kids. Oh Marg, you dont know the ½ pint of it.

Listen Love Lips, every time I see a furniture ad I just imagine ourselves in a neat little cosy house, and you down on your knees scrub-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

bin the floor. It certainly will be great when I can get you away from your mother and father. How your old lady ever grabbed a meat cake like your old man is more than I can swallow. And what a big hearted donkey he is. He'd walk a mile for a camel any day hopin the fello would drop it.

Did you ever ketch him testin his liquor, Kid? You watch him sometime. He sticks his thumb in it. If the nail dont drop off he downs it!

Of all the tight fisted umpchays he paniks em. Hes got a bed spring on every pocket. He reminds me of the scotchman that got on the buss with a great big heavy suit case. It was so heavy he could hardly lift it. He hands the buss man five cents. The buss driver takes one look at it and says, Hey, how do you get that way? The fare is TEN CENTS!!!

Right away Mac Tavish puts up a awful squark. He wont pay it. They argue for about a mile. Finally the buss guy cant stand it any longer and when they get on a bridge the conductor throws the scotchman off the buss and into the river.

The scotchman climbs out, grabs the conductor and yells,—Im goin to sue you for throwin me off the buss. Im goin to sue you for ruinin my clothes. Im goin to sue you for loosin my suitcase, and Im goin to sue you for DROWNIN MY SON.

Well, thats your old man. Hes as tight as the stick in a lolly pop.

I was over to the Hollywood Legion Stadium Marg, to see a fight. Its a great place. All the movie people show up every week. Its nothing to see the different stars, producers, directors, extras, character actors with alfalfa on their chins, scrip girls, title writers, property men, gag men, continuity drinkers and such, all rubbing elbows.

Yeah, fifteen thousand husbands go to the fight every Friday night and the joint *only holds two thousand.* Comb that out of your eyebrows.

AND who do you think blue in at the tail end of the last round? None other than the Late Jimmie Walker. Cane, spats, minstrel collar, comedy cut suit and a collegiate panama straw fritter. Hes the dapper young man and a great egg. How that baby can put those inpromtew speeches over grabs the brass ring. As a salesman, he could sell tickets to a park bench to a deligation of yeg men.

I got to take my hat off to him, hes a WOW. Hollywood gave him a great reseption Marg, no kiddin. Hes got to go back to the City Hall in New York for a rest.

Thats one thing they do out here in Hollywood. They give everybody a good time. The spirit is here. Why the other day somebody opened up a new laundry and from the look of the sky I thought that the Atlantic Fleet had arrived. Searchlights searched the skies for shirts and collars like nobodys business. Every merchant in the town wished em Good Luck, and MEANT IT.

That reminds me. I know a feller what sent em a shirt the first week the place opened. Oh my dear what a nice clean shirt. It looked like a garage towel. And when they sent it back you could have worn it with your dress clothes. If they could clean a shirt like that, they could make a piece of tar paper look like a bed sheet.

Marg, the town is full of wonderful stores. Theres not a city in America thats more up to date than Hollywood. If you cant get IT in New York, Chicago or Paris you can get it HERE and I dont mean PERHAPS!!

Listen Georgous, I was over to see Lew Cody the other day because I lost my corkscrew. Hes a swell feller, Lew is. Theres not a person in the world that doesnt like Lew.

In his dressin room he has a talkin machine. You know, one of those big ones. Well, as soon as I get in the room he gives me a nail file and he says,—Mike, scratch your name on the thing.

I thought he was goofy but when I looked on the mahogony case I see nothin but names scratched in. Heres a few of em. Greta Garbo, Allan Dwan, Clair Winsor, Rene Adoree, Jackie Coogan, Otis Harlan, Norma Sherer, Barbara Bennett, Lawrence Stallings, Marie Dressler, Jimmie Cruze, Mabel Normand, Jack Gilbert, Valentino, Janet Gaynor, Fred Niblo, Betty Compson and a hundred others.

Why you couldnt seperate Lew from that music box for ten thousand dollars cash. He thinks more of that stove lid case than he does of the 18th amendment.

Oh, wait till I tell you! I ran into Minnie Yodel last Tuesday with her boy friend. You know her, shes a friend of your girl friend with the cement eye. Oh what a girl. Shes hoofin out here in pitchers. Yep, shes playin in The Bargain, but as a bargain, shes a one cent sale.

They pinched the laughing soup and the buggy, and allowed me to take a stroll on $2000 bail.

The heavy sugar papa went for the orange blossoms the other day when she had him in the ether. He dont know what its all about. He has her covered with rocks like a pawn brokers wife. All she does is lay a piller under his head and right away he calls up the jewler, and down comes a tray full of platnum lizzards all full of cracked ice. Does she know her Bermudas, I ask you?

Shes got so many jewled animals that you cant tell her from the Bronx Zoo. When she gets through givin him the run-around he wont be able to go on the line for an order of wheats. She tests his blood pressure with an altimeter, and if he doesnt go into a tail spin soon shes goin to take a sleeper jump to Reno. No foolin, she would have made Adam look like a weed in the garden of Eden, AND PLENTY.

Youll be surprised to hear Im in another pitcher. Yes mam. With Lon Chaney. Its called, West of Zanzabar. Its supposed to be down in the South Seas somewhere.

Im supposed to be a Voodle man. On the level I dont know what a Voodle man is, but Im playin the part.

The scene is laid in a jungle right on a river. If you ever saw the set Marg you would swear you was in one of the islands in the middle of the Pacific. You see the straw huts of the natives. You see the kanibals paddlin around in their canoes. You see the palm trees and the cocoanut trees and the jungle stuff.

When they get ready to shoot the scene, they let loose a bunch of monkeys and parrots and funny lookin birds what frollic around in the trees. They got their wings clipped so they cant fly over to Hollywood Boolevard and make merry.

Well, heres the dope. Lon Chaney is a Voodle man. Hes supposed to be a cripple and full of power and mystery. He has the natives buffaloed.

When he gets on the island he begins eatin fire and doin funny things. They dont know how to dope it out. Hes supposed to bamboozle em out of all their ivory and stuff and then make the get-away from the island.

On the set they have about two hundred niggers what is supposed to be the tribe. They have their hair all shaved off except a little top not on top of the skull. Theyre all nakid except a little grass skirt what they have on. The niggers are all covered with cylinder oil so that they shine in the sun. And Boy they certainly look like kanibals. I'll bet there aint a pullman porter left on the Great Northern or the Santa Fee railroad.

Me and Lon Chaney is sittin on the porch of the native hut. Hes in a wheel chair all bent up.

Out by the river comes the kanibals carrin their chief in a funny lookin hammock all made out of grass. You see em come hoofin it through the mud and swamp all set for battle. The Chief figures that Chaney is goin to put one over on the gang.

Finally, when the troup gets up to the hut the leader makes a bow to Chaney and says,—The Chief demands to see your Power!! And right away Lon does his stuff and the hole works beat it.

Marg you would laugh like the devil if you could see the niggers goin through the mud carrin the Chief in a hammock on a coupla poles. Three or four times the pole bearers nearly slipped and the chief thought he was goin on his kisser in the mud.

Four times they had to do the scene over because the Chief had his eye on the mud instead of on Chaney.

Can you imagine a pullman porter paddlin a catermerang around on a river? It would have paniked you if you saw the life guards along the bank ready to save the boogies if they fell over board. Of course you couldnt see em in the pitcher because they was hidin behind the bushes.

I had a long talk with Lon after we got through. Hes a wonderful character. You know Marg, he never appears in person. Hes one of the few actors in pitchers that can walk through a crowd and never be recognised.

One day he slipped in quietly at a pre-view of one of his pitchers and some guy on the stage announced that among those present was Lon Chaney. Lon never stood up, and everybody in the joint was lookin at everybody else and they never did find him.

Ralph Wheelwright told me that his mother and father were deaf mutes which probably accounts for his wonderful facial expreshions.

He told me that one day a woman drove up to his beautiful home in Beverly Hills and rang the bell and Lon answered the door. She said,—Pardon me, but I admire this house so much. Is it for sale? Lon says,—Madam, anything is for sale.

He showed her through and she finally bought the house. When the deed was turned over to her by Lon, and she saw the name of the owner on the bottom she NEARLY DROPPED DEAD!!!

LON is a nut for fishing. He has a car all fitted up with the finest kind of camp outfits. He always does his own cooking, game, fish, vennison and stuff like that.

He is experimentin with hi-drated foods. He is a great authority for puttin steaks and ham and eggs through a close ringer and turnin em into tablet form so he can carry em in his vest pocket. Whenever he finishes a picture he grabs up a handful of tablets, beats it in his covered wagon to Owens Valley in the high Sierras, and fishes to his hearts content. Thats him, a great guy!!

Well, I got to go now and study my movey-tone execution, and answer my fan mail. Remember me to your mother and the girl friend with the china peeper.

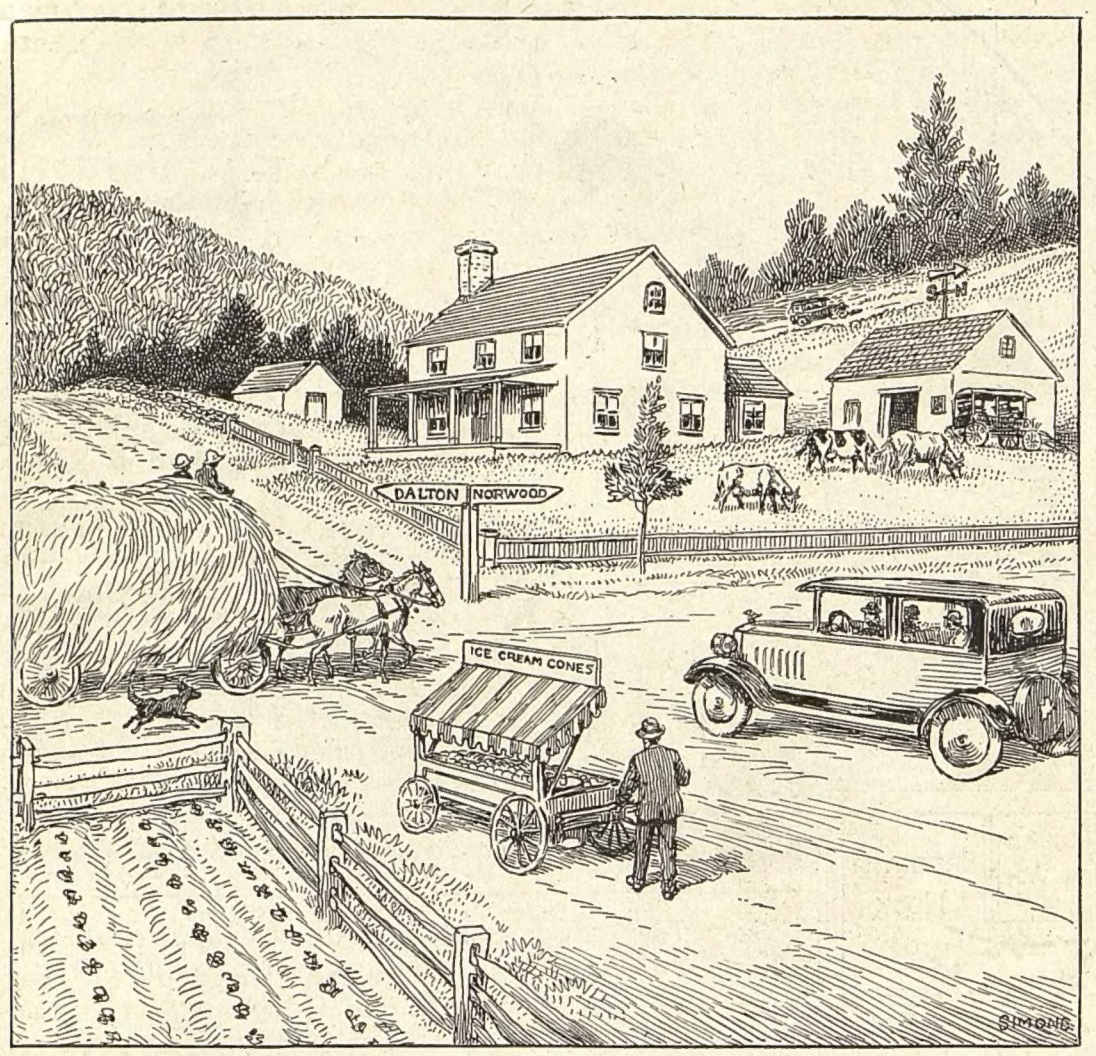
Your passionate lover,

MIKE SHEA.

P.S. No. I didnt get that job in that Mid Victorian pitcher. They didnt put it on. The producers cant make any dough these days with costume plays. The public like to see the girls knees!!!! Cheerio.

Hope this baby doesn't go to jail for selling giggle soup. We'll know in a coupla weeks.

Mind Tests



HERE'S another chance to test your mental agility. Look at the above picture for *one minute;* then cover it and see how many of the following questions you can answer. This will give you a line on your capacity for observing details.

What towns are named on the signpost?
What vehicles, exclusive of the peddler's cart, are shown?
How many kinds of animals did you see?
Toward what town is the hay wagon headed?
What is advertised on the peddler's wagon?
How many people can be seen in the automobile at the crossroads?
Which way does the weather vane point?
What buildings are shown?
How many rows of vegetables are visible in the garden in the foreground?
What kind of fence is around the garden?

THE next test has to do with the association of ideas. In each of the following sentences supply the missing word. EXAMPLE: Man is to boy as woman is to (girl). Time allowed is one minute and a half.

1—High is to low as up is to .
2—Dog is to animal as robin is to .
3—Early is to late as promptness is to .
4—Rich is to poor as wealth is to .
5—Arm is to elbow as leg is to .

ANSWERS: (1) down; (2) bird; (3) tardiness; (4) poverty; (5) knee.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 40

1—As the seventh month of the Roman year, which began with March, it took its name from the Latin *septem,* meaning seven.
2—Dwight W. Morrow.
3—Broad jump, 400 meter run, putting the shot, running high jump, 100 meter run, throwing the discus, 100 meter hurdle race, pole vaulting, throwing the javelin, and 1,500 meter run.
4—Benjamin Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield).
5—Lime and sand, to which is added a binding material, such as hair or fiber.
6—The chief criminal court of England. It is in London.
7—Columbia.
8—The twelfth.
9—Forty days and forty nights.
10—Clio.
11—Seven and four respectively.
12—The sepia or India ink of commerce.
13—The School for Scandal.
14—General Joseph Hooker (1814-1879).
15—Anne Hathaway.
16—An Oriental tobacco pipe, in which the smoke is drawn through water.
17—A batted or thrown ball that is touched, stopped, or handled by a person not engaged in the game.
18—Missouri.
19—The sapphire.
20—A circus or inclosure for races, games, etc., estimated to have held upwards of 250,000 spectators.

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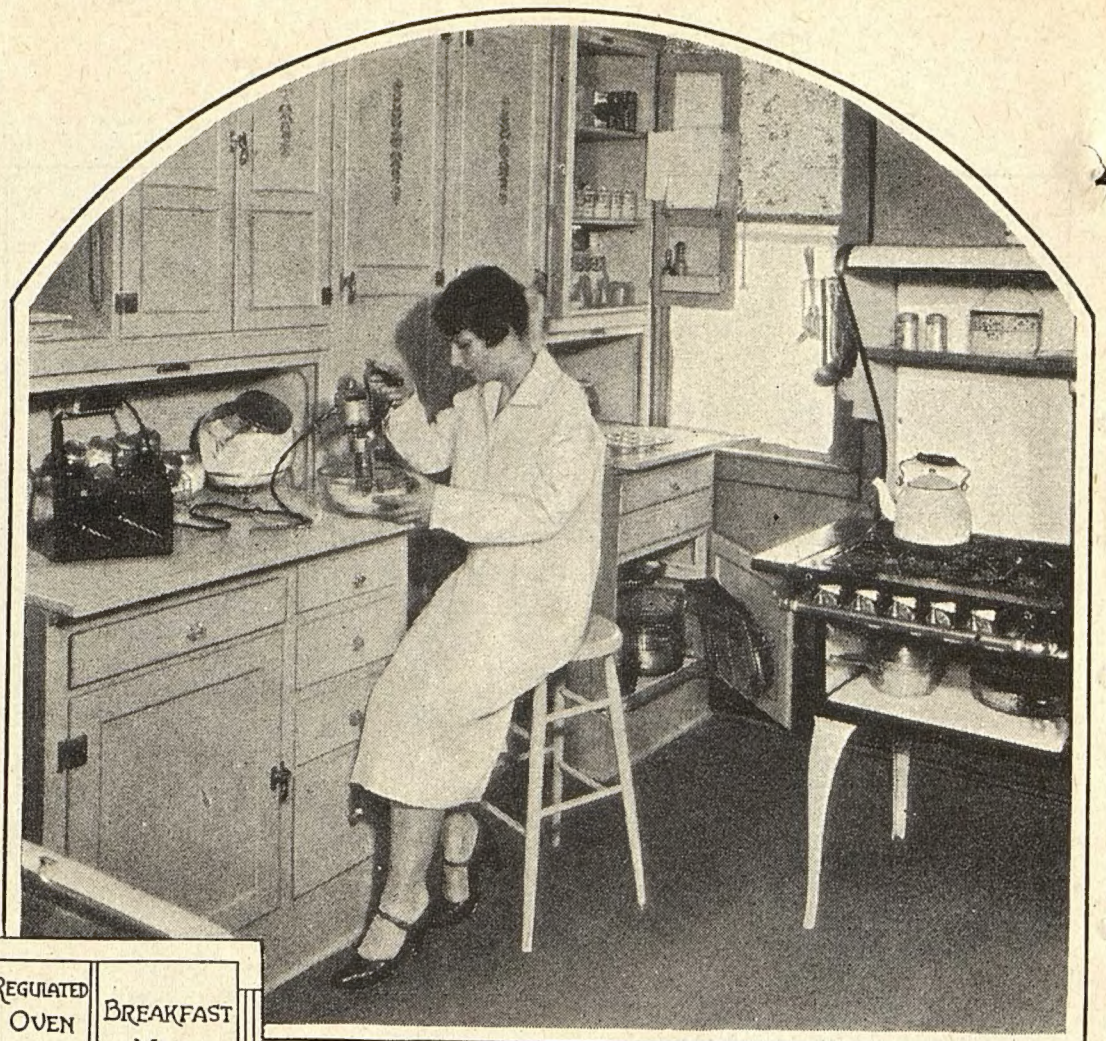
Cheating the Kitchen Clock

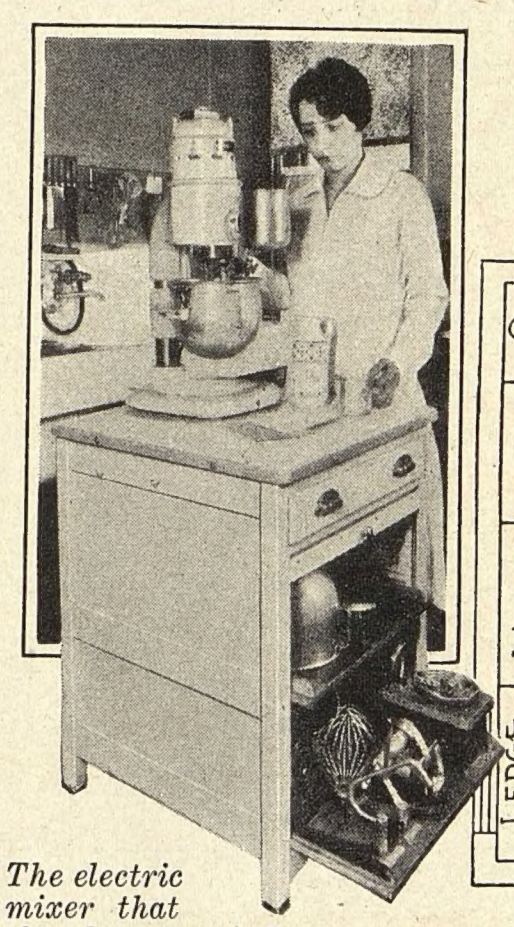
By Ethel Somers



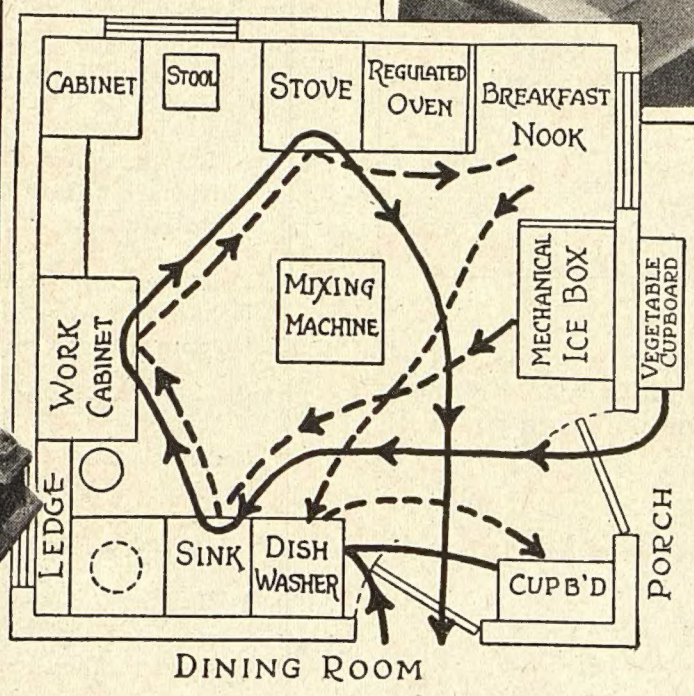
WHETHER you are a new housekeeper or an old timer, you cannot afford to disregard kitchen troubles, for an ordered or disordered régime in the kitchen affects every room in the house.

If the kitchen is claiming too much of your time we advise a searching study of the way in which work progresses in that room, not only as you prepare and serve a meal, but in cleaning up as well. One of the greatest leaks in household time is caused by the inefficient arrangement and use of kitchen tools and equipment.

Each kitchen is an individual problem in itself, and since its arrangement must be adapted to its shape, size, and location, we can hope to show only in a general way how you may solve your own problem. Every kitchen and culinary task, no matter how small, should dovetail into another without loss of labor or steps. The best method to solve the problem scientifically is by means of kitchen routing.



The electric mixer that also beats, grinds, slices, and freezes.



Floor plan of Liberty's Step-Saving Kitchen. The dotted lines show steps taken in preparing and serving breakfast and in cleaning up. The solid lines show a similar routing for dinner.

The range and built-in kitchen cabinet units are only a step apart in one corner of our kitchen.

To do this, prepare a scaled sketch or drawing of your kitchen floor plan and similar separate drawings of the major pieces of movable furniture. The latter are to be cut out and placed on the floor plan in making trial arrangements. These sketches, to be useful, require only that they be made accurately to scale. Amateurs will find them easy to make if an inch on their sketch is made to represent a foot of kitchen space. If the principle of scale drawing is understood, it will be found more convenient to use a scale of ¼ inch to a foot.

In planning LIBERTY'S step-saving kitchen we proceeded exactly in this way. We arranged and rearranged the cut-outs of the furniture on the given floor space until there finally was developed an efficient relationship which made for the most rapid completion of all kitchen work.

With each arrangement we considered the probable steps we would take for breakfast, for luncheon, and for dinner. Many of the trips were shortened by grouping the tools so as to develop various work centers, as was explained in a previous article. We aimed to concentrate complete working units at each of our five work centers.

At first the new arrangement, though saving steps, was confusing in action. This was because old work habits, even though clumsy, persisted. Soon a new efficiency was attained and we were happily out of a cumbersome, wasteful rut. Despite our splendid equipment I do not believe we could ever have made so step-saving a kitchen if it had not been for our practical scheme of trial and success routing.

Wall space taken up by two doors and three windows was a considerable obstacle to be overcome. Our unusual yet necessary array of experimental materials put storage space at a premium. We were, however, able to iron out all such difficulties and were successful in developing a real step-saving kitchen in a real home.

Surely your kitchen routing problems are no more difficult nor complicated than ours. Why not devote a few hours this week to solving your routing problem and save yourself months of future time, not to mention energy?

Axioms for the Efficient Kitchen

THE height of working surfaces should be 8 inches below the worker's elbow. It is better to have this too high than too low.

If the sink basin is too low, one may select from a variety of wooden racks which will raise the dish pan.

Learn early to save your energy. Never stand if work can be done as well sitting.

Provide a handy ladder or stool ladder for reaching up to the high cupboards.

Scald the dishes with hot water and let them dry in a wire rack.

Provide your workshop with plenty of ventilation and sunshine.

When possible, make use of a kitchen cart or service wagon.

A ventilated vegetable cupboard fastened at a convenient height on the wall is a splendid accessory.

A reminder clock insures the efficiency of time and temperature cooking and relieves the cook of the task of remembering.

Keep a generous supply of paper napkins at hand for wiping greasy surfaces, shining nickel, or drying the fingers.

Waxed bags or paper linings for garbage cans save considerable labor in cleaning.

The modern kitchen tends to be smaller than the old time kitchen. For the best use of a large kitchen confine the work to one end, making the other end into a business or rest corner. The kitchenette is not suited for family use, although ideal for the business woman.

Provide as many of the modern efficient conveniences as possible, selecting first the ones most often used.

Plan to do your kitchen jobs when they are most easily done. For example, run cold water on the egg beater and clean it immediately after using.

In performing every kitchen task—for example, in peeling potatoes—arrange the tools so that there is the least loss of motion.

Cook by time and temperature. Thermostats insure efficiency.

In planning the kitchen, aim as nearly as possible to stand at the work table and reach to the sink, stove, ice box, and so on, with as few steps as possible.

Reference: Government bulletins offer many practical and helpful suggestions for kitchen efficiency. (For example: U. S. Department of Agriculture Bulletin 1513, on Convenient Kitchens.)

ON this page you will find practical suggestions for lightening your kitchen work, as tested and developed in LIBERTY'S step-saving kitchen. Efficiency has invaded the kitchen with a view to relieving drudgery. But kitchen efficiency must go hand in hand with culinary expertness! LIBERTY'S three cookbooks will render first aid in solving your menu problems. These three books are filled with tried, tested, and tasty recipes for all occasions. Price 10 cents each. Or the three books for 25 cents. Please use the coupon!

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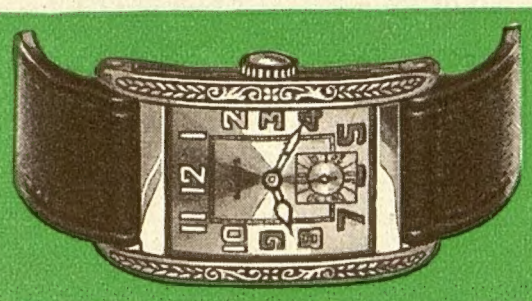

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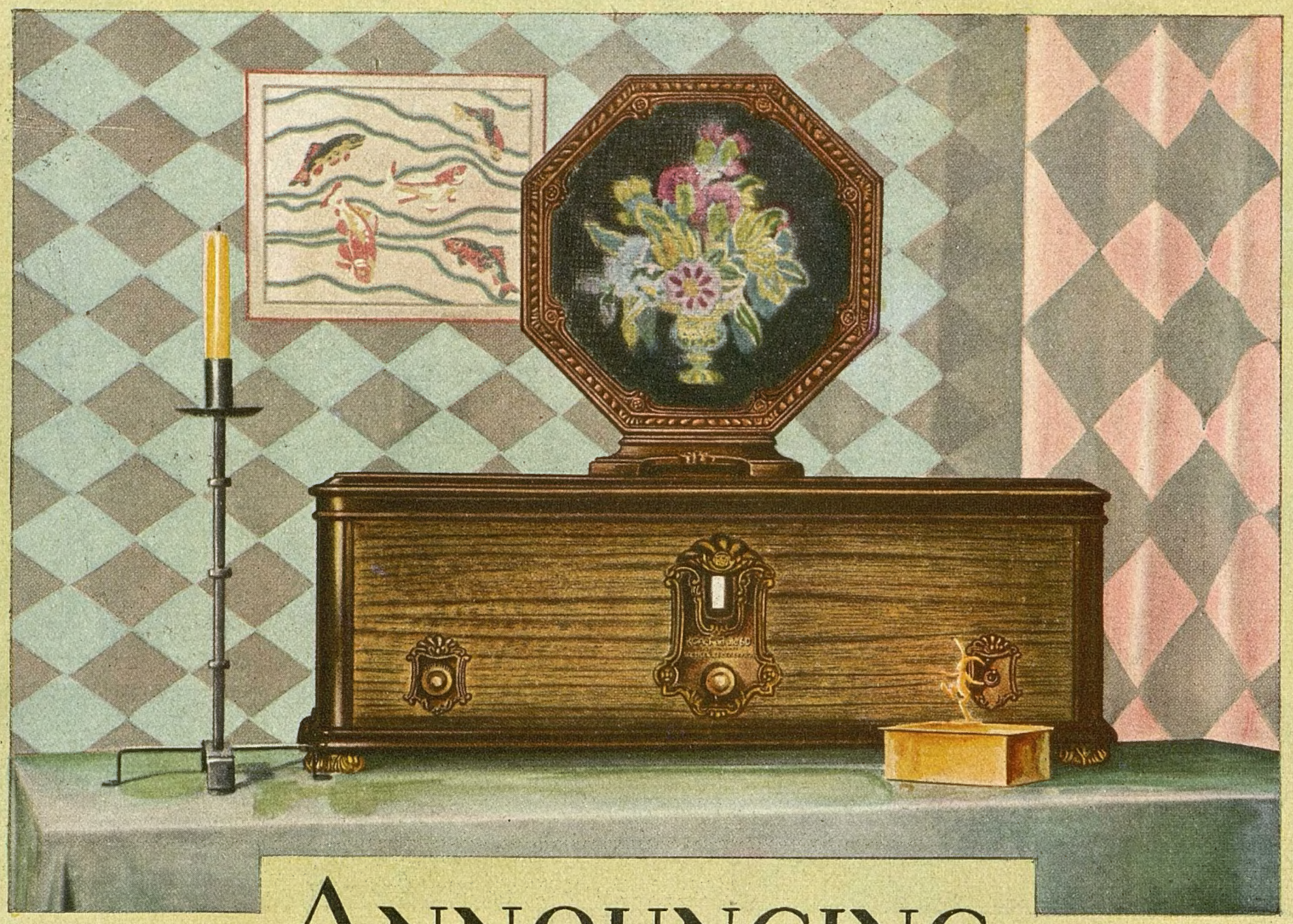

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